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RETROSPECT

OF A LONG LIFE

FROM 1815 TO 1883.

BY

S. C. HALL, F.S.A.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

A MAN OF LETTERS BY PROFESSION.

B 3223.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

In this "Retrospect of a Long Life," I submit to my readers the history of a career that has been full and varied, as well as long. I have lived in eventful times: rather, perhaps, as an observer than an actor. I am like the waiter who, at a well-furnished table, will take better note of the guests than he who is numbered among them. I have matter to record that would have been passed by unheeded of those who enjoyed seats of honour at the feast.

I write almost entirely from memory—I have kept no journal of any kind; the undestroyed letters that remain to me are few; and for dates I shall, generally, have to refer to publications of the period I am dealing with. These pages will therefore be, in all strictness, "Recollections."

At no period of my life, until one comparatively recent, did I foresee a time when, by writing of the events I had witnessed and the people I have known, I could produce a work that might be of benefit to the world. If I think otherwise now, it is because the conviction has been, in a measure, forced upon me; and should the reader derive either pleasure or profit from the perusal of these pages, he will owe it to the suggestion and liberality of Mr. Appleton, of New York.

At the beginning of my task, I am warned by a knowledge of failures in the forms of "Reminiscences," "Memoirs," and "Autobiographies"—"Diaries" more especially—of the error into which writers of such works are liable to fall. Few books of the kind have appeared in the years over which my experience extends, that would not have been considerably improved by being materially abridged. "Forewarned is forearmed." I shall strive not to class my own volumes among these overburthened leviathans.

If anybody accuse me of egotism, he will do me injustice. Certainly, the pronoun of the first person will predominate in these pages: its employment cannot be avoided; for though the work is in no sense an Autobiography, these, as the reader will, I trust, bear in mind, are *my* Recollections, and there must, necessarily, be much concerning myself. I shall, however, strive rather to keep in the background, than to thrust myself forward—retiring out of sight whenever my narrative permits me to do so.

What the critics will say of my book I cannot foretell; nor have I the anxiety regarding the matter that might beset a younger man. I do not write with a view to "golden opinions" when I say that though I have, I think, reviewed the works of fifty thousand persons—authors and artists—I have ever striven to "do my spiriting gently," to be considerately generous rather than severely just; bearing constantly in mind that "ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss"—to have had—always—pleasure in giving pleasure, and pain in giving pain.

I have no intention to introduce, or interpolate, political

matter. No doubt, my Conservative principles will occasionally sway the pros and cons: but I shall study to avoid advocacy of any creed—religious or political; there are "fighters" enough, on either side, to render it unnecessary that I should descend into the arena.

It will be obvious that I do not mean to repeat in this Retrospect what I have published in "The Book of Memories;"* but several great men and women have left earth since it was written: of them I shall give such notices as I can call to mind, and refer, though to a limited extent, to others of the band of immortals I have personally known—altering the manner as well as the matter, and largely abridging; for in the one case my Recollections were Memoirs: as I give them now, they are for the most part sketches, yet not, as I think, less interesting to the general reader.

In composing the chapters that follow, I shall bear in mind that I am writing, principally, for the grandchildren of the men and women who flourished when I began life. Without such stimulus, indeed, I should shrink from my task—deterred by dread that much of what I relate will, to my contemporaries, appear commonplace. To their sons' sons however, I shall, I trust, be able to communicate much that may interest, enlighten, and instruct. The Retrospect extends over more than sixty years; and a dispassionate survey makes me pronounce it rather encouraging than depressing. My life has been, on the whole, a happy life: active, busy, and I dare add, useful. I shall not be visited by any

* "The Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age, from Personal Acquaintance," published originally in the *Art Journal*, and as a volume in 1870; also in "The Book of Gems of Poets and Artists" (1840), to which book many of the Poets, then living, contributed brief autobiographies.

very stinging self-reproach, as the years and incidents of a long life pass in review before me, and forms and faces of old familiar friends rise up at the mystic call of Memory.

No doubt, I shall wish to make my readers think well of me: no doubt, that feeling will largely guide me in all I write; but it will, I hope, be far from self-laudation and self-glorification: sins that would be instantly detected, to be followed by condemnation—from which a mind, but lightly influenced by right, would instinctively shrink. I shall write as I feel; and trust for ultimate judgment to a belief that I have earnestly desired to be useful in my generation, to say what may encourage and stimulate to ways of honourable labour—duty to God, and merciful justice to man. Let me hope, at the outset of my work, I may not be guilty of presumption, and that no such verdict will have been pronounced against me at its close.

In a word, I shall regard myself here more as an editor than an author, desirous to cull, digest, and arrange all I can find, or think of, that may interest readers—so making the Past a teacher of the Future.

S. C. HALL.

RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN.

I WAS born in the year 1800; thus, when joy-bells rang for the victory at Trafalgar, I was a child of five years old; when glad tidings came of the crowning triumph at Waterloo, a boy of fifteen; and when George III. died, I was a young man. I have reported in the old House of Commons such "giants" as Canning and Brougham; George Stephenson opened his first line of railway some years after I became associated with the Press; and the Reform Bill of 1832 found me on the threshold of what is commonly considered middle age. I have seen many changes: I trust my readers will permit me to pause, before entering on my Personal Recollections, to talk about some of them. Old Time and I have been so long acquainted that it does not seem presumptuous to hope there may be matter of interest in details concerning work I have seen him do.

Beginning at one of the lowest rungs of Memory's ladder, I carry my readers back to a time when the

TINDER BOX was a household god. The "Tinder Box" was the precursor of the lucifer match that can be lit in an instant; and, when quiescent, is enclosed in a case so pretty, that it may be accepted as a graceful gift. Fifty years ago the tinder box was as indispensable as was, and is, the tea-kettle that still sings on the hob—of the kitchen.

As an old acquaintance the tinder box is worth describing. It was, more or less, coarsely ornamental, and of varied forms. Ordinarily, it was an oblong wooden box some six or eight inches long and three or four in width, and was divided into two parts by a partition. In one of these was fitted a loose lid with a central knob, to drop in as a "damper" on the tinder; and in the other were kept the flint, steel, and bunches of brimstone matches. The "tinder" was scorched or half-burned linen rag. The flint and steel being struck together emitted sparks, and then, as soon as a spark had fallen upon and ignited the tinder, the brimstone end of a "match" was applied to it, and lit. The matches were thin slips of deal, five or six inches long and, perhaps, a quarter of an inch wide, cut to a point at each end, and dipped in melted brimstone; they were hawked about the country by itinerant vendors. The fumes of the sulphur emitted a scent by no means pleasant to the olfactory nerves: in fact, the stench was strong enough to find its way from the kitchen to the attic of a lofty mansion! From the match thus ignited, a candle was lit—of mutton fat usually, of "moulds" where greater cost could be afforded. There were never candles on the table without the snuffer-tray and snuffers.

It is almost as necessary to describe the snuffers as the tinder box, for they are nearly as much of the past; when match-girls were members of a large profession instead of subjects for artists who would picture the olden time.

I can imagine Messrs. Bryant and May looking down with scorn on the ancient tinder box, and Mr. Child on that invariable helper and consoler of the sick-room, in cottages or hospitals—the little "farthing rushlight," comparing their achievements with the dips and moulds, ancestors of the gas burners of the present, and the electric light—of the future.

I well remember the LINK BOYS—and have seen them attendants at gay parties—waiting to light the guests home. The link was formed of thread wisps, and carried by the "boys" to light the way for either carriages or pedestrians; on arrival it was quenched by its own extinguisher, generally placed on the railings near the hall door. A few of them are still left in our grand old squares of London; and in Russell Street, Bath, where I lately lodged, two yet remain as relics of ancient grandeur in the venerable city of King Bladud.

In those days LIGHTING BY GAS was a novelty that was making its way into public favour slowly and against a furious storm of opposition, and through the unsafe, miserably lit streets of London tottered at night feeble old creatures with staves and lanterns who were

by a fiction styled "watchmen," but whom the public knew best as "Charlies." They came mostly from the workhouse, and their shelter between sunset and sunrise was a narrow rickety sentry-box, to overturn which, with its aged and decrepit occupant, was a favourite sport of all the "bloods" in town. Lamp-lighting was a profession, but the streets were so "dark with light," that on the opposite side, if the street were at all broad, you could not tell whether it was a man or a woman who was passing.

Familiar to me in my youth were the old OIL LAMPS, those makers of darkness visible in our thoroughfares which the now sovereign king, Gas, has displaced. It is strange but true that one of the most bitter opponents to the introduction of gas was Sir Walter Scott, who denounced the "pestilential innovation" in a public speech. But the northern wizard speedily recognised the magic of the new light-giver, and, changing with the times, took a prominent part in the formation of a gas company—causing Abbotsford to be lit with "the dangerous and deleterious air."

Talking of Light, imagine a dreamer sixty years ago declaring that he would take the sun into his service, and by its aid procure a portrait of any person, or view of any locality, so accurate as to be sure of invariable recognition. He would have been looked upon as mentally aberrated, and his project classed with a scheme to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and cast them upon a bed of roses. I was the fifth person in England

whose outer semblance was taken by the process of Daguerre. It is now nothing more than a thin plate of metal on which a few marks are barely discernible. Photographs on paper followed not long afterwards. In 1847, Fox Talbot, whose name designated the process known as "Talbotype," gave me seven thousand impressions to introduce into *The Art Journal.* I have been examining some of these lately; they are faded and gone—pieces of slurred paper, nothing more. All know what photographs, not only of persons but of things, are now. They are permanent. There is hardly a place in the world that is not thus made familiar to our eyes; scarce a person of note whose features are not as well known to us as are those of our most intimate friends; the poorest artisan may delight his household by a few pence expended with an itinerant photographer! Photography is surely one of the marvels—not to say miracles—of the age, the interest and value of which it would be impossible to exaggerate.

Police Guardians.—For the detection of crime and the capture of criminals, the Metropolis had its "Bow Street runners," described in some of the earlier works of Dickens. I have had many a chat with Townsend, the most notorious thief-taker of his time, who had often received a pat on the shoulder from his "friend" the Prince of Wales. Townsend was a short, smart, active little man, who wore a flaxen bob-wig—his like may be seen at Madame Tussaud's. He had passed his best days when I knew him. What stories he might have

told! I wonder if in our well-trained "Constabulary" there are half-a-dozen half as good at exposing or detecting crime—or preventing it; as one of them expressed it to me, "taking off the fuse before the shell explodes."

MAIL-COACHES.—The King's lieges travelled mostly in mail-coaches, the guards of which carried arms, for though the days of highwaymen were nearly over, those of footpads yet flourished, and robbing a coach was not wholly a crime of the past.*

But if mail-coach travelling had its drawbacks, it had some pleasures that a railway journey lacks. True, the inside passenger had to pass hour after hour in a miserably cramped position; if he managed to sleep, he was very likely to be awakened by some jolt that pitched him into an opposite passenger's arms.† The outsides were, of course, exposed to all elemental ills. But how

* I was travelling in Ireland (it must have been about the year 1818) between Cork and Skibbereen, when I witnessed a stoppage of the mail to rob it. The road was effectually barricaded by a huge tree, passage was impossible, and a dozen men with blackened faces speedily surrounded the coach. To attempt resistance would have been madness: the guard wisely abstained from any, but surrendered his arms; the priming was removed, and they were returned to him. The object of the gang was limited to acquiring the mail-bags: they were known to contain some writs against a gentleman very popular in the district. These being extracted, the coach pursued its way without further interruption. The whole affair did not occupy five minutes. It was subsequently ascertained, however, that there had been a further purpose. The gentleman had that day paid his rent—all in bank-notes; when the agent desired to mark them there was neither pen nor ink in the house: *the mail-bag contained these notes.* Where they eventually found their way was never proved, but it was certain they did not reach the landlord, whose receipt was in the hands of his tenant, duly signed.

† It is an old story of the "inside" gentleman who, desiring to get out from the coach, was asked by a lady why he wished to do so, and answered, "Oh, only to stretch my legs!" "Pray don't do that," she said; "I am sure they are long enough already!"

pleasant were the fresh morning air, the jovial toot-toot of the guard's horn, and the exhilarating gallop of the horses; how grateful the stoppages for meals—above all, for breakfast—at primitive and picturesque country inns! Alas! that supreme enjoyment was generally all too brief, for just as the passengers had fairly settled themselves to the well-spread table, in would come the coachman with the terrible announcement, "Coach ready, ladies and gemmen," and with a growl and a grumble up would start the company and rush to take their seats, leaving the meal paid for but only half consumed. My memory does not go so far back as that of Sir Walter Scott, who, in the novel of "St. Ronan's Well," pictured the mail-coaches of his time, and referred to the mounted postmen of a not much earlier period, who carried letters from one end of Scotland to the other at the rate of thirty miles a day. A model mail-coach may be seen nowadays every summer morning in Piccadilly: but it is a fancy sketch; and, occasionally, an aristocratic copy of it is encountered in Hyde Park, driven, perhaps, by a peer of the realm, who is prouder of being a skilful whip than he is of his Norman blood, and of his four-in-hand than of his seat in the Upper House.

In 1816, I travelled by a greatly improved coach from London to Bristol in twenty hours. It started in the afternoon and arrived at mid-day of the day succeeding. At that time coach-travelling at the rate of four miles an hour was not considered slow.

Sometimes experienced travellers would prove too much for coachman and landlord both. I remember a case in point. When all the other passengers had

hurried out and grumblingly taken their places, one man was seen sipping his tea and quietly eating his toast. "Coach starting, sir," quoth the landlord. "But I shan't start," responded the traveller, "until I have eaten my egg, which I can't do until I find a spoon." "A spoon!" exclaimed Boniface, and in great alarm scanned the breakfast-table. Not a spoon was there; rushing out he stopped the coach and insisted on every passenger being searched. After much time had been vainly occupied in this way, out stalked the traveller and quietly took his seat, submitting to be searched also. Just as the coach started he called out to the landlord, "You may as well look inside the tea-pot," and there, sure enough, the dozen silver spoons were found.

The last time I travelled by a mail-coach was to Cambridge before the Great Eastern line was finished. Half the journey was by railway; the other half by coach. It was a day of breeze and sunshine. The coachman was one of the last of the old race. I mounted upon the box seat and sat by his side; at a crack of his whip, off went four fine horses at a spanking pace. I rubbed my hands with glee, and said, "What a delicious change from the hissing and howling railroad I have left!" The man looked at me with a glance of strong approval. The coach was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour, as I added, "And I'm sure this travelling is fast enough for any one!" He looked at me again: "Eh?" said he; "*them us wants to go faster, let 'em get out and run!*"

Akin to this, is an incident that happened to me not long ago, when landed at the Quay at Kingstown. Up,

as usual, ran the car-drivers; each pressing me to let him convey me to Dublin, distant six miles. "Oh no!" I said; "I'm going by the railroad." One of them stared at me, in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Well, I wonder at your honour! you, an English gentleman, maybe for the first time in Ireland—that wouldn't rather be whisk'd up to Dublin in my nate little car, than be *dragg'd up to Dublin at the tail of a taa-kettle!*"

I have said that the days of highwaymen were over at the time of which I write, but that footpads still infested the more lonely roads. Indeed, to return to town after nightfall from such places as Hampstead and Blackheath inferred a walk attended with real danger, and I well remember a somewhat popular tea-garden at Hampstead, the landlord of which, to reassure his customers, advertised in the papers and placarded on his walls an announcement that at convenient distances on the route between the Heath and Tottenham Court Road he had posted "eight stout fellows armed with bludgeons for the protection of all persons who had tickets of admission to his establishment."

Ancient city as LONDON is, and great Metropolis though it has always been, the period of its most rapid and amazing increase is about covered by my lifetime. The London of my boyhood knew Kensington as a village-like suburb, with fields and lanes that the ever-advancing tide of brick and mortar has since effaced; fifty years ago there was a turnpike gate at Hyde Park

Corner. Where Eaton Square now stands there were pleasant, though lonely, fields, and walking in them sixty years ago I have whispered tender confidences to a beloved companion. Brixton and Islington, Hackney and Peckham—such names then called up thoughts of fertile meadows, that in summer waved with ripening corn or were starred with innumerable daisies, and amidst which stood veritable farm-houses. Many times —but that is not so very long ago—I have gathered blackberries, in a rustic lane, through which a muddy stream meandered, on the site of Cromwell Road and the South Kensington Museum. Old General Oglethorpe told Samuel Rogers he had shot snipe where Conduit Street, New Bond Street, now stands; and Samuel Rogers related that fact to me. When Lord Erskine lived in Gower Street, he grew peaches in his garden, and had from his drawing-room window an uninterrupted view of Highgate Hill. The painter, Mulready, showed me a sketch of a gravel pit, and asked me where I supposed it was painted, adding, "on the site of Russell Square."

THE PARKS.—Do those who walk or ride about HYDE PARK and KENSINGTON GARDENS, and enjoy the singing of birds, the trees full of blossoms, the rich and varied banks and borders of flowers, the graceful fountains and delicious views that make one oblivious of London—above all, the merry voices of children delighting in the air that gives them health and pleasure—do any such contrast their aspect to-day with what it was even forty years ago? Let them breathe a blessing on the memory

of Sir Benjamin Hall, Lord Llanover, who commenced the work that is now a vast delight as well as health-boon to the millions of the Metropolis. Who remembers the unwholesome swamps called Battersea Fields? Compare them with Battersea Park, and be thankful. And not only there, for the densely populated district known as the East End has its luxury of which all-comers may partake; other districts of the Metropolis will soon have theirs. All the leading cities and towns of Britain are thus endowed, in many cases resulting from the merciful thought and beneficent help of private individuals. Contrast these mighty boons with the tea-gardens of Sadler's Wells and Bagnigge Wells: even with stately Vauxhall, of fifty years ago. They were then the only places where the pure air of the country was to be enjoyed by London citizens and their families: games of skittles being the poor predecessors of the manly cricket.

PILLIONS.—I would give something now to see a lady riding on a pillion, going to church behind her husband, or even her groom—as used to be the case so often in my boyhood. One may yet see, occasionally, the stone steps at the church gate—the "upping stones"—but the pillion must be sought for in old pictures. Sixty years ago, at least a score of pillions might have been seen waiting for fair occupants, with attendant squires to help them to mount, when the sermon had been read and the benediction given. And in far more recent times than that, the farmer would bestride his sturdy

cob, his wife mount the pillion behind him; her basket of eggs and butter would be handed up to her, and away they would jog, comfortably, to market.

We do hear now and then the pit-pat of the old "PATTEN"—never in the street, but occasionally in the yard, sometimes in the back kitchen; we look in vain for pattens in the church porch, where they used to be left until service was over. But though pattens have pretty nearly disappeared from among us, their name is still preserved in London; we have still existing a "Right Worshipful Company of Patten Makers."*

What would the manifold cape-coated COACHMAN of old times have said had he dreamed of the "Hansom" that dashes from Piccadilly to the Mansion House in less than twenty minutes? What would the "jolly young waterman" say to the penny steamer, the rival of his "trim-built wherry"? What would Captain Barclay have said to walking—not 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours (once a wonder of the world), but 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours? What would the venerable watchman—sole guardian of the night—have said could he have seen his smartly clad and active grandson—the policeman of the present day—here, there, and everywhere, his handy staff and dark lantern ready to act

* Ladies always left their pattens in the church porch; it was a Sunday treat for reckless boys so to mix them—confusing the pairs—as to cause half-an-hour's delay after church to bring the pairs together so that each lady might have her own.

where thieves were likely to break in and steal? Had Byron been asked to supplement his swim across the Hellespont by swimming from Dover cliffs to Calais pier, he would have as soon expected to see the promise of the old song verified—the "cow jumping over the moon!"

OMNIBUSES.—Who, when he steps into an omnibus and takes a drive of five or six miles for as many half-pence, remembers the days of the old hackney coaches—lumbering vehicles, generally worn out and "done with" carriages of gentry, to which *two* horses were always attached—and the fat coachman, whose great-coat with half-a-dozen capes weighed a hundred-weight? He would have considered four miles an hour at two shillings a mile hard driving and money hardly earned!

SEA VOYAGES.—And what an astounding revolution steam has wrought in long voyages! Can the passenger who takes his berth in one of the magnificent ocean steamers that now traverse the distance between Liverpool and New York in less than ten days—lately accomplished in seven days—realise a time when passages of from sixty to sixty-five days were of constant occurrence, and when voyages of even twice that duration were not unheard of? Were the States to appoint a minister to Japan, he would now traverse the distance between Washington and Yokohama in less time than in 1820 it took General Cass to cross the Atlantic. The General had been for some time American Minister at the English

Court; and on his return journey it was his unhappy fate to be at sea between Portsmouth and New York no fewer than one hundred and fifteen days. Even Ireland was in those days practically much farther off than America is now. A voyage there sometimes took a month between port and port; in 1816, when I went by the sailing packet from Bristol to Cork, forty-two days of waiting had actually gone by before my feet were on the quay of "the beautiful city." Putting out and putting back, of course, included, but nobody dared risk the sleeping ashore.

People of the present generation see nothing and know nothing of SEDAN CHAIRS; * but far into my time they were the usual modes of conveyance of ladies and gentlemen going to parties, balls, assemblies, or the theatre, and were also employed in making calls, or "going shopping." The well-to-do had their own; those who had them not could hire them, and at night they were accompanied by link boys carrying burning torches. It was, literally, the body of a carriage just large enough to hold one person comfortably, without wheels, and was carried, on poles passed through loops or staples, by two men—one in front, the other behind. The door was in front, and the vehicle was so constructed that the top would lift up by means of hinges. They are now things of the past—the private brougham or the public cab, and the Bath chair, being their substitutes.

* The "Sedan," which took its name from the town of Sedan in France, where they were first made, was introduced into England by Sir Saunders Duncombe, in 1634.

NEWSPAPERS.—In the days to which my recollection goes back a daily newspaper cost sevenpence, and the postage of a letter, which could only consist of a single sheet, made a terrible hole in a shilling; if written on two pieces of paper, or even if a scrap were enclosed, double postage, often amounting to half-a-crown or more, was charged. Envelopes were entirely unknown: they were things *in futuro*. Wafers had come to be looked upon as indignities; to put a wafer on a letter was a thing seldom done, sealing-wax being always used in writing to any person above the rank of a tradesman. The indignant protest of Lord Chesterfield will be remembered, "The rascal sent me his spittle."

Then INDIA-RUBBER was, as its name denotes, of value only to rub out pencil marks; gutta-percha was as little known as if it had been grown in one of the fixed stars; and cocoanut fibre a nuisance that would neither burn nor decay into manure. Now, thanks to the energy and enterprise of the late Mr. Treloar, we see what fifty years ago was considered useless rubbish converted into door-mats and many other things of a similar nature. The refuse of manufactories and workshops has become most useful and of great value. No doubt the matter has been fully treated and explained.

CHLOROFORM.—How large is the debt of humanity to those who brought chloroform to the relief of suffering, enabling the most important and difficult operations in

surgery to be effected without causing pain to the sufferer! The theme is far too large for treatment here.

IMPORTED WATER.—It is among the wonders of the age in which we live that water is brought to us by long journeys and long voyages, many hundred miles, to be drank at small cost. I believe there are half a score of continental springs that supply our tables; and ice that was frozen in Wenham Lake, thousands of miles away, is now as common as potatoes were a few years ago. I remember what a foolish visionary he was thought who, about thirty years back, first advertised *ice* for sale. It is now a necessity rather than a luxury, and a score of lakes as big as that of Wenham go but a small way to satisfy our needs.

Some twenty years ago, while resident for a season at the pretty and healthful baths of Nieuenahr, we used always to stop—during our drives—at the Apollinaris spring, to enjoy a draught of its delicious water. He would have been a dreamer then who had foretold that a time was near at hand when we might drink it at our dinner-tables in London city!

CLERGYMEN.—It became a sort of proverb that the "fool of the family" was to be "a parson," thus dedicating to the service of God one who was not likely to be of any service to man; when clergymen were not ashamed to practise minor vices, and only shrank from exposure of such as were opprobrious; when rectors,

canons, and even prelates, were more ambitious of distinction in the hunting-field than in the pulpit; and not unfrequently pandered to rank in the closet where they should have called a sinner to repentance. This is no exaggeration. I can gather much confirmatory evidence from those who go so far back in memory as sixty years.*

FACTORY SLAVES.—They were days when, in our COLLIERIES and FACTORIES, child-slaves laboured from early morn till late night at tasks that killed them off before manhood or womanhood was reached; or, if a hardy few survived, those years of horrid toil placed the stamp of premature age on faces that should have been those of primal youth. They were days when no law prevented Lancashire mill-owners from exacting fourteen and fifteen hours of monotonous toil daily from the tender frames of young children whose ages were sometimes barely half as many years; when in Yorkshire collieries miserable little creatures under ten years old crawled

* I have heard a clergyman preach, his cassock hiding a red coat, so that at once, when his short and hurried sermon was over, he might be ready to mount and follow the hounds! I knew a rector in Buckinghamshire (the living was his own from which he could not be removed) who became the hero of the following incident:—One bitterly cold Christmas Day, a congregation of a score of male attendants was gathered in his church; after giving out a few prayers, he thus addressed his congregation: "Now, my lads, which will ye have, a sermon or a pint of ale?" After a brief consultation, one of them answered, "Yer Reverence, we'ed rather have the pint o' yale." "Well, then, come away!" But an old man stood out for the sermon, until some one whispered into the ear of the parson, "Yer Reverence, offer him a quart." His Reverence took the hint. "Yaa," was the answer; "I'll go for a quart!" And so the whole congregation trooped off to the Rectory, the flock drank their ale, and the pastor was spared the sermon. I was christened by a clergyman who, being in daily dread of bailiffs, had a tunnel made between the church and his house adjoining: his house he could guard against intrusion, and in the church he could not be arrested.

along passages that sometimes were not more than two feet high, dragging trucks of coal by a chain attached to a girdle that went round their half-naked bodies, and often wore away the skin. Whatever may be the national evils of the present day, it is a happy thought that the laws of the country have removed this foul blot of child-slavery from the land, that in our factories are now to be found no miserable little serfs enduring a daily bondage of fifteen hours, and that even in our collieries sights such as those described in Parliament so late as 1842 are now impossible. In that year Lord Ashley (the good Earl of Shaftesbury), addressing the House of Commons, thus depicted the condition of the children of either sex employed in Yorkshire pits:—

"The child has a girdle round the waist, to which is attached a chain that passes under the legs and is attached to the cart. He or she is obliged to pass on all-fours, and the chain passes under what therefore, in that posture, might be called the hind legs, and thus they have to pass through avenues not so good as a common sewer."

Said a witness, Robert North, examined before the Commissioners:—"I went into the pit at seven years of age. When I drew by the girdle and chain the skin was broken and the blood ran down. If we said anything they would beat us. I have seen many draw at six. They must do it or be beat. They cannot straighten their backs during the day."

Happily the past had its good as well as its evil; and terrible as must have been the sum of human suffering in England in those days, there were true servants of God everywhere at work to lighten it; in the Mrs. Fry and Wilberforce of that age we find the counterparts of the Florence Nightingale and Lord Shaftesbury of ours. It is through legislation promoted by humane and

earnest men that such crying evils as those referred to have been removed.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In the year 1823 I was a Parliamentary Reporter, and in that capacity attended many a debate in the old House of Commons, so long ago destroyed. Until recently I believed myself the oldest living member of the British Press, but I find that I was in error. Payne Collier, whose many valuable contributions to literature have made his name an honoured one, and who is still labouring, informs me that if I am the "father," he must be the "grandfather," for that he was a worker in the Gallery of the House of Commons ten years before the date of which I write. *He*, therefore, may have reported the speeches of Curran and Sheridan, although my Recollections take me no farther back than to the nights of debate when Canning was in his vigour, and Brougham in his prime.*

There were other "giants" in both Houses, and I cannot begin these Recollections better than by drawing on whatever fund of reminiscences I may preserve concerning them. The pre-eminent duty of a writer of such volumes as these is to tell his readers what few or none but he can tell, describing from personal knowledge the great men who flourished during the first

* There are others yet living, I rejoice to say, whom I have the honour to name as my contemporaries: among them, the present Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who is two years my senior; Charles Ross, who was my contemporary as reporter on the great newspaper—the oracle and teacher of the world—of which he is now one of the editors; and John Byrne, who has been for more than half a century one of the conductors of a daily London newspaper.

quarter of the nineteenth century. Neither are there many—either among members, reporters, or the general public—who can recall, as I can, so far-gone a past, as to be enabled to picture from memory the old House of Commons, destroyed by fire in 1834.* It was dark: always so insufficiently lit that on the back benches no one could read a paper, and so ill ventilated that few constitutions could long bear the unwholesome atmosphere. So limited was the available space that three-fourths only of the six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen who represented England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, were able to obtain seats, although the galleries right and left were thronged. Tiers of seats, to the number, I think, of five, rose gradually on either side from the floor, the upper row being under the galleries; and any member who succeeded in "getting on his legs" was so cramped in that he could hardly move his limbs while addressing the House. The central space was tolerably large. At one end were the cross-benches on which independent members (*i.e.* such as were not avowedly attached to any party) seated themselves, and at the other end sat the Speaker in a gilt and canopied easy-chair. On his right was the Treasury Bench, *i.e.* the bench on which sat the Ministers of the Crown and their most influential supporters; behind and above were massed the Government adherents. On the Speaker's left were arrayed the leaders

* On the 16th of October in that year, all London and its suburbs for many miles round saw the light. Turner painted the scene. Westminster Hall was saved with difficulty; its destruction would have been a calamity indeed. The *London Gazette* of that date furnished all particulars, and it was ascertained that the fire originated in the burning of "exchequer tallies" in one of the stoves for heating the flues of the House of Lords. The loss was a gain.

and members of the Opposition. The Strangers' Gallery held probably two hundred. No women were admitted — that is to say, none who were habited in the apparel of their sex, but I have frequently seen there ladies dressed in male attire. The fair sex were, however, allowed admittance to the "pigeon-holes" above the ventilator in the roof, from whence, through crevices, they might see and hear what was going on in the House. At the back of the Strangers' Gallery was the Reporters' Bench; it was the very worst seat in the House, and if there had been a deliberate determination on the part of the Legislature to place in the way of reporting obstacles all but impossible to surmount, that determination could not by any possibility have been more successfully carried out.

"Strangers" were admitted by written and dated orders from members, or by payment of half-crowns to the door-keepers, and it was not unusual on important occasions for applicants to have to wait in the lobby for hours on the chance of at length securing admission; often to learn, at last, that there was no room—the gallery having already been filled by unfair prearrangement with the door-keepers. In fact, it is almost impossible to conceive a place of public meeting more utterly unsuited to its purpose, or more unworthy of a nation, where the destinies of that nation, for evil or for good, were to be decided by its representatives. I write only of the House of Commons, for the House of Peers, although mean enough, was comparatively a paradise. It had ample room, the air was seldom tainted by overcrowding, and it had an aspect, if

not of dignity, at least of respectability. Midway between the throne and the bar was the woolsack, the seat of the Lord Chancellor, Speaker of the House. Below the bar was the space appropriated to the public, but there were no seats for strangers, and those who wished to hear the debates had perforce to stand during the whole time they remained. Such were our Houses of Legislature at the period of which I write.

Although the buildings were in themselves mean, they derived dignity from the men who nightly assembled in them. Alas! I can but exclaim with a sigh for the ravages Time has made, and a proud consciousness of the debt their country owes to the illustrious dead—"There were giants in those days!"

Such changes has Time wrought, that at the present day reporters are better cared for than are the members themselves. From 1823 to 1834 who of us would have built so incredible an air-castle as to have foretold a time when Parliamentary reporters would be provided not only with seats where they could see and hear, but actually with a separate apartment where notes might be transcribed, and—*mirabile dictu*—a dining-room and kitchen within the walls, and a smoking-room of their own; besides a telegraph and telephone fitted within the House for their special use and convenience? What a contrast to sixty years ago! Is it not one that may well excite the lively gratitude of those who discharge the arduous duty of providing the public with faithful reports of the speeches in the House? Nor has the public failed to be a great gainer by the change. The words "inaudible in the gallery" now

seldom occur in a report: they were frequent enough then.

ELECTIONS.—Sixty years ago were the days of HUSTINGS and hard-fought ELECTIONS, the fighting being literally such—between bands of hired roughs in the pay of opposing candidates. They were days when to record a vote was often a matter involving peril to limb or even life, and when an unpopular candidate had frequently to beat a hasty retreat from the hustings under a shower of cabbage stumps and brickbats, if not of even more unpleasant interruptions to his oratory.*

It will be remembered that I write of the Parliaments that sat in the decade preceding the Reform Bill of 1832. To many, the details I give will seem like records of a prehistoric age: the time when "rotten boroughs" such as Gatton and Old Sarum were sacred props of the British Constitution, and duly returned representatives by means of an electorate of some four votes; while Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Greenwich, and Brighton, as well as other great centres of population and industry, were without a single member; when British legislators bought and paid for "the most sweet voices" that sent them into the House of Commons; when an election for a county required a clear fortnight to take the poll; when polling booths

* I was reporting the proceedings at an election for Westminster, in Covent Garden Market, when a dead cat flung at the platform struck me in the face. It had been aimed, not at me, but at the unpopular candidate, who had dared to oppose the "beloved of the people."

were filthier than butchers' shambles; and when our "sacred liberties" were as much matters of barter, as notoriously for sale, as were the carriages that conveyed candidates to the hustings! Not *in* the House, however. The time when Ministers openly purchased votes belongs to a period farther back than that I recall. Bribery and corruption of that description were, happily, as completely absent from Parliament in those days as now; and if every man *had* his price, it was not a *money* price: the honour of Parliamentary representatives was then, as now, in that way unscathed.

While I am dealing with this subject, a few references to the means by which the political warfare of those days was mainly carried on may not be out of place. It is lamentable to think of the large number of once rich families that traced their descent from prosperity to poverty—to contested elections. There is good authority for believing that the election for Yorkshire in 1817 cost the three contending parties half a million of money, one of the candidates being William Wilberforce, whose expenses were, however, largely defrayed by subscription. It was stated by Mr. Bright at Birmingham, in 1866, that an election for Yarmouth had cost one of the candidates £70,000. Lord Monson bought the "rotten borough" of Gatton, with its one hundred inhabitants, for £100,000; and the freemen of several boroughs regularly received £100 each for their votes. It was the piteous but serious complaint of those of St. Albans, during a season of distress, that they had nothing else to sell; and it was well known that often, in contested borough elections, a cabbage would be valued

at five or ten pounds, and sold to the candidate accordingly; while an anecdote is narrated of a certain "free and independent elector" who had the luck to buy for a shilling a litter of young pigs, which another "free and independent elector" had just sold for a hundred pounds! "Mister *Most* is my master always," significantly replied a patriot of this stamp when asked by a candidate for his vote.

I was present when a country Hodge tendered his vote for Mr. H——, who was not a candidate at all, but was his landlord, and neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to vote for any other.

I was once in a room that had a communication by a spout with a room below. A slip of paper was sent *up* through this spout, and a small but heavy packet was sent *down* by the same channel. An election was "on" that day! In short *he* got into Parliament cheaply who paid for his seat less than £6,000.

It is hardly requisite to say that this was not the only electoral evil. County elections continued for a fortnight,* during which every public-house was, night and day, a scene of shocking debauchery. Not only drunkenness, but brutality and wickedness of all kinds, swayed the mob on either side, and to call out the military at an election was a common occurrence, although it was against the law for a soldier to be seen in uniform while an election was in progress.

Afterwards came the consequences, the settlements

* The election for Westminster in 1784 lasted forty days. It was during this contest that the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the lovely champion of Charles Fox, bought a blacksmith's vote for a kiss.

between landlords and tenants forming a prominent part of the "bill of costs."

Many of the best men in Parliament, among others Canning and Peel, not only maintained, but received as sacred truths, theories concerning the British Constitution that if propounded now would be met with absolute derision. "From the day the Bill (the Catholic Relief Bill) passes, the sun of Great Britain will set"—I heard these words as Lord Eldon uttered them from his place in the House of Lords, and saw the venerable man shed tears as he spoke them. He believed his language was a prophecy, and wept as he foreboded the fatal doom of his country and all the glorious institutions so many great and good men had striven to establish.

Sixty years ago no JEW could sit in Parliament; no Dissenter could there represent a constituency; no Roman Catholic could take his seat, though the voters who would have sent him to the House outnumbered the adverse Protestant minority twenty to one. Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts opened the doors of the House of Commons to Catholics and Dissenters; and the same liberal and tolerant legislation has since been extended to Jews.†

* Innumerable promises of places under Government, ranging from that of an excise-officer up to a Secretary of State, which promises were always among the coin tendered by a candidate on the right side, that had to be redeemed or evaded.

† "One member of Parliament urged that to give the Jews a resting-place in England, would invalidate prophecy and destroy one of the principal reasons for believing in the Christian religion. . . . The Mayor and Corporation of London petitioned against the Bill. The clergy all over England denounced it. The Bishops who had voted for the Bill were insulted in the streets."—*Lecky*.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Although the right of dealing wholesale in human flesh had, very early in the century, been reluctantly and not without a fierce struggle abandoned, the right of cruelty to all the lower animals of creation was sacred; and bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting, although beginning to be unsavoury, were not illegal, while a prize-fight, of man with man, for money stakes, was an institution so essential to liberty that he who counselled its suppression would have been more unpopular than he who proposed abolition of trial by jury. So far from pugilism being considered a bar to honours, one prize-fighter, John Gully, who had won his laurels in the Ring, and had amassed money, became Member of Parliament for the borough of Pontefract, in two successive Parliaments. In those days Parliament did not adjourn, as they do now, over the Derby Day; but they *did* adjourn—or made no House—that the "Champion of England" might be fittingly received at a public entertainment.

PRIZE-FIGHTS.—There may not be many of my readers who have witnessed a PRIZE-FIGHT at Moulsey Hurst. I can carry them back to the time when that degrading and brutal "sport" was an honoured institution of our country—an institution upheld far into the present century and supported even by Royalty. In those days large sums were paid for selected places to view a fight. The Ring had its supporters in thieves and demi-reps, the roads were infested with notorious robbers, the police were utterly powerless, and all the actors in such infernal scenes

felt secure in the impunity they derived from the knowledge that an appreciative public was about to enjoy a "treat." It was not once a year, but a hundred times within the twelve months, that such "treats" were provided. My duties compelled me to attend such more than once, and at this moment I cannot recall without a shudder the revolting spectacles I witnessed—two combatants, with bruised and battered heads, each seated on the knee of his "bottle-holder" sipping spirits, breathing for a few seconds until at the umpire's call of "Time" each again rose to "maul" the other. Often one of the two was either taken up dead or died as a consequence of the "bruising." A fight sometimes occupied two hours, generally one hour; and usually consisted of between forty and sixty "rounds." "A first-rate treat may be expected" was a stereotyped sentence of the prize-fighters' journals.

Sometimes, at the meeting "to settle," neither was able to put in an appearance. Generally, however, the men were "made up" for the occasion; and I well remember seeing a wretched fellow, with a bandaged jaw and several plaster patches, receiving the congratulations of his backers in the presence of his wife and half-a-dozen children. It was at the public-house of the famous Tom Cribb,* in King Street, St. James's; the Cribb who is lauded in much evil literature of the period, and with whom the Prince Regent (who is said to have driven

* George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a liberal patron of the prize-ring; so was the Duke of York. They were often present to pet and encourage the heroes of such interesting occasions. Lord Byron was proud of his personal intimacy with the prize-fighter, "Gentleman Jackson."

another famous bruiser, Tom Spring, through the streets of London) frequently shook hands.

The "heroes of the prize-ring" were by no means Bayards. "Cross fights" were very common incidents—that is to say, fights where the best man consented, "for a consideration," to be beaten, while those who gave odds against him were sure to be great gainers by the event. There are long lists of the after-consequences of a fight, and there are records of several resulting in trials for murder, but never did sentence and execution follow. Judges seldom insisted on verdicts, and juries were sure to acquit, or at the worst to say, "Guilty of manslaughter in self-defence." Parliament was not altogether an indifferent looker-on; and although Gully, a prize-fighter, as I have stated, sat as M.P. for Pontefract for some years, many wise and merciful members raised their voices against the scandalous and degrading practice, and cried it down. Among them was O'Connell, who from his place in the House characterised these disgusting exhibitions as "cowardly, savage, and fraudulent—sources of monstrous evil;" and proclaimed amid cheers that "all connivers, aiders, and abettors, and witnesses of fatal prize-fights were guilty of murder."

I remember asking Tom Cribb (so long the "Champion of England") to let me feel his right arm: it was like a wedge of iron, a dense mass of muscle; it might have given, and often did, a blow as effectual as that of a sledge hammer. Shortly before his death Cribb weighed twenty stone. Of course a thick skull was the most promising requirement next to a strong arm. The skull of a noted prize-fighter in Surgeons' Hall

weighs just double that of any other skull in the multifarious collection. Tom Moore wrote of Cribb:—

"He had found (such his humour for fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the better for beating."

But the magistrates generally were worse than supine; Government was more than indifferent; the Home Secretary seldom saw it his duty to interfere; juries were slow to convict;* and a prize-fight was indeed looked upon as a public holiday or country "outing." The practice of this "noble art of self-defence," as it was grandly called, was vaunted as a mode of keeping up the manly English courage that had won the battles of the country from Crecy to Waterloo; a nursery for the heroes who (like Shaw, the life-guardsman who had been a prize-fighter) could and would slay each half-a-dozen before they were themselves.

The profession was looked upon as a glory and a distinction, instead of what it truly was, a degradation and a shame. The belt of the "Champion of England" was a badge that gave loftier eminence to its wearer than the Garter, and people accepted as an honour the hand-shake of a ruffian who had degraded humanity. And all this created by a foul and pestilent delusion that the brave and manly character of Englishmen was sustained and augmented by a system that lowered it below the condition of the most ferocious beasts!

* In July, 1830, Symon Byrne was tried at Buckingham for killing Sandy M'Kay in a prize-fight. The case was as clear as the sun at noonday. Nevertheless the jury returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY. M'Kay had received many heavy blows about the right temple, and his face was so frightfully cut and disfigured that the features were lost in a confused mass of gore and bruises. He was bled in the Ring, but was totally insensible.

On one occasion within my remembrance the victor was borne from the field of his glory, in a coach-and-four, covered with laurels. The excitement of the annual University boat-race conveys but a faint idea of what were then the attractions of a prize-fight. Crowded steamboats, heavily laden coaches, private conveyances by thousands, conveyed tens of thousands to "the mill," and the public-houses kept by notorious "professors" were thronged, day by day, prior to a fight coming off. Every change in the betting was chronicled with more accuracy than similar fluctuations at Epsom or Ascot; weekly statements of progress in training were duly reported; and thus a shameful publicity was given to every movement that bore upon the anticipated "treat."*

It is stated upon safe authority that on one occasion 80,000 people had assembled to witness a prize-fight.

It may be true that the annual saturnalia at Epsom and Doncaster are not far-off cousins to those of Moulsey and Erith; but a time may come when the records of the

* The "language of the Ring" had its peculiarities, and the sporting reporters invented modes of expression that were eminently in keeping with the demoralising and depraving exhibitions they described. I quote a few illustrative passages from newspaper reports of the period:—

"A nasty crack on the left jaw rattled the Crispin's ivories and knocked his head on one side with a chop heard all over the Ring."—"A shower of blows on his already damaged nob."—"The severity of his fibbing being something like the kick of a horse."—"A crashing blow inside the left ear floored the man as cleanly as many a time he had floored one of his own bullocks."—"His brain seemed addled by the incessant hammering of Barlee's mawleys upon his sconce."—"The blood gushed from his nose, mouth, and ears."—"His legs tottered under his bulky carcase; scarcely able to lift his arms, and nearly blind, he seemed groping to find where his opponent was."—"His mouth was horribly cut, his whole face was a mass of contusions, and he was all but blind; he was covered with his own blood. Human nature could sustain no more; he was borne from the Ring, insensible to everything around him," &c.

"Derby" will be read with almost as much loathing and wonderment as are those of the human beasts either participators in, or encouragers of, prize-fights; when the House of Commons will revert with shame to its annual motion to adjourn over "the day;" and the pretence that they improve the breed of horses be as thoroughly ignored as is now the opinion that the scenes I have described kept up the manly character of Christian men in England.

Let me picture "a glorious gathering" of which I formed a very insignificant unit. I was a reporter, and my duty was to look on and describe. I forget the precise occasion, but the scene is as clearly before me as if it occurred yesterday. A huge, powerful, hideous-looking negro, named Molyneux (the name was as famous then, and as much in public mouths, as that of the Duke of Wellington), had won one of his victories; subsequently, he was "smashed" by Tom Cribb, but at that time he bore such blushing honours as his black face could express, and was, if not the glass of fashion, certainly the observed of all observers.

The occasion was a banquet of congratulation to the "hero." A nobleman was in the chair, above the salt were many men of high social rank, on the higher seats mingled aiders, patrons, and sympathizers, including, of course, all the professors of "the noble science." On the left of the chairman was the Champion of England, on his right was the hero of the day. After the customary toasts came the toast of the evening—"the victor

Molyneux." Up rose the ruffian, one arm in a sling, the other grasping a brimming bumper. When the chorus of cheers, repeated again and again (for there were present not a few whose pockets had been lined by his prowess), had died into silence, he delivered his speech of acknowledgment and thanks—as well as he could, that is to say: for his broken jaw was covered by a silk handkerchief, large strips of diachylon plaster kept up his lower lip; in fact, his head was a mass of cuts and bruises, and no doubt it was the same with his body. It would be a libel on the brutes of creation to compare them with this hideous sample of humanity. Yet Pericles never walked the streets of Athens followed by a greater crowd of admirers. The banquet in his honour was but one of many ovations offered to this huge mass of muscle, whose only merit was that he could take any amount of "walloping" with apparently as much indifference as if the blows were delivered upon a mass of actual stone.

I walked over Moulsey Hurst* very lately, and recalled the fights that made it famous fifty years ago. The glory had departed, only a faint memory of it remains, and probably out of some thousands present, there was not one who remembered the Hurst in its palmy days. It was the day of the Hampton Races, and the mob was as low and ruffianly as that which glorified the field half a century ago. There was nothing to remind one of the

* Moulsey Hurst is in Surrey, bordering the Thames; in case of interference to prevent a fight, it was easy to cross the river, and continue the affair in Middlesex, on the other side, where Surrey magistrates had no jurisdiction.

old shows except the gingerbread stalls. I bought some cakes to distribute among the groups of children who surely had no business there. I happened to remark that they reminded me of another institution of the past—Bartholomew Fair. I was overheard by an aged man, who put in a word of lamentation over the decadence of such gatherings—his "ah! ah!" was true pathos.

Few who have had the "luck" to see, will have forgotten the systematically arranged prize DOG-FIGHTS of those days. They were fights between trained bulldogs, truly British, who loved fighting better than their food, and were incited ferociously to worry each other. The revolting exhibitions were publicly advertised and largely patronised by the nobility and gentry of these realms. Enormous sums were paid for well-known victors, and bets from shillings up to thousands of pounds were freely staked upon the issue of an encounter. Bull-baiting was a popular amusement of somewhat earlier date, but cock-fighting was then in the zenith of its renown. Has any collector of curiosities, I wonder, preserved a pair of the steel spurs with which one bird had stricken out the eyes of another, and crowed victory over a slain enemy before he was himself killed, but not before he had gained large sums for his backers?

Bad as was the practice of cock-fighting, nourishing, as it did, all odious sentiments and cruel propensities, it was not so bad as the custom, vigorous in 1883, of

prize PIGEON-SHOOTING, which degrades and disgraces humanity. The instinct of chanticleer led him to slaughter his foe; but what can we say of gentlemen, who, with their ladies, take delight in breaking the legs and wings and wounding to death birds the gentlest and most loving of their kind—and who take pride in the announcement that out of thirty shots twenty-nine were fatal? The lessons taught, especially to the young, at Hurlingham are at least as pregnant with evil as those that gave us warnings by the doings of cock-fighters in the Potteries, and the human brutes of prize-fighters at Erith and Moulsey Hurst. I once saw a bird that had been picked up outside bounds at one of these matches near aristocratic Kensington; its wing was riddled with shot and its leg broken: so was its bill. There was a terrible indictment presented in its condition against the gratuitous murderer, who was no doubt receiving at that moment the congratulations of his friends, and the grateful acknowledgments of those who had won money by his skill in butchering! Mine was not the hand that put it out of its misery, but I saw it done. A mute appeal of suffering in its glazed eyes was a prayer for release, and I thought—Could any member of that club of gentlemen—in the presence of well-born and well-bred ladies sitting around the arena—see these little, gentle, loving birds in agony, would it be possible for him to fire another shot to bring down such innocent quarry?

DRACONIC STATUTES.—In nothing has the change been more marked than in our criminal laws. Passing the Old

Bailey in 1816, I remember seeing six men and one woman pendent from a high gallows outside Newgate. Neither the execution of so many unhappy wretches, nor the putting them to a public death, is now possible.* Up to 1824, "there were two hundred and twenty-three offences which were made capital by the laws of England, and out of that doleful number of Draconic statutes no fewer than one hundred and eighty-seven had been passed since the accession of Charles II. In the seven years from 1819 to 1825 there were five hundred and seventy-nine executions, and of the wretched criminals hanged, less than one-fifth were murderers, the remainder being strangled for such crimes as burglary, cattle-stealing, arson, forgery, uttering false notes, horse-stealing, robbery, sacrilege, and sheep-stealing." †

How often has my heart bled when reporting trials

* Mary Jones was convicted of having stolen a piece of cotton cloth, value eight shillings, from a shop door in Ludgate Hill in 1818. The poor creature's case appeared to have excited great commiseration at the time among the population generally, and among them many members of the peerage.

Mary Jones was a native of Cornwall. Her husband, then an artisan, had formerly been a sailor, and, as the Government was sorely in want of seamen at the time, he was pressed and sent to sea. His wife, a woman of unblemished character, made, with an infant at the breast, the journey on foot to London to find her husband, and if not successful, a relative who she thought would give her shelter. She was disappointed in both cases, and, after wandering about the streets for some days in a starving condition, she, driven to desperation, purloined from a shop the piece of cloth. The cry was raised, and the master of the shop ran out of his house in pursuit of the thief, who, it appeared, had repented of her crime, and was returning to the shop with the cloth in her hand. At her trial she was found guilty, but the jury strongly recommended her to mercy on account of her previous good character. All, however, was of no avail. The judge, one of the good old British school, would not indorse the recommendation of the jury. The majesty of the law had to be avenged. The woman was hung at Tyburn, her infant being taken from her breast at the foot of the gallows.

† I quote this from the *Daily Telegraph*, August, 1882, and rely on its accuracy, although, even to me, it seems incredible.

and sentences at the Old Bailey, ending in the three fearful words, "left for death"! There are some who can recall, as I can, the pun on the name of the Newgate chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, so often the associate of "Mr." Ketch—a dismal joke of the period, —the victim dying with "*a bit of cotton in his ear.*"

THE PILLORY.—Many curious modes of punishment, happily obsolete, I have seen, at one time or other, inflicted upon unfortunate men who were offenders against law. I have seen men in the pillory, men flogged at the cart's tail, men in the stocks often, but that was scarcely counted as anything of an infliction. The PILLORY is one of the oldest of our engines of punishment, and has been in use in England certainly from Saxon days. Its shape varied considerably, but its general form was that of the stocks, only instead of being for the legs it was for the neck and wrists, and was generally elevated, sometimes indeed turning round on a pivot. The culprit—his head, or rather neck, being fastened in the central aperture, and his wrists clasped in the smaller holes, one on each side—was compelled to stand an hour or more on market day generally, for three consecutive weeks, to receive the jibes, jeers, and missiles of the rabble: often leaving it maimed for life. (I quote from the statement of my friend Llewellyn Jewitt). "It was a punishment inflicted alike on men and women, and one which was indeed dreadful to undergo. The dishonest baker and the cheating ale-wife, the seller of putrid flesh and the night brawler, the forger of letters, and the

courtesan, alike, in the early days of its institution, felt its sad effects, and it became at once

> "'The terror of the cheat and quean,
> Whose heads it often held, I ween.'

And in later days free-speaking men, free-thinking politicians, free-writing authors, and free-acting publishers, were doomed to bear its infliction, and in many cases found it but the stepping-stone from, perhaps, obscurity to heroism, being looked upon as saints and martyrs who had passed through a fiery ordeal and had come out purified. To some poor starving authors and obscure publishers the pillory became a real blessing. They were condemned to it poor and unknown; they stood in it an hour or more, and then stepped out of it national martyrs whom many delighted to succour and honour. But not so with others. Some sensitive minds died through very shame and mortification, others died through ill-usage, and thus the pillory had its victims as well as the gallows." Its use except as a punishment for perjury was forbidden in 1815, and it was finally abolished altogether in 1837. In 1812, Eaton, the aged publisher of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," stood in the pillory and was lustily cheered; the last who suffered its infliction at the Old Bailey being Peter James Bossy, who had committed perjury, in 1832.*

* In 1810, "at the bottom of Norris Street, Haymarket, six persons were placed in the pillory on one and the same day. They were brought from Newgate to the Haymarket in an open cart, and pelted all the way; and as soon as a convenient ring could be formed by the constables a number of women, provided with baskets full of offensive projectiles, were admitted into the charmed circle and mauled the offenders at their leisure."

THE STOCKS are equally old as an engine of punishment, and were until of late years in universal use. There could scarcely be found a village in England in which one of these instruments of parochial terror was not to be seen on the village-green, against its churchyard wall, adjoining its cross, or in some other public situation; and there was scarcely a corporate or market town, or even city, which did not keep them in proper repair in some well-frequented spot, for the correction of delinquents and the maintenance of public order. The stocks, although always having precisely the same principle of construction, varied in form. Sometimes they were formed by two upright posts, a few feet apart, with a running slot up each. Two transverse beams, the lower one fixed and the upper moving up and down in the slots, had each semicircular holes cut, the one in the upper, the other in its lower edge, so that when placed together they would firmly enclose the legs of the culprit. The upper beam being raised, the victim was compelled to place one leg in each of the semicircular openings in the top of the lower beam; the upper beam was then let down and fastened, and thus the legs were firmly "put in Chancery," the poor wretch being seated on the ground or on a bench, and unable to change his (or her) position. One, two, or more hours was the time the prisoner was kept "in durance vile," and during that time he was not only the "laughing-stock" of the populace, but had to endure, without ability to resent, all the indignities that were thrust upon him.*

* I very recently examined one of these machines of punishment in a churchyard some three miles from Exeter.

The "BRANK," or "SCOLD'S BRIDLE," had gone out of use before my time, but the curious may still see one in the church at Walton-on-Thames, and others in some museums and private collections. The brank was literally a gag fixed in a framework, and not intended to close the mouth, but to prevent the "tongue wagging." Most corporations in former days had one of these instruments of punishment, and, judging from the number of entries in records, it was frequently put to use as well as the ducking stool, the stocks, and the whipping post.*

Let my readers fancy, if they can, a man "presenting" his wife to the mayor as a "*scold*," or as a "gossip" or "*brawler*," and claiming that punishment should be administered to her! What would they think if they saw the poor woman "bridled," the knife-point thrust into her mouth, the iron hoop locked tight round her jaws, the cross bands of iron brought over her head and clasped behind, her arms pinioned, a ring and chain attached to the brank, and the unfortunate creature thus led or driven from the market-place through all the principal streets of the town for an hour or two, and then brought back faint, bleeding, and degraded?

FLOGGING AT THE CART'S TAIL was another cruel mode of punishment which I have more than once seen inflicted. A wretched man had his hands securely fastened to the end of a cart; he was then flogged all

* In Cheshire, I learn from *The Reliquary*, no less than thirteen examples are still extant. How many more have been used and lost it is of course impossible to conjecture. In Lancashire five or six are still remaining, and in Staffordshire about the same number are in existence.

the way from the gaol to the end of the town, till his back streamed with blood.*

When the punishment was inflicted "in a cart," or "at the cart's tail," the poor wretch was tied in the first case to a structure of timber in the cart, the "executioner" standing by and flogging the bare body as the cart was drawn along. In the latter the culprit was stripped, her or his hands tied to the back of the cart, and as the vehicle moved along, was compelled to walk with it, the executioner walking by the side and laying on unmercifully all the way. The common course in country towns was for the victim thus to be dragged at the cart's tail from the prison through the principal streets round the market-place and back again; and this was often repeated on three consecutive market days.†

* Flogging is undoubtedly one of the oldest of punishments, and its infliction is found not unfrequently represented in Saxon and other early illuminated manuscripts. In one of these early drawings a wretched woman, in a state of absolute nudity, has one of her feet fastened down to the ground with a ring, her hands bound tightly together behind her back, and is being unmercifully flogged by two men, who are standing one on each side of her, with enormous rods. Public whipping of women for vagrancy and petty offences continued in vogue until 1820, when it was abolished under what is generally known as General Thornton's Act. Almost every town, indeed almost every village, had formerly its "whipping post," which was often attached to, or formed part of, the structure of the pillory or stocks.

A memorable story is told of Lord Norbury. He had a sort of stutter, and on one occasion jerked out, "The sentence of the Court upon you is that you be flogged from the county gaol *to the end of the town!*—" "Thank ye, my lord," said the culprit; "you've done your worst."—"*and back again!*" completed the judge.

† The usual fee paid a man for whipping varied from fourpence up to a shilling or two; and entries such as "Paid for whipping Ann Swift, 4d.," or "Paid towards the whipping of the cut-purse woman, 6d.," often occur in corporation records, and the sentence was usually in this kind of form—"Mariam Kirk, uxor Thome Kirk, sentenced to be whipt with her body bare to ye waste, eyther in a cart or tyed behind one, from ye Borough gaole round ye market-place and down ye Rotten Row back to ye gaole, on Friday next between ye hours of twelve and one in ye day."

THE DUCKING STOOL was another mode of punishment, the use of which comes within the time of my personal recollections. It was kept in repair and ready for employment in most towns, and in many villages. Its construction varied in different localities; ordinarily, however, it was a heavy cumbersome kind of wooden chair, in which the culprit was forced to sit, and to submit to be fastened by pinioning with bars or cords, or both. Sometimes the chair was attached to the end of a beam that would turn round on a pivot, over a pond, or river, or even a mill-dam; at others it was suspended by a chain, so that it could be let down or raised at will; and in others it was placed on wheels so as to run down into the water. Whatever was the form of the instrument, the punishment was the same—and that was forcible immersion. The delinquent, being firmly fixed in the chair, was ducked over head and heels in the water three or four times, and was often brought out nearly—sometimes literally—dead.

HANGING IN CHAINS.—To see the decaying body of a man "hanging in chains" was by no means a rare sight in those days. For certain crimes malefactors were, after execution, "gibbeted," that is, hung in chains near the spot where the murder had been committed, and left there to rot away till at length the bleached bones fell asunder. Hanging in chains was employed as a supposed preventative of crime and a warning to evil-doers. It was abolished in 1834. I have seen and "smelt" such offenders very often.

"BODY-SNATCHING."—It is not so long ago that the business of a "resurrectionist" was a profitable calling, but it was put a stop to after the wholesale murders by Burke and Hare in 1830. The practice of procuring bodies for surgeons was a regular trade, the newly buried bodies in country churchyards being constantly exhumed by "resurrection men" and sold to doctors. In Ireland, where it was regarded with peculiar horror and detestation, to steal a body from a graveyard was a feat of which young medical students were proud. It implied daring, and inferred peril. I remember a case (indeed, I was one of the party) where a stolen corpse was traced to the house of an eminent anatomical professor. A crowd soon gathered, and the "thieves" narrowly escaped with their lives. If any one of them had been found—as the body was—he would certainly have lost his life. Many are the tales recounted of "body-snatching." To so great a state of terror had the people at one time been driven that, whenever a corpse was buried, the friends watched in the church or churchyard nightly, with lights, to preserve the grave from being opened and desecrated; fights over dead bodies between the "snatchers" and the relations or friends of the deceased have often occurred.

SALES OF WIVES.—People have heard of selling and buying a wife at Smithfield, but few have witnessed the shameful occurrence. I have seen it, and can picture the scene, which is strongly impressed on my memory. It occurred outside an old public-house at Whitechapel, and

was conducted with all befitting ceremony. A respectably dressed woman, aged about thirty, was seated close to the door; immediately behind her was the landlord, who acted as the auctioneer; not far off was her husband, a wretched-looking fellow, whom any woman, however low her grade, would be glad to be rid of. He was a burly rascal, and contrasted unfavourably with a comparatively young man, who, it was understood, would be the highest bidder. There was, however, no other bidding than his, and the publican did metaphorically what her husband had no doubt done often—*knocked her down*, at the unprecedented figure of half-a-crown and a pot of porter! I saw the newly united pair walk off, the man with an air of bravado, and the woman with a sniff in the air, as she rose from the still-sitting group, each of whom had in his hand a pewter can, from which, no doubt, he drank the health of the bride and bridegroom. The ex-husband did not do so; he looked glum; his neighbours manifested neither sympathy nor approval. He was, I suppose, always a blackguard, and certainly so just then. He gained nothing by the bargain beyond the half-crown and the pot of porter; the sale released him from no responsibility either to the parish or the law, but the transaction freed his successor from danger of an action for *crim. con.:* that was all his gain beyond the lady. Such transfers of conjugal rights were frequent fifty years ago.

Cross-Road Burials.—Fifty years ago, the bodies of suicides were subjected to shocking indignities. They

were, by law, ordered to be buried at midnight at cross roads, and a hedge-stake driven through the body. No religious rites were permitted; a hole was dug where two roads crossed each other, often in a lonely, solitary spot, and at midnight, with or without torches, lanterns, or candles, the body was placed, usually coffinless, in the hole, a stake driven right through the chest or bowels into the ground beneath, and the grave filled in. In 1823 the practice was, by Act of Parliament, abolished, and it was enacted that the bodies of suicides might in future be buried in any ordinary churchyard between the hours of nine and twelve at night, without any religious ceremony, the interment to be private, and to take place within twenty-four hours from the finding of the inquisition by the coroner. I was once present at the repulsive midnight ceremony. The "crowner's quest" had pronounced the wretched creature guilty of *felo-de-se*, and he was buried by torchlight where four roads met, and a stake was driven through his body. It was not until 1882 that this Act was entirely abrogated; its practice had ceased long previously.

Duelling.—From the subject of suicide to that of murder is scarcely such an abrupt transition that I need preface my change of theme by an apology. I have but one form of murder in my mind's-eye at present—that once-honoured institution known as duelling. Sixty years ago, while the man who took his own life was pursued even with such vengeance as the law could wreak on his cold clay, the man who took his fellow-man's,

in accordance with the regulations of the unwritten laws of honour, would in all probability be left by laws of the realm to walk abroad as free as if he had not on his brow the brand of Cain.

I was present at a duel once—a fatal duel—that was fought near Rosscarberry, in the County of Cork. Two first cousins had quarrelled over something, the merest trifle, and a meeting was the result. A few minutes before they fired I heard one of the principals say to his second, "I declare I have not even anger against my cousin." He had merely said what he thought, that the other principal had behaved like a goose, adding, "I know I am less than a goose for going out with him." The first shot laid him on the sward, mortally wounded. At this long distance of time, I can see the gradual film, the glazed look of death, come over his eyes, and hear the sob with which he yielded up a life full of hope and promise. A fine young fellow lay dead, while there was in dispute the barest point of honour that a judicious arbiter might have settled in half a minute by half-a-dozen words! I did not on that mournful day see the body conveyed to the house the dead man had left, but I passed there subsequently, and could well imagine the intense agony of a household where he was deeply and fondly loved.

It was, as any one familiar with the social history of that time is well aware, in Ireland, and among Irishmen, that the practice of duelling chiefly flourished.

A mile or so out of Castlebar I stood in a field where it was stated to me that sixty fatal duels had taken place, the last being that of an uncle who

had shot his nephew—or a nephew who had shot his uncle.

At one time a club existed in Galway to which no person was admitted who had not shot his man. At Castlebar I was shown a pistol marked with seven notches—each notch indicated that it had sent a bullet into an adversary. I once conversed with a gentleman who had acted as second in twenty duels, two only of which, however, were fatal. In that neighbourhood I stood on a filled-up saw-pit into which two gentlemen had been put to fight a duel, each armed with a brace of pistols and a small sword. Both were taken out for dead, yet both recovered—one, Dick Martin, to become famous as "Humanity Martin;" the other, George Robert Fitzgerald, "Fighting Fitzgerald," to be hanged at Castlebar for murder. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. Judge Egan fought another Master of the Rolls, Barrett. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Corry, fought Henry Grattan, who was a Privy Councillor. A baron of the Exchequer fought his brother-in-law and two others. Chief Justice Lord Norbury fought "Fighting Fitzgerald" and two others. These are not the only judges who fought duels. Sir Jonah Barrington states that during his "grand climacteric," two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and *official* duels had been fought. Indeed, he is justified in stating that until he had fought a duel no young gentleman's education was considered complete. He writes of one man who had fought sixteen duels.

In the army it was almost a necessity that every

officer, when he joined, should be called upon to fight a duel. My father (who, by-the-bye, was never wounded but once, and that was in a duel) told me this story: A fine young fellow at the mess-table had been subjected by the captain who presided to a series of insulting sneers. At last he was asked, "Mr. So-and-so, what is your father?" "My father?" was the answer, after a little hesitation; "my father is a farmer, sir." "Pity he did not make a farmer of *you*," said the questioner, with a manner as insulting as the words. The young man put up with this affront, and there went round a murmur that hinted at Coventry as his speedy destination. After awhile he addressed the captain: "You asked me just now, sir, concerning my father; may I ask what your father is?" "My father is a gentleman, sir." "Pity he didn't make a gentleman of you," said the youth; and, rising from table, he left the room to call out the captain, whom he shot.

Of course a duel generally followed an election, or rather occurred while it was pending; and sometimes an unpopular candidate was thus deprived of his life and chance together. I have an anecdote of Dick Martin, of Galway, who, being in conversation with the Prince Regent, was addressed by the Prince with "So you are going to have a contested election in your county?" "Yes, your Royal Highness, as usual." "And who will win?" "*The survivor*, please your Royal Highness," Martin answered with Hibernian coolness.*

* The father of Toler, Lord Norbury, on his death-bed and almost with dying lips, took a pair of pistols from under his pillow, and murmured, as he presented them to his son—"Now, Jack, be always ready to keep up the credit of the family and the honour of an Irish gentleman."

But Irish statesmen and judges, though the most frequent, were by no means the only resorters to the arbitrament of the pistol. Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Castlereagh, all these great men in their time exchanged shots with an opponent. As late as 1829 took place the duel between the Earl of Winchelsea and the Duke of Wellington on Wimbledon Common, when shots were exchanged, happily without result.

Amongst the many good deeds of the Prince Consort must be reckoned that which mainly contributed to give its death-blow to the practice of duelling.

In 1843 the last duel of any consequence was fought in England: Lieutenant Munro killed his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett. I copy the following from Sir Theodore Martin's Life of the Good Prince:—

"The survivor, it was known, had endured intolerable provocation. He had gone out most reluctantly, and only because not to have done so must, according to the then prevailing code, have fatally compromised his honour. As it was, he who had been the party really aggrieved was branded as a felon, and his career as an officer was ruined by the unhappy issue of an encounter which every officer in the service would, in the same circumstances, have felt he could not avoid. Similar disasters had excited comparatively little notice, but here the intimate relations of the parties made the issue appear so much more shocking, that people felt the time was come to decide whether a system should continue by which a man, having first been insulted, must also expose himself to be shot or be branded —in one event as a coward, or in another as a criminal."

The Prince "therefore suggested the establishment of courts of honour, bound to secrecy, to whose arbitrament officers should submit their differences." But the idea was abandoned, and "it was resolved to effect the desired reform by an amendment of the Articles of

War. In pursuance of this decision Amended Articles were issued in April, 1844, which declared 'it to be suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same.'"

"The Prince had the satisfaction of seeing that he had not taken up the question in vain, for a death-blow was dealt by this declaration to so-called affairs of honour. Duelling was so discredited that it became from that time practically impossible."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—I recall to memory the days when debtors were imprisoned for debts that (before "costs" were added to them) were, originally, often under a pound; imprisoned where there could be no labour either for self or creditors, and where the incarcerated body contained a dilapidated and utterly hopeless mind. I must occupy some space with this subject, although it is not so very long ago that the decadence of the Fleet and the King's Bench Prisons took place, and that their power for increasing the spread of misery and ruin became a thing of the past.*

Many times have I passed through the street of palace warehouses (Farringdon Street) on which a dead

* There existed an admirable society for the "Discharge and relief of persons imprisoned for small debts." Their report in 1834 states that, between the 4th of June and the 2nd of July of that year, no fewer than ninety-seven debtors, seventy-seven of whom had wives and children, were discharged from the prisons of England and Wales, the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the society, was £211 15s. 8d.! But there is ample evidence that debts originally shillings were augmented to pounds, by costs; and the one kept the unhappy debtor a prisoner at least as effectually as the other.

wall of the Fleet abutted. In a neighbouring street the marvellous boy Chatterton "perished in his pride," and those who, nearly a century afterwards, erected a monument to his memory in Bristol could not find the grave of the poor suicide in St. Andrew's graveyard. Close at hand, near the Fleet Prison, were once to be found those taverns, the scenes of the notorious Fleet marriages, in which debauched clergymen joined spendthrifts and demi-reps in the bonds of holy matrimony. But these do not belong to my Recollections: imprisonment for debt does; and in order to do the wretched theme justice, I must needs devote to it some space.

In the dead wall of the Fleet there was a small iron-grated window, at which a man was seated from daybreak to midnight. He had been selected for the duty, probably because, having a melancholy countenance and a doleful voice, he would be more likely to excite pity and obtain aid. Every minute he uttered this prayer—like the cry of the cuckoo it never changed:—

"Pity the poor debtors, having no allowance!"

Some pitying passer-by occasionally dropped into an iron box at the window a penny and went his way. I have done so more than once, and lingered to hear if there were any acknowledgment or response. There was none—the penny did not go to him. Like a sentinel on guard, his only recompense was to be relieved. But it augmented the stock of incarcerated wretches within—"poor debtors having no allowance." That dismal sentence rings in my ears to-day, though uttered sixty years ago.

The whole history of imprisonment for debt is mournful and degrading. If a man or woman owed even a small sum of money which he or she was unable to pay, it was counted a crime that subjected the unfortunate debtor to a punishment more severe than that to which a sheep-stealer is now liable.

A tap on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer was followed by an introduction to that intermediate purgatory, the "spunging house," which, however, the culprit could avoid—as a luxury beyond his means—by proceeding directly to Whitecross Street, the King's Bench, or some other "home" of incarceration provided by the Legislature for those who were guilty of the sin of poverty. At the "spunging house" the prisoner was detained (if he so pleased) in the hope of settling his affairs. They were filthy houses in the vicinity of Temple Bar, where the prisoner had to pay enormously for the accorded luxuries of food and drink, and especially for solitude. There were many such dwellings, the keepers of which made enormous fortunes out of the necessities of debtors—guests afflicted with the sickness of hope deferred. Ample description of the miseries of these dens will be found in some of the novels of sixty years ago, but it will require no great stretch of fancy to picture either "the common room" or the solitary chamber, enormously paid for, in which the unhappy prisoner was located for days, often weeks, and sometimes months.

The keepers were harpies of the worst order; they drove in carriages and had aristocratic dwellings elsewhere. The sheriff's officer's officers did the business and shared

the gains. But these dens were more endurable than the actual prison to which the debtor who could make no arrangement was sooner or later conveyed. It is needless to enter into repulsive details; there are many yet living who could give them from mournful experience, but who would shrink with grief and disgust from recalling them to memory. Money obtained several important immunities: frequently a prisoner was able to secure the society of one or more members of his family, he could purchase better food, hire a room to himself, receive his friends and make merry with them, often to the extent of orgies disgraceful even there.

But in the greater number of cases hope was effectually shut out, until the Insolvent Debtors' Act opened the gates and sent the debtors into the world again. It frequently happened, however, that a debtor remained for many years imprisoned, preferring misery to yielding up the means on which a family depended, the relinquishment of which would have beggared half a score instead of causing the wretchedness of one. The law did not compel him to any other course. It is needless to say that the prison was the cause of much unquestionable evil, and no possible good. Utter idleness, which produced disinclination for work, was the least of those evils; reckless habits were taught and acquired; and few who had gone into a debtors' prison honest and pure, came out untainted by the vicious and deleterious influence of the place.

In 1834 I published in the *New Monthly* a series of articles entitled, "The Debtor's Experience." They were powerfully written, full of startling statements and

revolting facts that were calculated to promote the salutary changes in the law regarding imprisonment for debt that soon afterwards followed.*

The picture is horrible in its squalid misery, yet scenes even more repulsive might be painted of old days in the Marshalsea and the Fleet.

In 1827 I visited Benjamin Robert Haydon in the King's Bench Prison. It was the second time this master-artist had been a prisoner there, yet he was not destitute of friends. Few men, indeed, had truer, more sympathizing, or more generous, friends than had Haydon. Many came promptly to his aid, and at a public meeting a considerable sum was raised for his relief, and his incarceration was not for long. My visit was in response to his request that I would see his sketch for a picture of "The Mock Election"—a picture he subsequently finished, and, in 1828, exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. I grieved to find that the usual consequences had followed his incarceration: he was slatternly in dress, his hair was uncombed, his beard unshaven, and he sat, a slipshod figure in a mean room, of which the furniture was worth but a few shillings.

* Here is a passage from one of the papers. It is the writer's description of the surroundings of a dying debtor. "Like all apartments in the prison, the room was small, about twelve feet square, the walls were green, here and there darkened with a spot of damp; there was no carpet on the floor, and either the fire was extinguished or the embers were the wreck of some former day's warmth. A rushlight, wrapped round with paper and stuck in a bottle, threw a faint flicker over the chamber. The bed—its curtains had long been pledged for food; so had the sheets; a torn blanket was its only covering. On a mattress in one corner lay two children, the eldest of whom had a baby in her arms. The sick man lay on the bed, his weakly wife seated on the floor, watching his heavy breathing."

He was, in fact, a living evidence of the mistaken policy of imprisonment for debt, and, while I observed with pain the deterioration of soul that had surely dictated the subject of the picture I had come to see, I recalled the sonnet addressed to him by the poet Wordsworth—

"High is our calling, friend!"

It was an unworthy theme for composition, and yet the painter thought it "the finest subject for humour and pathos on earth." The hero of the picture, if hero he could be called, was a young Irishman with whom I had some slight acquaintance, a ne'er-do-well of the name of Murphy, in whose haggard features and gaunt wasted frame might be read the sure promise that early dissipation had produced premature death.

The painter thus described what he had seen from his window:—

"Before me were three men marching in solemn procession, the one in the centre a tall, young, bushy-haired, light-hearted Irishman, with a rusty cocked-hat under his arm, a bunch of flowers in his bosom, curtain-rings round his neck for a gold chain, a mop-stick for a white wand, bows of ribbons on his shoulders, and a great hole in his elbow, of which he seemed perfectly unconscious; on his right was another person in burlesque solemnity, with a sash and real white wand; two others, fantastically dressed, came immediately behind, and the whole followed by characters of all descriptions, some with flags, some with staffs, and all in perfect merriment and mock gravity adapted to some masquerade."

* * * * * *

"Baronets and bankers; authors and merchants; painters and poets; dandies of rank in silk and velvet; dandies of no rank in rags and tatters; idiotism and insanity; poverty and affliction: all mingled there in indiscriminate merriment, with a spiked wall twenty feet high above their heads!"

The painting was purchased by George IV., and is now in the Royal collection. Haydon painted a second picture of this unworthy theme, "Chairing the Member." One of the episodes in the composition exhibits a mournful family, the father holding in his hand a paper—a keynote to many a sad retrospect—thus marked, "Debt £26 10s. Costs £157 4s." One of the painter's models had been a prisoner for nine years. Haydon, writing from experience, calls the prison "a temple of idleness, debauchery, and vice;" and so it surely was!

At the time of which I write, and long previous to it, what were termed the "Rules of the Bench" gave a privilege to those who had influence, and could give security to the Marshal, who was the supreme ruler and dictator of the prison. The debtor who had means or influence to do this was permitted to lodge outside the walls, in any house within a mile of the prison, under contract never to go beyond the distance, and to surrender whenever called upon to do so. The bond was not strictly enforced, and the prisoner was seldom tied by it. He received his friends, saw whatever company he pleased, and if he made return visits, out of bounds, the marshal was not greatly troubled thereby. Absence without leave was not a very serious offence. Many imprisoned debtors enjoyed the 1st of September in preserves a hundred miles from Melina Place, Lambeth; when wanted, however, of which due notice would be given, the recusant was always forthcoming. Theodore Hook told me of a friend of his who, while he

was imprisoned within the rules, made a voyage to India and back, and returned to his place of (theoretical) durance before inquiry had made public the fact that he was an absentee. One morning he paid a visit to the marshal. "It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr.——," said the marshal. "No wonder," was the answer; "I have been to India since I saw you last." The custodian of the body was startled no doubt, and explanation followed. Knowing that his affairs were so complicated that no one but himself could arrange them, he ran the risk of a discovery that would have saddled his securities with his debts, and came safely back to discharge his liabilities and bid the astonished marshal good-bye.

CRIMINAL PRISONS.—If the condition of prisons for debtors was deplorable, those for persons criminally accused were infinitely worse. The most shocking and repulsive prisons of the Continent, that Howard went to cleanse and open, had their parallels in free, happy, and prosperous England. Matters were not so bad as they had been at the end of last century, yet it would be hard to conceive, and harder still to believe, the horrible state of the buildings, the moral and social turpitude of the prisoners and officials, or the unscreened profligacy that characterised prisons and prison discipline barely sixty years ago. There was commonly a liquor shop within the walls, and such of the incarcerated as had money found it easy to indulge in drunkenness or even grosser debauchery.

Oppression of the poor and robbery of the rich were the vested rights of the officials; for that right they had purchased, and considered honestly their own. Many instances are recorded of notorious murderers being accommodated with the best rooms, receiving friends, getting drunk with them, being, in fact, in the enjoyment of all luxuries—except that they were not allowed outside the walls. To keep high revel in Newgate was a privilege purchased and paid for: they were ruffians who bought it, and greater ruffians who sold it. The monstrous evil grew less and less as the century advanced, but within my own memory the prisons were assuredly nurseries for fostering and encouraging crime, and not places were it was to be either punished or repressed. Indeed, the greater his guilt the more certainly was a criminal elevated by it above his fellows, and stood there on his pedestal of crime—a heroic figure to whom the lesser villains around paid the tribute of their admiration and applause.

Yes; PRISONS were nurseries of crime, and the law offered bounties for its encouragement. What else were the sums paid as money to informers, the most loathsome products of our civilisation in "the good old hanging days"—the Judases who trafficked in betrayal of their fellow-men? A fearful list would it be, and one terribly to our shame as a Nation—that of the innocent done to death in the last century, and the early years of this, by seekers after BLOOD-MONEY.

The country paid as reward for the conviction of any

person found guilty of passing forged notes and coining false money, the sum of £40. As the common and certain consequence of this mistaken—one is tempted to write, infamous—system, simple country lads, and innocent and ignorant girls, were decoyed by designing wretches into entering shops to seek change for bad notes, or tricked into taking part in the operations of coiners. Caught in the act their doom was certain, and no less certain were the miscreants who had murdered them of receiving the price of their blood. There was no session at the Old Bailey fifty or sixty years ago but at least one of these innocent victims underwent the capital sentence of the law; some poor, simple creature who, when he or she had sought to pass the forged note or had helped to manufacture the base coin, had not the slightest notion that the act was a wrong one, far less that it was calculated to put life in peril.*

"PRISONS" FOR THE INSANE.—Sixty years ago what hells were Asylums for the Insane! The unhappy patient was loaded with fetters, confined for weeks together where he could not hear a human voice, and left as helpless as a slave beneath the driver's lash, to the mercy of keepers—the most brutal of mankind.

I remember an ingenious recipe prescribed at the Insane Asylum of Cork. The patient was made to

* It was Alderman Sir Matthew Wood, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," who put an end to this infamous traffic in human life. The case that secured his interference occurred, if I recollect rightly, in 1816, when a trio of villainous wretches had entrapped three miserable creatures, who were sentenced to die, and would have died, on the gallows, but that the worthy alderman, and good man, was Sheriff of London during that year and stepped in to save them.

stand upon a boarding placed over a hidden tank, and—the boarding being so contrived as to give way suddenly without any warning—the poor wretch was soused in the water; the shock to the system thus produced being believed to act as a restorer to reason, and a remover of madness! In 1820 I was intimate with the superintendent of the public insane asylum at Cork, and was frequently his visitor—a witness of deeds that often made me shudder. Pass through any of the corridors, you were sure to hear the moans, sometimes the shrieks, and always the clanking chains, of the miserable prisoners, who were kept in darkness and solitude as a remedy for their mental affliction, and whose appeals for mercy were heard only by the stone walls of a cell ten feet by eight. More than half naked, the tenants of these dens had for all bed-covering a thin blanket that generally hung in shreds, for furniture a rickety stool, and as their only utensil a stone jar. Such were cells, tenants, and furniture in many other cities than Cork in the days of which I write.

A keeper armed with a heavy whip kept order among the miserable wretches, who, in general, retained just enough reason to be sensible of fear. As to consideration, sympathy, or mercy, they received none. Yet, as a rule, there was no deliberate or intentional cruelty. The brutal treatment was only part of a system universally believed in, practised not only in public asylums, but in private establishments, of which there were many so conducted as to be disgraces to human nature in its very worst form.

Honoured be the name of the brother-doctors Conolly,

who were among the earliest to demonstrate the cruelty and absurdity of such brutal and wicked experiments, and the first to suggest that humanity might be permitted to preside over the establishments into which were thrust those whom God had afflicted, but to whose charge man had to lay no crime. With one of these good brothers I many times conversed concerning the now universally adopted plan of seeking to soothe by gentleness, in lieu of exasperating by harsh treatment to fiercer frenzy, the wounded minds of the insane. Then it seemed only a dream of the merciful inventor that the system, however good, should in less than a quarter of a century become universal; that the mad should be under the protection of the State; that to gag, or chain, or half drown, a lunatic would be a crime subjecting any who committed it to a heavy penalty; that men and women thus unhappily afflicted should have their awful burden lightened by occupations suited to their capacities; that entire idleness should no longer augment their misery; that reading and writing should be encouraged, and that music and dancing parties should be, as they happily are, among the weekly treats in which matrons, keepers, and often magistrates may be found taking allotted parts.

SAMARITANS.—I remember when the "Strangers' Friend Society," * with its volunteer workers, was almost the sole society that did the work of the Good Samaritan; and the "Bible Society," with its then weak offshoots, the only one that taught morality by the teaching of

* This admirable society recently celebrated its ninety-fifth anniversary.

God's Word; while hospitals and dispensaries, few in number and inefficient in power, ministered to the corporeal necessities of the millions who required help.

How is it now? At the present time there is not a single ailment of body—hardly of mind—for the alleviation or cure of which some hospital or institution is not provided. What the rich are doing for the poor is a long and glorious record. Indeed, it would fill a score of these pages merely to give the names of Institutions founded by good and wise men and women for the help and comfort of suffering brethren and sisters—that minister to the needs of our common humanity.

In the leading thoroughfares or wealthy suburbs of most of the cities and towns of the Kingdom, and, indeed, even in many villages, one meets building after building—infirmaries, hospitals, orphanages, homes, asylums for the blind, and a host of other institutions, inscribed on which the words "Supported by Voluntary Contributions" show gloriously forth.

VAUXHALL.—In writing of the changes that sixty years have brought about, I find myself placed, by the nature of my theme, in a position somewhat resembling that of the exhibitor of a series of dissolving views, in which a serious subject is suddenly displaced by a merry one, or a wintry landscape transforms itself into a pleasant picture of summer. Without other apology than this, I conjure up a vision of the most noted resort for amusement in London—Vauxhall Gardens—as they have often been seen by me fifty years ago.

Vauxhall succeeded Ranelagh, but Vauxhall has had no successor. Cremorne was but a tawdry imitation; and whereas one could hardly bring against the older gardens any worse charge than frivolity, Cremorne was strongly and justly denounced as a lure to vice.

Those who are old enough to have seen Vauxhall cannot have forgotten it—its central rotunda, and the pleasant avenues of trees, hung with a gorgeous blaze of lamps. Its site is now covered with factories and warehouses, and, perhaps, of its avenues of trees as little remains as of the variegated lamps that hung from them and illuminated the gardens nightly.

One of the prime delights of London vanished when the gardens at Vauxhall were parcelled into building lots. One can almost imagine the shade of the master of the ceremonies—neat and dapper little Simpson—haunting the lanes and alleys to mourn over

"The long-faded glories they cover"—

Not looking for those glories "through the waves of time," but among and about "the endless pile of brick" that preserves no record of the olden time.

For half a century at least, Vauxhall was, with the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's, one of the grand attractions that drew strangers to London. Few travellers to the great city, before railways were invented, returned to their homes without having enjoyed a concert in the Rotunda, and a supper in the gardens; for the one they had nothing to pay, neither did the ten thousand coloured lamps hung on the trees cost them anything beyond their entrance fees. But the supper

was another thing. Vauxhall slices of ham were cut so delicately, that it was said by Lover, "they were so thin that you might read a newspaper through them;" a fowl was a pearl of great price; and the wine —well, taken altogether, the fare for half-a-dozen at a Vauxhall supper left little or nothing of a five-pound note.

The ubiquitous master of the ceremonies was here, there, and everywhere—at the same time! His inimitable bow and his greeting, "You are humbly welcome to the Royal Gardens!" were seen and heard at one end of the Long Walk, and almost before an echo could have been audible, both greeted you at the other! Every tree was hung with variegated lamps, arranged in graceful festoons, and of course in sentences that gave emphasis to the day of festival or victory they were designed to commemorate. The songs were always popular, many of them being written and composed for the occasion: "Sung at Vauxhall" being a grand advertisement.

No doubt an enormous deal of flirtation went on in the gardens, and many assignations were made in the well-lit alleys and around the orchestra, where loud-blown instruments rendered it needless to whisper low. But at no period of its existence was the place subjected to any charge of impropriety, far less of vice. The respectable citizen took his wife and daughters to Vauxhall without scruple or dread; and if an evening there made his purse somewhat lighter, it was by no means an unwholesome excitement, or one that led to a morning of repentance after a night ill spent.

MUSIC HALLS.—We have replaced Vauxhall now by the London music-halls. *Cui bono?* one may well ask, as he compares, in fancy, the leafy, brightly lit gardens and their merry crowds, the noisy orchestra, and the songs that, if somewhat silly and sentimental at times, were never such as a modest woman would blush to listen to—with the places redolent of drink and debauchery, in which all that is foolish and vicious among London youth gathers to applaud the indecent doggerel brayed forth by some impudent, loud-lunged vocalist in tones as destitute of melody as the despicable trash he shouts forth is of wit. *Cui bono?* I repeat; and who can answer the question? or what frequenter of the modern music-hall has ever found anything that is good in those temples of vulgar vice?

SWEARING.—Who now hears in the circles he frequents anything approaching an oath? Sixty years ago men of all ranks swore, and thought it no offence against courtesy and decency to garnish their speeches with foul expletives, even in the presence of the other sex. Strange contrast between our social decorum then and now! The man who would have shrunk from taking the wall of a lady, or from keeping his hat on in her presence, and who would have felt it a breach of good manners to offer her his arm while he kept his cigar in his mouth (practices common enough nowadays), never hesitated to swear an oath in her hearing, and thought it no offence either against delicacy or morals. That blur on morality, that blot on decency, is not a sin of the present day.

I heard this anecdote of an eminent judge, who related it *ex cathedrâ*, called out by some case to which it was *apropos*. It is of a sea-captain, an "old salt," an example of the old school when oaths seasoned conversation and flavoured every third sentence that was uttered on board ship; when it was held to be an incontrovertible truth that "he who didn't swear couldn't fight." Generally, however, if not universally, no worse meaning was attached to such oaths than to a simple "yea" or "nay." A frigate which the old salt commanded was ordered to convey the Princess Royal of the time to Germany. The captain was instructed by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, as to the care he should take of his precious charge. When she had landed he was to return immediately and report to the Queen how her daughter had borne her first voyage. He did so of course, and was questioned by her Majesty somewhat minutely. "Well, ma'am, yer Majesty," replied he, in some confusion, to the opening interrogatory; "yes, she bore the voyage very well. Wind? Yes; there was a capful. Sea sick? Oh yes, in course, a little. As we were going out of dock, she sent for me—ma'am, yer Majesty—into the cabin, and says she to me, says she, 'Captain, I'm afeared it do begin to blow.' So says I, 'Oh, your Royal Highness, it's nothing,' and it was nothing—ma'am, your Majesty. Well, when we got past the Nore, it had come on a bit harder; so she sends for me into the cabin again, and says she, 'Captain,' says she, 'I'm sure it do blow now.' So I said it wasn't anything, it didn't blow at all. And when we got into the open sea, the wind did

give us a bit of a tearer, so her Royal Highness sends for me again to the cabin, and says she to me, says she, '*Well, Cappen, d—— my eyes if it don't blow now!*'"

I remember an anecdote of a Bishop of Cork, who, voyaging across the Channel in one of the sailing packets, was much shocked by the oaths of the captain, and from reasoning and entreaty came to somewhat angry protest. "Ye see, my lord," said the captain, "unless I swear my men won't obey me!" "Try them," urged the bishop; "try them." So the skipper at last agreed to do so; but, unknown to his lordship, he arranged a little comedy with the crew. Very soon it came on to blow fresh. "Tom," cried the captain, "coil that rope." Tom never moved, but stood chewing his quid. "Jack, Bill, Harry," said the skipper, "just oblige me by taking in the top-sail." Not a man stirred. The wind howled more and more loudly; the vessel plunged heavily through the waves. Then the skipper turned to the pale-faced bishop, who was watching the result of the experiment. "My lord, my lord!" said he in a terrified undertone; "what am I to do? If my men won't obey me we must all go to the bottom." "Well," said the bishop, slowly and reluctantly, "under the circumstances I—I think you may—swear—a little." No sooner said than done: a volley of oaths sent Jack, Bill, and Harry aloft and about as quick as lightning; sails were furled, ropes coiled, and no more warnings against the sin of profanity were heard during that voyage at least.*

* It was the late Chief Justice Doherty who told me this anecdote.

TURNPIKE GATES.—It is not needful to go very far back to have a remembrance of the turnpike gates that environed London. Our bridges are now toll free; "pikes" have disappeared from the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, and are gradually vanishing from other parts of the kingdom. But less than forty years ago all outlets from London were thus cumbered. Every horse and carriage had to stop that the toll might be paid, and a ticket received that freed the next gate—as usually it did. The pike I remember best is that which stood opposite my dwelling, "The Rosery," at Old Brompton, close to the Gloucester Road: a house-shed on one side of the road, a pillar on the other; between the two a thick, heavy pole, loosened when carriages or horses had to pass through, the turnpike-keeper carefully stopping each, until the toll was exchanged for a ticket containing the number of the day. Payment was not exacted for the same carriage more than once a day, up to twelve o'clock, unless there were a "fresh load;" but a minute after the hour struck it was due. It will be readily believed that, as a consequence of this regulation, quarrels between pikemen and equestrians were frequent.*

It was by no means rare, in comparatively lonesome places, for the keeper to be asleep, and deaf to the continued call, "Gate, gate!" Now and then he was roused

* I knew a gentleman who had been delayed at the gate until the hour had struck, and had been compelled to pay as a consequence. He hit upon an ingenious mode of vengeance. It was a fine night, so he rode leisurely a mile or so, then back, and roused up the gatekeeper, showed his ticket, and was let through. At the end of another quarter of an hour he was back, and again roused the pikeman from his comfortable sleep. The act was repeated again and again, until the gatekeeper was well content to return him his sixpence, and bid him depart in peace.

just as the clock had struck the "witching hour;" a lively dispute followed, but the keeper was on the right side, and deaf to all protests. Now and then the gate was accidentally left open, and some daring or dishonest rider galloped through scot-free. And in some places the keeper, wishing for a night's rest, would purposely leave it open when he retired, and all-comers had free passage through it.*

The turnpike gate was a nuisance as well as a heavy tax. What would people now say if a turnpike gate stretched across Hyde Park Corner, a yard or two west of Apsley House and the entrance gate to Constitution Hill, as it did some fifty years ago, when every passing carriage was stopped to pay the toll, or for examination of the ticket obtained by previous passage? The annoyance and inconvenience were considerable; but the cost was not a trifling matter. Often as much as five shillings was levied by way of toll on a two-horse carriage during a dozen miles. It is hardly worth while inquiring how and when the impost for keeping roads in repair was transferred from the gates to the parish rates; but the change is surely one on which the British public may be congratulated, although it does press hardly on those who never either ride or drive, but have to pay to the parish just as much as my lord or sir squire, who keeps a dozen carriages and a score of horses.

* I was travelling in Ireland in 1840 on one of the outside jaunting cars. The boy who drove me, seeing on the road a turnpike gate that was open, turned round, and hurriedly said, "Yer honour, will I pay the pike or *boult* it?" "Bolt it," said I. "Hurrah!" he exclaimed as he dashed through, delighted at the chance. Nothing could exceed his disgust when I ordered him to drive back and pay the gatekeeper his threepence.

FUNERALS were costly ceremonials fifty—nay, twenty—years ago; but thanks to a more intelligent spirit, and to the exertions of several rational advocates, we have changed, or are rapidly changing, all that; the funerals of to-day are of a very different character from those of the early part of the century.

Picture a funeral as it was, not very long ago:—

The blinds are drawn, the shutters closed; gloom and darkness are supposed to indicate lamentation and woe; not a footfall is heard, not a sound except the screw entering the last home of wood: of deal it may be, or more likely of elm, oak, or mahogany, for respect will not be accorded duly unless there is great charge for the coffin, nor will the worms have considerate knowledge of the *status* of the new arrival; moreover the brass or gilt ornaments will last much longer than the habitation from which the soul has gone.*

Invited guests assemble, with the conventional aspects of grief—received by domestics who wear the mourning garments they have not to pay for. Each guest as he comes (sacred custom has determined that no women-mourners shall be present) is asked for his hat, that it may be enveloped in black silk at twelve shillings a yard; he is questioned as to the size of his hand, and receives a pair of black gloves, value (as the bill will tell the executors) four shillings and sixpence. "Refreshments" are on the table; wines of various kinds, to be taken cautiously, but far less sparingly when the *cortège* returns. Outside, leaning against either lintel

* It has been reported that an eccentric lady shod her carriage horses with silver. It was more rational than to decorate with costly metal the tenement that is be sunk six feet below the turf.

of the door, from an early hour, two men habited in quaint attire, and called "mutes," have been standing; each bears in his hand a kind of closed banner of silk, which, if the day be wet, he is expected to screen as much as possible from the rain. It is a hired accessory, and will be required by many other dead customers. Now and then one of the two will slink away: the morning is raw, and the public-house nigh at hand; so that when the eventful moment arrives, the lugubrious looks of the pair of—imbibers—are in harmony with the doleful scene; they, at all events,

"Mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad."

The carriages draw up, the state-carriage being kept a little in arrear, until the cue is given for its entrance on the stage; the horses, jet black (either by nature or dye-stuffs), have been trained to funereal paces; sleek and glossy they are, and idlers always, except when on duty. The carriages are, of course, black; the drivers have "inky cloaks;" the attendants are in black, their coats have been laid by in lavender to be ready at call; the hearse, duly decorated, and garnished with huge black feathers, that wave about in solemn emphasis, approaches; the friends assembled in the dining-room hear a bustle on the stairs; sobs may be heard on the upper landing, but elsewhere all is whispered silence. A sorrow-seeming person, master of the ceremonies, who is calculating the day's profit, calls out, one by one, the guests—motioning each to the carriage he is to enter; and when the allotted tally is complete, the procession crawls slowly from the house, followed, perhaps,

by a score of "private carriages," that have no occupants except the coachmen and footmen, who have not wasted the waiting hour—a public-house being so invitingly near. If it be a "grand funeral," at least a score of half-tipsy men, suitably dressed, and with features properly composed, walk at either side. By-and-by they will return—having done their duty—in a glad and gleesome mood; the dead are safe paymasters.

> "Arrayed upon the hearse in rows,
> They laugh away like carrion crows,
> At Death's omnipotence!"

If it be a "poor funeral," half-a-dozen only will have to be remunerated for a day of simulated grief; each of them, it may be, when the business is done, will ask the name of the dead man or woman he has thus mourned and honoured! In due time—a mile to the hour—the bodies, quick and dead, have reached the station-terminus—the graveyard. There is another, marshalling by the "contractor;" a crowd take seats at either side of the raised coffin; a service of some sort is gone through (in the Church of England the undertaker supplies little black-covered books—gratis as far as recipients are concerned, yet profitable to the publisher), and in the same formal order the corpse is followed to the ready-dug grave. There the grave-digger, in his work-a-day dress, stands ready, prepared with a handful of gravel to fling upon the coffin, that will echo the hollow sound when the officiating priest utters the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The funeral guests depart; all is over, until the stone-mason arrives to do his part, and the undertaker's bill comes in—to "tax" which is considered an

insult to the brother or sister "here departed"—the burial fees are paid, and the mourning establishment—the *maison de deüil*—contributes its quota to the cost.

"A flower above, the mould below;
And that is all the mourners know."

DRUNKENNESS.—Who at the present time ever seès a gentleman drunk in a drawing-room? If he were so, never again would he be an invited guest in that house. In fact, open drunkenness is a vice altogether of thè pàst among the higher and middle classes, and even in a very mixed party a drunkard is as little expected as a pick-pocket. Alas! it is less rare now than it was sixty years ago to notice a lady the worse for wine. There are few who have not seen at least one lady at a party drink glass after glass of champagne—seldom failing to secure a fresh supply as the waiter goes his rounds, and finishing up with draughts of sherry, until in the drawing-room her flushed face and muddled speech give terrible indications that she had made busy use of her time before the signal for separation was given by the hostess. At the period of which I write, it would have been as much anticipated that a lady would take off her gown in a drawing-room, as that she would be seen in any degree intoxicated. No doubt this appalling vice has been largely promoted by the facilities afforded, if not suggested, by legislation; and it is as easy for a lady who has credit at a grocer's to have a bottle of brandy as a pound of tea set down in the bill! I knew an instance

where a gentleman, astonished at the quantity of tea consumed in his household, called at the shop to inquire and protest. The tradesman was forced to explain: the charges for green tea were in reality for spirits! Many confectioners are now licensed to sell wine. Not long ago I saw a most respectably clad woman in one of these shops pay for a glass of sherry and a bun—the one she drank, the other she put into her reticule. I had the curiosity to follow her: she entered three other confectioners' shops, and did the same thing in each of them!

The increase of intemperance among women is the plague-spot of the period. There are several "Retreats" —let us so call them—where ladies submit to restraint, and willingly sanction the withholding of stimulants; where, in fact, alcoholic beverages are as entirely kept from them as they would be if the unhappy inebriates were the inmates of gaols. At present such restraint is entirely voluntary, but it will soon be a question, strongly and sternly agitated, whether such restraint shall not in certain cases, and under certain circumstances, be enforced by law.

But if ladies seldom or never in the old days drank to excess, with gentlemen it was far otherwise. Drunkenness was a vice of which no gentleman was ashamed. All know the story of Pitt and Dundas. Entering the House of Commons, one of them could not see the Speaker, but the other saw two Speakers in the chair! It was calculated, not without reason, that each bottle of port drunk by the great Prime Minister, on the afternoon that preceded an eventful evening, cost the nation a million of money.

My Recollections of Ireland—those more especially that regard the good Franciscan friar, Theobald Mathew —will furnish me with much on this fertile topic; but reference to it seems desirable here, where I am summing-up some of the changes wrought by Time.

SMUGGLING.—Home manufacture, whether by licensed distillers, or by those who "brewed the mountain dew without leave or license of the King," was not the only source of the evil. The smugglers were then busy on every part of the coast.

Smuggling is now but the ghost of its former self: it *was* wholesale, it *is* retail. Few articles of commerce now pay large duties, and free trade has destroyed the calling of the free-trader. The Dirk Hatteraicks of to-day are the stokers of steamboats; the fights between the gangs and the coastguard, still more the revenue-cutters and the smuggling schooners, are legends of the past, and have become almost as obsolete as the "wreckers" who, a century back, hung out false lights to lure a ship upon a fatal rock.

But fifty or sixty years ago the business was largely carried on, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it.

There are few places along the south coast of Ireland —and it is much the same in England and Scotland— without traditionary smugglers' caves, but there are not many living people who have seen them filled with brandy, tea, tobacco, and often lace and silks, that were never meant to pay a tax to the revenue. I visited more

than one of them, when so converted into warehouses, and heard anecdotes in abundance of the reckless daring and excessive cunning requisite to convey the goods into town-markets. Occasionally, no doubt, this traffic was connived at by some magistrate, who was not above giving house-room to a "keg" some lucky accident had left at his hall door; while it was by no means rare to find the gauger himself in league with the smuggler!

The schemes that were devised to convey the smuggled goods from the coast were often singular and somewhat comic. Not unfrequently, the trick took the shape of a coffin borne by mournful relatives to the graveyard; the bearers chanting the praises of the dead, the bereaved widow sitting by the side of the lamented husband, all the other trappings of woe conspicuous, the respectful sympathies of passers-by not omitted. Sometimes the coffin was actually placed in the grave, and covered over, to be disinterred at night and relieved of its load of tea and tobacco, which rapidly found its way to the dealers waiting to receive it.

So many writers have circumstantially described and illustrated these facts that it is needless for me to go at any length into the subject. I may, however, add one anecdote to the abundance that may be found in books. In 1818 I was a visitor at a house in the vicinity of Castle Townsend, in the County of Cork. My host was a gentleman high in position, and of ancient descent, and my summer holiday was spent at his large and proverbially hospitable mansion on the sea-coast. Some of his descendants being still alive, it is not

expedient to give either his name or that of his house. He was then about the most extensive smuggler in Ireland, and had reconciled his conscience to his calling on the ground that he had been heavily fined for some comparatively venial offence against the revenue laws. I had frequently expressed to his sons a desire to see something of the proceedings of a regular smuggling raid, and especially to visit one of the smuggling ships. There was a grand ball at ——, the two military officers of the neighbouring garrison were there, so was the commissioner of the excise. When the party broke up there was no leaving at so late an hour, and shake-downs were improvised for at least forty tired and more than half-tipsy guests. A hint was given to me to be wide awake, and an hour or so after midnight I found myself hurrying down from the house to the shore. The beach was crowded with vehicles of every description, the common cars being by far the most numerous. These cars were rapidly filling and passing off. In a picturesque cave sat my host, a rude table covered with bank-notes before him. He was receiving money and giving orders for the delivery of tobacco, gin, brandy, tea, and other commodities which were unloaded from the boats, as they put in to the shore from a vessel anchored a few cables' lengths off. Of course I soon availed myself of one of the returning boats to take passage to the ship, and was cordially greeted by the captain, who welcomed me to his cabin with "schnapps"—veritable Hollands, beyond question. While thus enjoying ourselves an alarm was given. It was well known that a revenue-cutter lay moored on

the other side of an intervening promontory, the hatches were at once battened down and preparations made for resistance. As there was no boat alongside, I should have been in the position of the daw with stolen feathers, but, fortunately, the intruder was merely a fishing-hooker. She was made to heave to; compensation was given for the delay by sending an anker of spirits on board, and I was not sorry to find myself in the last boat making for the shore. When I landed, there was hardly a trace of the proceedings of the night: smugglers, carts, goods, and customers had vanished, and I met with no interruption in returning to my bedroom, which I reached just as day was dawning, to find the two military officers, the revenue officer and his son sleeping the sleep of the innocent. They had known nothing of the night's work, carried on under their very noses; the soldiers and the coastguard had indeed been roused, but there was no superior to give them orders, and they remained quiescent until breakfast-time, when men and masters met to lament over the loss—not to the revenue, but to the officials, by whom a seizure might have been made.

It is little wonder that the calling of the smuggler was a tempting, because a profitable, one. Everything was taxed; whatever one wore, whatever one ate, the newspaper one read, the paper on which it was printed, the very candle one read it by, all were made to contribute to the national revenue. Salt was taxed so heavily that its importation became one of the many sources of profit to the smuggler. The house-tax was a terrible burden; every window being rated at so much, with the

result that many were bricked up, to the lessening of light and air, and the prejudice of health.*

Every private person was a smuggler more or less. Ladies who went to France, or for that matter to Ireland, undeniably slender, returned immoderately stout. Their dresses were padded out with lace and gloves, of which sometimes the searchers deprived them. I remember hearing of a dog that was frequently taken across the Channel to Paris and back. It was at last noticed that he always went over thin and came back fat; he was seized, carefully examined, and it was discovered that he had been fitted with another skin over his natural one, and that between the two a quantity of valuable lace was stowed away.

HATRED OF THE FRENCH.—Sixty years ago France was considered the natural foe of England, and England of France. The threatened invasion of the first Napoleon and the enthusiasm with which, in 1800 to 1805, more than 200,000 volunteers sprang to arms, were in my young days matters fresh in the recollection of all. †

* I remember a caricature:—A woman at a chandler's shop buying a halfpenny candle was told the price was raised to three farthings. "What's that for?" she asked. "On account of the war, good woman," was the answer. "Od rot 'em!" she exclaimed; "do they fight by candle-light?"

† France was growling a similar threat some twenty-five years ago, when the third Napoleon was pressed by his Marshals to do what no one knew better than he knew, would have been madness—attempt a landing on our coasts. At that time I was in Paris, and had the honour of conversing on the subject with one of his most distinguished generals. He was explaining to me the feasibility of the plan, and concluded a long harangue by saying, "You know we have plenty of transports." "Yes," I said, "and you will want them; but *one will suffice to bring you back!*" I think I see the old soldier now, with his look of indignation, as he suddenly rose and left the room without a word.

I can well remember the earliest lesson I received from my father—an officer of the good old school of pig-tails and hair powder. The lesson was this: he would put me on his knee, pat me on the head, and say, "Be a good boy, love your mother, and hate the French." Such counsel would be almost invariably followed up by this, "Now, my boy, if you meet *six* Frenchmen, run away; if there are *three*, lick them!" Such was the invariable teaching received by boys, of all ages, early in the century. Three Frenchmen were thought but a fair match for one Englishman, and I believe nine out of ten of the soldiers of the Peninsula considered three to one made even forces. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the belief—prejudice—call it what we please—thus inculcated as it were from the cradle, was the source to which England owes many of her victories, both by land and sea.*

Many will remember Dibdin's song (universally popular when I was young) of the fight between a French ship and "the gallant Arethusa."

> "On deck FIVE hundred men did dance,
> The stoutest they could find in France;
> We with TWO hundred did advance
> On board of the Arethusa!"

How many sea fights were won for England by

* I cannot say how it is now, but about thirty years ago when I visited "the Invalides," the great Hall was hung with the banners of every military power—except the English. Of English flags there was not one. A venerable custodian who had shared in a hundred fights took me round, and with the pride of the soldier and the Frenchman (either would have been ample) named to me, one after another, the battles of which they were the prizes. When he had made an end of that long and splendid battle-roll, I startled him by the simple and natural question—"And where are the English?" He made me no answer, but turned away with a changed and gloomy look. There was not one!

Charles Dibdin? More, probably, than—if we except Nelson and some other half-dozen famous sea lions—by all her admirals put together.

I am neither soldier nor sailor, but I can sympathize with any member of either noble profession who has attained my age, and is left to mourn over the ease with which villainous saltpetre finds its way into, and out of, rifled cannon of the eighty-ton species, or who remembers with regret even the tarry trousers that have given place to the smoke and soot of the stoker; while the old "yo-heave-ho" is ousted by the "stop her" of an engineer, who rules the waves as the viceroy of Britannia.

Brown Bess was the arbiter of all battle-fields; as clumsy a progenitor of the Martini-Henry rifle as a Flemish mare would be of a thorough-bred racer. They are curiosities in museums now. The flint locks were always out of order. The flint had to be clipped after use, so that it might act well on the iron pan; yet every other shot was a "miss fire," and aims were so uncertain, from weapons so imperfect, that every slain man was popularly held to "cost his weight in lead!" Moreover, the weapon was so heavy that in a retreat it was usually thrown away to lessen the encumbrances of the "retreater." The soldier in battle did the same with the pasteboard stock that, at all times, nearly throttled him, and with his cartouche box and knapsack. His dress, indeed, could scarcely have been better devised, if its declared intention had been to impede his movements, whether in advance or retreat. Officers were not much better off with their loads of gold lace, their hair powder, and their pigtails, and were never ready for

the field until an hour had been spent under the hands of the barber.

That was a memorable answer of a life-guardsman to a question put by the Duke of Wellington at a court of inquiry relative to contemplated changes in regimentals. "What sort of a dress would you like to fight in?" asked the Duke. "Well, your Grace," replied the humbler hero, "I'd like best to fight in my shirt sleeves!" Perhaps one of the most irksome and irritating parts of a soldier's dress was the high stiff stock.

In those days children of ten years old were sometimes officers and in receipt of the King's pay. It is a well-authenticated fact that a lady was a cornet of dragoons, her commission having been dated some weeks before she was born. The fact of the infant proving a girl entailed no other inconvenience than that of giving her a Christian name that did not designate her sex.

My brother (killed at Albuera in 1811) was an officer in my father's regiment, wore regimentals, and received pay when he was eight years old. There was no discredit attached to such appointments. It was one of the Colonel's "perquisites." The abominable practice was put a stop to by the Duke of York.

My father wore powder and the queue until his death. The powder was made, I believe, of potato starch, kept on by a previous rubbing of pomatum.*

* The fashion of powdering the hair, it may be well to note, is of vast antiquity, being traceable as far back as the luxurious days of ancient Rome, when gold dust was used for that purpose. Among the Anglo-Saxons coloured powders were used, blue being the colour most often adopted in the illuminations. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, and later, the hair was often washed with a lixivium of chalk to give it a lighter and redder hue; the fair, or rather yellow, hair of the virgin queen setting the fashion and making the custom pretty general. Later,

In 1795 Pitt proposed to levy a tax on hair powder, which—basing his calculations on its widespread use—he estimated would increase the revenue annually by some £200,000. The Act was passed, but, as nearly every one left off using powder, it was almost unproductive. Those who persevered in the fashion paid a guinea a year for the privilege, and enjoyed in consequence the nickname of "guinea pigs."

The military queue was a long strip of hair growing from the back of the head; we see its prototype in portraits of Chinese mandarins. It was tied by black ribbon, and was considered a sort of challenge to "catch me if you can" when running away. Many, no doubt, have lost their heads, in the literal sense of the words, in consequence of the convenient handle afforded to a pursuing foeman by the queue.

In the Army and Navy.—The changes I have witnessed—to record a tithe of them would fill a volume—all would describe advance and improvement: no officer can now be appointed without sufficient evidence of his mental and physical capacity to discharge the duties he has to undertake. We have selected from a lower class of candidates, it is true, although we have not yet, to any marked extent, promoted men from the ranks.

We had once a servant who married a soldier, who be-

Charles James Fox is said to have powdered his hair with blue powder. He is described in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1806 as having been in his day one of the most fashionable young men about town, and as having his "chapeau-bras, his red-heeled shoes, and his blue hair powder." Until very recently, hair powder was on the list of taxed articles.

came, for his gallantry in the Crimea, a commissioned officer. His social position was, therefore, hers; and she was miserable. As "an officer's lady," she must not associate with her former comrades: she could not be received by the ladies of the garrison. She complained in terms almost of agony to her former mistress. Her husband was not able to keep a servant, for her new duties were expensive. Her life was lonely and wretched: the change was in no way beneficial to either. I shall never forget the tone in which she concluded a list of the grievances arising out of her new dignity—"And he won't let me go for my own half-pint of porter!" Those who advocate the promotion of soldiers from the ranks, will do well to remember that such officers usually have wives.

PRESS GANGS.—People must be old who remember the "press gangs." They were bands of sailors belonging to ships that were called "tenders;" their business was to entrap merchant seamen, or landsmen, and, very soon afterwards, transfer them to war frigates, compelling them to enter his Majesty's service. In short, into that service they were "pressed." It mattered not whom the man-hunters found, nor where they found them: any male from fourteen to forty was seized, manacled, and taken on board. It was a hazard to be out and about, at night, without a "protection," that is to say, a signed paper which signified that the bearer was exempted; but often these papers were, on one excuse or another, disregarded and rendered unavailing.

It was supposed to be the only way of manning the

navy; the practice was generally detested, but it flourished none the less, and was sanctioned by law, authorised by the Admiralty, and sustained by the magistracy throughout the Kingdom. The country wanted sailors, and they must be had by fair means or foul—such being the only argument that was heeded. I can remember gentlemen of rank and wealth who were thus "pressed," and condemned to pass days in the holds of filthy ships before interference on their behalf led to their discharge. Often a poor fellow just home from a long voyage, and full of the hope that he should shortly join his family, and pour his hard-earned wages into the lap of his longing wife, was seized as he stepped on shore and forced to make another voyage. Working men of every class were afraid to walk the streets after nightfall; but even their homes afforded no protection, while to enter a public-house, especially in riverside districts, was to run into the very jaws of danger.

In 1811 my brother was a midshipman on board the *Eliza* tender; Captain Kortright * was a personal friend of my father's, and it was thought a good school in which to train him for the navy. He was afterwards transferred to the *Niobe* frigate. Although I was very young then, I can recollect his descriptions of some of the scenes in which he was engaged—the bloody scenes that frequently preceded capture, when entrapped fathers and husbands resisted by force a fate that was to many worse than death.

It is needless to say that the men who composed the

* Miss Frances Aiken Kortright, the author of many excellent and popular novels, one of my personal friends, and the esteemed friend of Mrs. S. C. Hall, is one of the daughters of my father's friend, Commander Kortright, R.N.

press gang were generally reckless ruffians, who had no sympathy for the sufferers; they received as bounty so much per man; the most reckless and daring were of course the most successful; gangs frequently cruised into hamlets, distant from any sea-port, where they were little expected, and desolated villages by captures. Each seaman had a cutlass, and the gang was headed by a lieutenant, or often a boy-midshipman, who was thus educated to the after-tyranny that formed so prominent a part in naval life. Pictures, the truth of which admit of no question, will be found in many books of naval fiction, notably in the popular novels of Captain Marryat.

PRIVATEERS.—Akin to this subject is that of the "privateers," the licensed pirates, for such they were, of the early part of the century. Fitted up, armed, and manned by private speculators, who sent these sharks to scour the high seas in quest of whatever prey was worth capture, privateers were little scrupulous as to what kind of victim they pounced upon. They were commanded for the most part by daring and reckless men, with abundance of brute courage, and their crews were generally the scum of the gaols, who, being paid by the job, made few inquiries as to the nationality of whatever prize they took. I knew one of these privateer captains, the hero of the following incident.

He had given a berth in his cabin to a prisoner of war, and, in the night, awoke just in time to feel a pistol at his cheek. He had presence of mind enough not to try and spring up, but quickly and quietly lifting his

finger moved the weapon aside. It was discharged into the pillow, and in an instant more he had his cutlass in his grasp and his treacherous guest was cut down. He carried the marks of the powder with him to the grave, so near to his face did the pistol explode. The captain was sheriff of Cork, and on more than one occasion his courage and intrepidity did the State good service.

At the time of which I write there were many thousand prisoners of war scattered about in English prisons; little comfort had they, and very limited supplies of food. Now and then they escaped: a matter not easy, for few could speak the language of their gaolers, and sometimes they were exchanged, though not often, for English prisoners in France were as one to ten in comparison with the number of Frenchmen detained on British soil.

I might greatly enlarge a theme so attractive to a man who has known many of the veterans who shared with Nelson the glories of the Nile and Trafalgar, or conquered with Wellington at Waterloo—our warfare by land and sea in the early years of this century, and the kind of fighters it bred. Perhaps an anecdote or two selected from the many I have heard from the lips of officers, military and naval, will bring the class of men who were heroes more vividly before my readers than pages of description could.

At a public dinner some years ago I was seated next to an aged naval officer, who made some remark as to my neither eating nor drinking. On my telling him it was because I was appointed to make a speech during the evening, he said I reminded him of an old admiral

with whom he had sailed, and related the following anecdote:—

"We had fought and taken a French ship. After the battle it was my duty, as a matter of form, to report the result. I found the admiral, evidently in a mood of great irritation, pacing up and down like a bear with a sore head—pens and paper scattered over the cabin table. "Sir," I said, "I have the pleasure to report to you that the ship —— has struck and is our prize." Receiving no answer, I repeated the words; still the admiral gave no heed. In a tone that no doubt indicated annoyance I was beginning a third time, when the old fellow struck in sharply, "Yes, yes, I know; we've fought a battle and won it; but the worst of it's to come!" "May I ask, sir, what that is?" I inquired. "Yes," he said, pointing to the scattered papers before him; "there's that d—d letter to the Admiralty!" He could fight a battle and win it; but draw up an official report for the perusal of their Lordships—ah, no! Not long afterwards I was telling this story to another old naval officer. He gave me a pendent to it. Said he, "I once sailed with a captain who was ordered on a three-years' cruise. He received a State paper with a long string of instructions—to do this, that, and the other. On his return it was his duty to make his report. How to do it was another thing. He cut the matter short by taking the paper that contained his instructions, and adding to each item the single phrase 'Done't,' 'Done't,' 'Done't,' signed the document, and sent it in for the edification of their Lordships at the Admiralty."

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—In the days of which I write, there were no "Servants' Clubs;" neither dancing nor music lessons were deemed necessary to complete the education of a housemaid or a lady's-maid. Service was not an inheritance then any more than it is now, but the proudest boast of those who served was length of servitude. To have seen as a wedded wife and mother the child she had placed in its cradle, was a glory and a distinction which the conqueror of a hundred battle-fields might have envied.

Nowadays the cookery book is not in the mind but on the shelf. What "maid of all work" receives a letter that is not addressed "Miss"? What gown comes home to her without flounces and furbelows? Ah! it would be easy to make out a long list of changes, indicating that servitude means only so much labour for so much pay, and that such as old Adam gave to Orlando exists only as a forgotten memory or a myth. "To make herself "generally useful" rarely enters into the contemplation of a domestic servant: her "duties" must be subservient to her "rights." What has been gained, and what lost, on this march of intellect, I leave readers to determine who compare things new with things old.

I have a friend who knows when her neighbour is away from home by the perpetual strumming of a piano in the adjoining house; it is not "Polly put the kettle on" that is played, but some composition of Beethoven or Mozart. I have another friend whose servant stipulated for a half-holiday every Thursday—that being the day on which her dancing-master received his pupils. She cared little how to hem and to sew, and made no prepa-

ration for the change that might assign to her the duties of wife and mother; she could neither make a pudding nor darn a stocking, but shone in a polka, and was fascinating in a waltz. We must consult old newspapers for the expressive passage, he or she "served fifty years as a faithful servant" in the family of So-and-so. Yet such inscriptions are by no means rare upon headstones in our churchyards. It has been my happy destiny to make such a record *twice*.

DRESS.—What changes there have been in dress! To take, as both gallantry and the nature of the subject demand, the case of the gentler sex first—how strange would a beauty of 1820 look in the eyes of a beauty of 1883? Where are the full sleeves, the huge projecting bonnet, and ringlets elaborately arranged? Gone—gone after the hoops and hair-mountains of a century earlier. And the men, too, where are their elaborate neck-cloths, tight-waisted coats, flowered vests, and Hessian boots?—in these days a gentleman's ambition as regards costume is apparently that he may be undistinguishable from his groom!

In my younger days I was somewhat associated with the Wesleyan Methodists. Simplicity in worship was their rule, and equally so in costume. In their chapels—the architecture of which was as barren of ostentation as the audience—the men sat on one side, the women on

the other, and listened with decorous attention to a preacher as plainly habited as themselves. For any sister of the sect to have adorned her bonnet with a bow of ribbon, her bosom with a brooch or locket, or her ears with earrings, would have been sure sign that she was not wholly out of the dominion of Satan. I do not know what changes time has wrought within, but without they have been "prodigious," as any man who enters one of the handsome buildings—miniature cathedrals—in which the majority of Wesleyan congregations now worship, may ascertain for himself.

Nay, even the "Friends" have to a great extent identified their appearance with that of the every-day world. One sees little of drab or broad-brim now—common as both were in my youth. I do not offer an opinion on these changes; I only chronicle them among other "things that have been."

Alas! nowadays it is common to see clergymen of the English Church wearing, not only beards, but moustachios, in their pulpits, while occasionally one meets nonconforming ministers so outwardly adorned.* Thus they effectually hide the expression of the most eloquent of the features, mouthing the words they utter, or mutter, and smothering the "glad tidings of great joy."

In quitting the theme of personal appearance "now and then," let me make a final note. When I was a young man beards were worn by none but Jews, and moustachios

* Not long ago I breakfasted with a Baptist minister who wore a moustache.

were the almost exclusive adornments of dragoons; but few men were without whiskers, and some cultivated them to an enormous and, as would be now thought, fantastic extent. I recall an incident that created considerable amusement at the time of its occurrence. A notorious Irish duellist was tried for shooting at a brother fire-eater, not on the "field of honour," be it understood, but without preliminaries and in a public place. Fortunately for the accused, it was an Irish jury with whom he had to deal; and he readily brought them to see that there had been no thought in his mind of taking life, or even of wounding. He had simply been jealous of the other man's whiskers, and had wanted to spoil them, which, for the time at least, he did In court an overwhelming amount of testimony was brought to prove his unerring aim; among other witnesses, the wife of the accused swore she had often held a half-crown between her finger and thumb for her husband to shoot away. The jury acquitted him, being satisfied that had murder been in his mind he could as readily have deprived his adversary of life as of a whisker.

Are there many who can go even so far back in memory and see the GRAVEYARDS, appendages of churches, that degraded and disgraced, not only the Metropolis, but every city and large town of the Empire, appalling to the sight, offensive to the nostrils, creating disease and spreading it—the terrible allies of Death? Yet I well remember the fierce opposition to the project of SUBURBAN CEMETERIES, and the bitter hostility with

which all its advocates were encountered. When (in 1840) the scheme was promulgated by Mr. Carden (a gentleman connected in some way with the *Times*) it was cried down as worse than wicked: not only a shameful invasion of vested rights, but un-English and unchristian. I was then editing the *Britannia*, and gave the project my warmest support; not that alone—the body of my father was, I think, the seventh interred in the cemetery at Kensal Green. Now there is not, perhaps, five per cent. of the whole British people who do not rejoice that so great a change has been wrought by Time. Now there is hardly a town in England where is not to be found an improved copy of the once exclusively renowned Père la Chaise: full of beautiful flowers, frequently recruited; abundantly enriched by flowering shrubs and trees; where death is deprived of its gloomy aspect, with something akin to its promise of a happy Hereafter.*

Of RAILWAYS I have made no note: they have more than doubled the lives of most men. It has, I think, sufficed to have said that in 1820 I made the journey from London to Bristol within the then "unprecedented" period of twenty hours; and that in 1882 the same journey was made by me in two hours and a half. It is by no means rare to breakfast in London and dine in Edinburgh between sunrise and sunset. It is a daily occurrence for men to go from Manchester to London, transact important business, and be again in Manchester

* I recall an anecdote told to me by Laman Blanchard: a lady was persuading her husband to bury their dead child at Kensal Green, because "it would be so convenient for a *picnic*."

on the same day. Engagements may be made with certainty of their being kept, though when made the one party may be thousands of miles apart from the other. I know an instance of two friends—one in Egypt, the other in London—appointing a day for the one to breakfast with the other. Precisely as the clock struck nine, a rap was heard at the door of the London host. "Come in, Mr. Thompson," said he. And Mr. Thompson, from Alexandria, entered.

As to TELEGRAPHS, it is enough to say, and without a word of comment, every man in Great Britain may read in the day's newspaper what was doing, or had been done, yesterday, not only in every country of the Old World, but in every state of the New.

I might write of many other changes that Time has brought about, but I will close my list with one, and close it appropriately, I think, in the case of a writer who has been for more than sixty years connected with the Press. How wonderful a stride has the art of printing made between then and now! Stand by the mighty machine that throws off with such marvellous speed and precision thousand after thousand of copies—not only printed at a single operation, but ready folded—of such a newspaper as the *Times*—and having observed its wondrous operations, so delicate but so sure, so complex yet so simple, realise the days when two men stood one on either side a wooden printing-press, the one to dab the type with a soft ball saturated with ink and

place a sheet of paper over it, the other to lay above the sheet a "blanket," then a parchment over all, and to subject the whole to a pressure that, when the sheet was drawn back again and its covering removed, had only printed one side. Such was journalism then so far as that all-important functionary, the printer, was concerned.

Many men I have known at a great age, who held important and responsible offices, or distinguished themselves by brilliant intellect and long-sustained vigour. Lord Palmerston held office as Prime Minister when he died, at the age of eighty-one; the Duke of Wellington was Commander-in-Chief at eighty-two; and Lord Hampton presided over the Social Science Congress at Leeds when his age exceeded four score years. Thiers became President of the French Republic at seventy-five; Cockburn was Chief Justice at a still greater age; and Eldon, Lyndhurst, and Brougham bore years as thickly heaped upon them as were their honours.

I heard Brougham speak for nearly two hours after he had passed eighty; his words came forth as clearly and distinctly as they could have done in his prime. Sentence followed sentence as regularly and melodiously as the waves might break over a sandy shore; his countenance, too, was lit up as in his youth; his step as firm, his eye as bright, and his action as energetic; his power to sway and control his audience still irresistible. It was a thorough triumph over Time.*

* In 1882, I addressed an audience—the Committee of the Plymouth Free Library and their Friends—and spoke for more than two hours and a half, concerning the changes I had witnessed and the people I had known. I did

I may add a remarkable instance of vigour in old age to those of which I have made record. In 1842 I spent a week with Sir Francis Workman Macnaghten at Bushmills, in the county of Antrim. His father, Edmund Macnaghten of Beardiville, was born in 1679, and married, first, Leonora, daughter of the Archbishop of Tuam. He married as his second wife, a most estimable lady, Hannah, daughter of John Johnston, Esq., of Belfast, in 1761, he at the time of his marriage being eighty-two years of age. By this marriage he became the father of two sons, the elder of whom was a Lord of the Treasury from 1819 to 1830, and died without issue in 1832. The younger son, Francis, whom I visited, was born when his father was eighty-four years old. The father died in 1781 at the age of one hundred and two, and was succeeded by his younger

that, standing all the while, without once resting or sitting down. I may be permitted to introduce into this note a passage from *The Western Antiquary*.

"Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A., at Plymouth.

"The visit of this gentleman to Plymouth during the month of August, 1882, should be chronicled in *The Western Antiquary*. Mr. Hall, having bequeathed his library to the Free Public Library at Plymouth, was desirous of seeing the institution in which his books would be placed, and of meeting some of those who were connected with its management. In connection with this munificent gift, Mr. Hall (at the request of the Library Committee) delivered an address on Thursday, August 24th, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. C. F. Burnard), entitled a "Gossip about People I have Known." One of the most remarkable features of this address was, that the veteran author (born in 1800) should have, with eloquence and telling effect, discoursed for two and a half hours, entirely from memory, standing all the while, without a minute's cessation, and with no signs of physical exhaustion. Mr. Hall's long life, his retentive memory, and the unusual opportunity he has had for becoming acquainted with the greatest men and women of the century, contributed in no small degree to render this address a high intellectual treat. Mr. Hall is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and, moreover, is deeply attached to Devonshire, his native county; it is, therefore, little matter for wonder that he has taken a deep interest in the fine old historic town of Plymouth and all its associations, and that he is warmly interested in the success of *The Western Antiquary*, to which he has contributed on several occasions. "Editor."

son (my friend), who at the time of my visit was in his eightieth year, and had been created a baronet in 1836. Between the father's day of birth and the day of my visit to the son there had passed one hundred and sixty-three years! Sir Francis was a fine, hale, handsome old man, vigorous and hearty.

He certainly did startle me, when, sitting by his side at dinner, he said to me, "When my father served at the battle of the Boyne." But so it actually was: "Nay," he added, "he commanded a regiment at the siege of Derry, which was a year before the battle of the Boyne." That was quite true, of course; but the "Colonel" of the regiment was a boy of eight or nine years old. His father was absent fighting with King William in England. The clansmen placed the lad at their head, and under his "command" marched to the defence of glorious and immortal Londonderry.

So recently as 1882, I read with pleasure the following paragraph in the *Times*—with great pleasure, for the eminent lawyer and venerable judge was one of my colleagues in the gallery of the old House of Commons, and a reporter for that journal:—

"To-morrow Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon will attain his eighty-fourth year. He is the oldest judge on the English Bench, having been born on February 11, 1798. The learned judge, who was appointed a Vice-Chancellor in June, 1870, also holds the office of Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, to which place he was appointed on the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 coming into operation."

In the course of these volumes I have made reference to several other men of mark, who retained great bodily

vigour and much mental power after they had lived far beyond fourscore years.

I have thus exhibited "the mingled yarn, good and ill together," by showing some of the changes wrought by Time.

THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN.—Such changes are by no means all for the worse: most of them are very much for the better. Some will, no doubt, excite astonishment that such "things" could have "been" sacred gifts of our ancestors, far off or near. Yet I have made reference to none that did not come within my own experience, and that of many other living men and women.

But I must bring to a close this part of my task. I am troubled by the knowledge that my *sins of omission* are very many. I could fill another hundred pages, and not, I think, weary my readers, with records of matters that come within my Recollections. I have still a long road to travel over in their company; and it will not do to linger too long at the outset—telling of the world as it was in the first thirty of my eighty odd years, and delaying my personal narrative.

I take up the thread of my life's history.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, 1823–1840.

In these volumes—as I have stated in my Preface—the frequent introduction of personal details is unavoidable. I trust that an apology offered thus early will be accepted as covering all the pages in which I write of myself.

It chanced one evening in 1822 that I was a guest at a supper party given by Eyre Evans Crowe (the author of "To-day in Ireland" and other novels) at 16, Southampton Street, Strand.* There were present some remarkable men—among them John Banim, and Pigot, subsequently Lord Chief Baron of Ireland, then a student in the Temple.

Ugo Foscolo.—Out of that evening came an introduction to Ugo Foscolo, and in the latter part of 1822 I engaged to act as a kind of literary secretary to the famous Italian poet.

He was then living at South Bank, Regent's Park, the

* The rooms were, fifty years afterwards, my chambers, in which I conducted *The Art Journal*: they were also the offices of *Social Notes*, and from the window I looked into the windows of Easty's Hotel, where for a year I sub-edited the *John Bull* newspaper.

name of his residence being Digamma Cottage, so styled to commemorate an article he had contributed to the *Quarterly Review* on the Greek Digamma. He had built, decorated, and richly furnished it—on credit; but of the two or three thousand pounds it had cost he could by no possibility have raised a hundred.* The natural consequence ensued: he was deprived of his cottage palace. That deprivation occurred after my connection with him had ceased. A small cottage he had previously tenanted had been assigned to me for a residence.† I had little work to do, the all-sufficient reason being that Foscolo himself had none, none at least that was remunerative; yet he lived grandly, and had the attendance of three female servants, all young and handsome. My recollection of him is vivid. He was somewhat under the middle size, thin, almost attenuated, but wiry; active, and exceedingly energetic, apparently unable to control a naturally irritable temper by the influence of reason. His head was one of the finest, in the intellectual organs, I have ever seen: a forehead as broad and massive as that of Michael Angelo, whom indeed he somewhat resembled, even to the slightly depressed nose; his eyes were grey, deep-set, and quick; shaggy eyebrows overhung them; he wore a beard when beards were not common; his

* "When on my return from Spain," writes Count Pecchio, in August, 1823, "I went to visit him, I found him lodged in his new cottage, with all the luxury of a *Fermier Général*, promenading over rooms covered with beautiful Flanders carpets; with furniture of the rarest woods, and statues in the hall; with a hothouse full of exotics and costly flowers; and still served by the three Graces (I believe more expensive than everything else)."

† Long before he came to England a refugee—when his purse was as low as it was when I knew him—" he ordered clothes, bought horses, and lodged in a gilded apartment." So Count Pecchio writes of him. But he was a gambler then; occasionally counting gold in heaps, and being as often without a coin. He never gambled while I knew him.

mouth was large and sensual, and its bad expression was not concealed by a moustache; his light hair was thin and long, it must have originally been red, and he was continually tearing it when under the effects of any sudden excitement.

Count Pecchio pictures him at an earlier period. "He was of middling stature, of rather strong and muscular make; he had thick, rough, reddish curling hair, which rendered more energetic his poetic *estro*, and more horrible his tristful silence and his flashes of rage; his eyes were grey, small, deep-sunk, quick, and sparkling."

He was eagerly received into the society of English "Liberals." With some of them he had made acquaintance in Italy; others regarded him as a martyr in the cause of Freedom. Perhaps he was so—heralding the changes that loomed in the not far-off distance. Assuredly he was the foe of both civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. He dared the first Napoleon when the Emperor's word was fate. It was a favourite "performance" of his to show an audience in what attitude and with what words he did so. For some time he was a frequent guest at Holland House, but the English aristocracy wearied of the excitable politician and erratic poet.

His manuscripts were partly in English, partly in French, and partly in Italian. His caligraphy was of the worst possible order, and it was no easy task to bring his sentences together so as to make them readable by the printer and available for the publisher.

In 1823, by the advice of Lady Dacre, he undertook to give a course of lectures on Italian literature. By her exertions, those of William Stewart Rose, and

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other distinguished literary friends, a numerous and cultivated audience assembled, and a thousand pounds were put into the pockets of Foscolo.

Our evenings were generally spent in playing chess. I soon found it was for me a dangerous game. If beaten he would throw the men about, and often tear his long straggling hair, so as to leave some of it in his hands; and I was glad to retire to my lonely home, occasionally to be sent for and asked to accept an apology, which, of course, I always did. Foscolo made no secret of being an infidel. He had no principle to guide him that might have worked in the stead of religious sentiment. He died on the 10th of December, 1827, at Hammersmith, and was buried in the churchyard at Chiswick. In 1871 the body was exhumed and conveyed to Italy. I extract the following from a newspaper of that period:—

"It had been felt for some time past by the Italian Government that the remains of Ugo Foscolo ought no longer to lie in a foreign country, and that the Pantheon of Italy, La Santa Croce at Florence —where lie the ashes of Galileo, Alfieri, Politian, and others of noble name, and where a statue of Dante has been erected—should be still further honoured by receiving the body of the Venetian exile. Signor A. Bargoni was commissioned to make a journey to England, and, if possible, to discover the place of Ugo Foscolo's burial. His task was by no means an easy one; for, though a monument had been erected by the Gurney family in honour of the great Italian, there was nothing to show that it had been placed over the spot where he had been interred. By the kind assistance of the rector of Chiswick, however, at last an old man was discovered who had assisted at the burial when a lad, and who stated that the spot was the same as that marked out by the memorial erected. The inner shell was opened and found to be filled up with sawdust, which having been carefully brushed away, disclosed the body of Ugo Foscolo. For, strange to say, whether owing to the peculiar nature of the soil, or some preserving mixture having been poured on the sawdust, the form was intact, and the features still perfect."

Borne solemnly back to Italy, the remains of Foscolo were, on the 24th of June, 1871, laid, with great pomp, in the mighty cathedral of Santa Croce, between the tomb of Alfieri and the monument of Dante. "The crowds along the streets," said the chronicler of this interment, "were very great, and the streets themselves were most triumphantly adorned." So, after lying forty years in a foreign grave, were conveyed to the Florence he had dearly loved the "wearied bones" of him who at least deserved to be honoured as a foremost poet, and one of the chief patriots of the Italy of his time.

> "I shall endeavour to return to peace at Florence,
> And leave my wearied bones on the wooded height of Bellosguardo."

So wrote Foscolo as far back as the year 1806. And the season that witnessed their return was that in which Italy—in the days of Foscolo convulsed with internal dissensions and prostrate at the feet of Napoleon—had become united and free.

In the year 1882, I pause, for a moment, to make record of my thankfulness to God who, in 1822, preserved me from my first great peril—to mind, heart, and soul. I do not refer to escape from the sirens, though that is cause for gratitude, but to the Mercy that saved me from the taint of infidelity to which I was, then and there, more than merely exposed. I do not mean that Foscolo strove to corrupt me; but he assuredly placed me in the way of strong temptations. The wiles of his "Graces" failed because just then I made the acquaintance of her who

not long afterwards became my wife. I was, therefore, in no danger from that ever-potent source of danger to youth; but Foscolo believed in no "first cause"—not only in no Redeemer, but in no Creator, and might have sapped the foundation and destroyed the structure that Christian parents had laboured to raise. I remember his pointing to a lamp on the table, and then to the floor, saying, "There are insects crawling there; and what that light is to them your God is to you." Through this trial I passed—I hope, unscathed—but even now I shudder to think of the precipice from which the Hand of Mercy drew me back. I rejoice at the opportunity thus afforded me, almost at the outset of this book, to say this—Time has more and more strengthened in me the conviction that the only sure way of obtaining happiness is by nourishing, sustaining, and giving power to faith in a superintending, controlling, and directing Providence.

SIR ROBERT WILSON.—While I was in a state of almost hopeless despondency—seeing in the future only dark clouds, and in the present the inducements that tempt to a crime against which the Eternal has fixed his "Canon"—Count Porro, the friend of Foscolo, one eventful morning called to see me. His object was to employ me in copying a manuscript: one neither easy to read nor transcribe. He let me know it was a document confided to my honour, for it was a paper upon the issue of which much depended. I copied it and heard no more of the matter for a month. At the end of that time he drove up to my door and requested me to accom-

pany him, not saying where or to whom. On the way, however, he explained that he was bringing me to the person for whom the manuscript had been copied. We stopped at a house in Regent Street, some eight or ten doors down, on the left, from Piccadilly, and were received by a tall, thin, wiry gentleman, obviously a soldier, with the unmistakable exterior that denoted a man habituated to command. Count Porro made him known to me as Sir Robert Wilson. I flushed with natural pride, for the romantic story of Lavalette was then fresh, and it was gratifying to see and know the hero of that memorable escape. After a few brief words I was set to work, and for eight days I was, pen in hand, in the service of that remarkable man. I suppose I discharged my duties satisfactorily, for at the end of that time he proposed to me to accompany him, or rather to follow him, to Spain, as an officer in the Anglo-Spanish Legion he was about to raise, and to act, when there, as one of his secretaries —appointments I gladly accepted: "the world was all before me," and I had then no tie to bind me to anywhere or any one. I rejoiced to enlist under any banner.

Early in 1823 France invaded Spain. England adopted the principle of neutrality; but, as the Opposition peers and Commoners contended, "it was not for war, yet it was not for peace." In this country there was a strong feeling of sympathy with the revolt in the Peninsula. Lord Althorp failed in an attempt to repeal the Act which prohibited British subjects from engaging in foreign military service. In the House of Commons, Sir Francis Burdett gave it as his strong opinion that the French invasion of Spain "was a vile and detestable project."

This widespread sympathy led to an attempt to embody a foreign legion for the service of Spain, or rather of the "rebellious" Cortes, who were, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be the advocates of freedom. The legion was to be under the command of Sir Robert Wilson, and the papers I had copied related to the expedition. He had, it was well known, visited Spain in secret.

A committee to aid the Cortes had been formed in London, and of that committee I was (by Sir Robert's express desire) appointed secretary. During his absence, a great public meeting, to express sympathy and tender assistance, was held at the London Tavern. I did not hear the speeches, for it was my duty to sit in an outer room and receive subscriptions. The sum subscribed I took to the bank when the meeting terminated,* and next day was sitting as secretary at the Crown and Anchor. A few months afterwards the affair was brought to a doleful, if not an ignominious, close, and I was again free and "on the stream." The honour expectant which Sir Robert meant to confer upon me—a lieutenancy in the Anglo-Spanish Legion—it is needless to say, I never enjoyed; the surplus money was, if I remember rightly, handed to the Greeks, then in insurrection; the Cortes were beaten down, despotism for awhile triumphed, and Sir Robert Wilson returned to his own country without having advanced liberty in Spain.

* On referring to the newspapers of the time, I find the following account of it:—"Public Cause of Spanish Independence.—A meeting was held at the London Tavern on June 13th, 1823. Amongst the noblemen present were Earl Grosvenor, Earl Gosford, Lord Erskine, Lord Lynedoch, Lord Ebrington, M.P., Lord William Bentinck, M.P., Lord John Russell, M.P., Lord William Russell, M.P., Lord Nugent, M.P., Hon. J. Abercromby, M.P., H. Brougham, M.P., John C. Hobhouse, M.P., Joseph Hume, M.P., and many others. Lord W. Bentinck took the chair." Not one of these men of mark is living in 1883.

It is not wonderful if my enthusiastic admiration for Sir Robert Wilson was great. The period was not far off when he had been the chivalric defender of Queen Caroline. That is a dark blot on the page of English history, but it is unnecessary to make here more than passing allusion to it. Sir Robert, for his "conduct" at the Queen's funeral, had been dismissed from the army: "His Majesty had no further occasion for his services." He vainly entreated and demanded a court-martial. A public subscription was made, chiefly by his constituents (he represented the borough of Southwark) to recompense him for the loss of his commission, while his popularity was augmented a thousandfold. Of his defence in the House, in 1822, Brougham said, "The judgment of it was perfect; it could not have been materially improved in point of language by any man in the House or at the Bar." Long afterwards he received justice from a King and a Government: his honours were restored to him, and at the time of his death he was Governor of Gibraltar.

LAVALETTE.—In youth as in manhood, Wilson was brave and energetic, generous and sympathetic: guided by a natural comprehension of right, and a matured and educated love of mercy. My enthusiasm was naturally excited by the part he had taken in saving the life of the French officer, Lavalette; the glory of which he shared with a Scotchman named Bruce and an Irishman named Hutchinson (afterwards Lord Donoughmore). The Comte de Lavalette had been condemned to death—and would assuredly have suffered death—for the part he

had taken in the escape of the first Napoleon from Elba. Some record of this chivalrous venture—little known to the existing generation—will not be considered out of place.

The escape from prison took place on the 20th December, 1815, while the allied armies occupied Paris. For several days in ill health, and broken down by grief—or at all events apparently so—Madame Lavalette had been conveyed to the prison in a Sedan chair; on that day she was passed in as usual, accompanied by her little daughter. She remained an hour in her husband's cell, and was heard to sob; at length she was summoned to retire. It was the last interview, for he was to be shot next day. Leaning on the arm of one of the warders, stooping, almost crawling, sobbing, a large black veil concealing the face, there entered the chair—not madame, but the doomed soldier. The officials at the several gates, utterly unsuspicious, allowed the chair to pass. Its inmate was conveyed to a carriage in waiting; and was very soon hidden in some house, where he continued in safety undiscovered.

Madame was found enveloped in her husband's cloak, and smiled when she said, "il est parti." The result may be better imagined than described. The change of dress had been so rapid and so complete, that when the father, holding a handkerchief to his face, and leading his little child by the hand, passed out, it was sympathy and not distrust that had been excited.

But though freed from prison, it was by no means easy to escape from France; for all possible effort was made at recapture: strict watch was placed at every

barrier; neither man nor woman could pass without minute scrutiny. Then there came to the rescue three British gentlemen, Mr. Bruce, Sir Robert Wilson, and Colonel Hutchinson. Sir Robert was a general officer who had obtained renown, and had written several military books; the regiment of Colonel Hutchinson was quartered in the French capital, but the leading arrangements seem to have been made by Mr. Bruce. Neither of the three had any previous acquaintance with Lavalette. They were guided, as Wilson said to the French jury who tried him, by "the eternal laws of morality and humanity." The dress of an English officer was easily obtained; passports were without difficulty procured; and as a British officer he passed the barriers in the company of two British officers, one of whom wore the uniform of a general; and on the 9th of January, 1816, they quitted Paris: next day Lavalette was in sanctuary in England.

For this offence the three were tried; a verdict of guilty was found against them, and the three were sentenced each to three months' imprisonment. Madame for her "crime" was not prosecuted.

The two soldiers were subjected to a severe reprimand "by the Prince Regent's command," who expressed his high displeasure. But his Royal Highness was unwilling to visit these officers with the full weight of that displeasure: they had already been punished in the country where the offence was committed. Probably the Prince was as well pleased with the issue as were the whole British people. It is certain that the gallant three received the homage of all the world. No doubt Sir

Robert Wilson's share in the adventure led to his being returned to Parliament as member for Southwark.

Sir Robert appeared at the Bar in Paris in full uniform as a general officer, decorated with eight orders of several European States, one of which was the cordon of the Russian order of St. Anne—"*hieroglyphics of honour*," as the advocate, M. Dupin, called them. Madame Lavalette was in court during the trial; and the three accused saluted her with low bows. Being asked if she had seen and known them previously, she looked at them, and declared she had never known, and, until then, had never seen either of them.

THE "BRITISH PRESS."—During my employment as secretary to the Spanish Committee I had on many occasions written articles concerning the struggles in Spain for a daily newspaper, the *British Press*. When the Spanish Committee closed I was retained upon that paper as one of its corps of parliamentary reporters. I moreover wrote reviews, criticisms on art, and so forth. The editor was an Irishman named Mahon—a man of ill character, who had been an attorney in Cork. He was a very tall man, and went by the sobriquet of "the long orator." He owed his appointment as editor to a speech he had made at a public meeting to give relief to Ireland during one of its periodical famines, and was in no way fitted for the post thus accidentally thrust upon him. The general manager was another Irishman, a Mr. Lane, who had much experience with little ability. The paper had been set up by the London publishers, who were

offended by certain articles in the *Morning Post*. It did not arrive at "length of days," being in due course merged with the *New Times*, which not long afterwards became the *Morning Journal;* of this last paper I shall assuredly have something to say presently.

The sub-editor of the *British Press* at the time of my engagement was George Medd Butt, a special pleader, afterwards Q.C. Had he lived he would have been on the bench; for, though not a good speaker, he was a man of talent, with an enormous appetite for work: all night at his desk in the newspaper office, and all day busy at his chambers in the Temple! He died early. He was my friend. I esteemed him highly as a truly upright man, and a sound and able lawyer.* He was my "best man" at my wedding.

My connection with the *British Press* need not detain me long. I may state, *en passant*, that one of its parliamentary corps was the elder Dickens, a gentleman of no great intellectual capacity. Now and then there came to the office a smart, intelligent, active lad, who brought what was then called, and is still, I believe, named, "penny-a-line stuff;" that is to say, notices of accidents, fires, police reports, such as escaped the more regular reporters, for which a penny a printed line was paid.

The lad to whom I refer was that Charles Dickens whose name not very long afterwards became known to, and honoured by, the half of human kind.

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* So certain did his rise seem to me, that once, in a mood half jocular and half serious, I handed him a pound, and received from him an agreement to give me a pipe of port-wine when he became a judge. As I have intimated, he did not live to pay me; but he would have done so had his life been prolonged.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.—There were among the reporters of that time several gentlemen who were afterwards eminent. Such were Payne Collier and the present Vice-Chancellor Bacon. Other men of mark connected with the Press, though not as parliamentary reporters, were Campbell (Lord Campbell), Judge Talfourd, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (who had left the field when I entered it), Leigh Hunt, William Hazlett, and Allan Cunningham. Reporting is a calling of my connection with which I have always been proud. It infers a large amount of resolute labour, physical endurance, a ready aptitude, an early and sound education, familiar acquaintance with public events, a retentive memory, and extensive reading. There is but little responsibility, and the work is liberally paid for. It is by no means easy for men of letters, before they become conspicuous, to get so much for so little labour in other fields. Although in "changes wrought by Time" I have treated this subject, there are additional notes that will not weary my readers. The parliamentary reporters of to-day live in an auspicious age: they are not only tolerated, but petted; comforts as well as conveniences are made for them. In the old House of Commons, the conditions of parliamentary reporting were as follows: The reporter pushed his way with the crowd to the Strangers' Gallery. The seat provided for him and the other representatives of the Press was the back seat of that gallery, into which he had to squeeze himself through a doorway about two feet wide. Seated there, he took his notes. There were, perhaps, a hundred seats under him, benches filled by "strangers," and in this

back bench it was very difficult to hear. When he sought egress he had a hard fight with intervening legs and arms to reach his own door; often jaded, heated, and laden with anxiety, he had absolutely to push his way in or out—struggling to make room for his successor who was pushing his way in. Having had his "hour," and been relieved, he made his way as fast as he could to the office to write out his notes for the printer.* Shorthand was by no means universal: some of the best reporters did not use it; or, rather, they had a shorthand of their own, abridging words and sentences; memory enabling them to "fill in," and deriving essential aid from a knowledge and comprehension of the subject discussed. It is needless to say that the printed speeches were frequently far better than the speeches spoken.† This is no doubt as true of reporting to-day as it was of reporting yesterday. The fact has been many times illustrated. "Let them alone," said Pelham; "they make better speeches for us than we do for ourselves." O'Connell, in the zenith of his power, shrank with terror from a threat of the reporters that they would not report a line of what he said in the House until he withdrew a charge

* A common toast of reporters at social meetings was, "Joseph Hume getting up, and George Canning sitting down." The meaning was this: the reporter who had to report the one so abridged his task that a quarter of an hour's subsequent work was all that was required of him, while to have an hour of Canning implied three or four hours' toil at the office.

† When not a word was to be lost, as in the case of George Canning or Henry Brougham, the shorthand reporter had the advantage; when condensation was essential, and much had to be omitted, the advantage lay with the note-taker, who, as I have said, had a shorthand of his own. I know I have often filled a quarter of a column of type from a single page of notes—of course recalling to memory what was said, sometimes, no doubt, what ought to have been said; and I have been more than once thanked by an honourable member for judicious abridgment and graceful manipulation of a speech.

he had unjustly made against them. Still they were only tolerated; even now when any member chooses to address to the Speaker the words, "Sir, I perceive there are strangers in the House," the Speaker will of necessity make answer, "Strangers must withdraw." *

The power of reporters was, and is, incalculably great; yet I never heard a charge of corrupt practice brought against any one of them. There was never even a suspicion of bribery, and to their independence as well as integrity testimony has always been borne. Sir Robert Peel publicly stated that "during the time he held office he had never received any solicitation for any favour or patronage from a reporter;" and I believe that every minister from long before him to the present day would say the same. They had their favourites, and their dislikes, no doubt; and probably the lengths at which speeches were given were in a measure guided by the politics of the paper-representative; but unfair reports arising from such sources were rarely or never urged against a reporter.†

My *essai de bataille* was the House of Lords. Re-

* In 1738 the House resolved *unanimously*, "that it is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of privilege in this House, for any news-writer . . . to presume to insert," &c., &c.; "and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against such offenders." The principle is continued to this day: an event in illustration occurred not long ago. To suppress parliamentary reporting and issue newspapers without debates in the Houses (but that is an impossibility), would be to light a beacon of civil war.

† I think that the year 1870 supplied the last instance of members complaining of unfair reporting. It was alleged that "Speeches of importance were suppressed; that some were printed in a mutilated form; as, indeed, publishing iniquitous reports, and so being an intolerable grievance."

porters there were not so cruelly "provided for" as in the House of Commons; they stood, however, among the crowd that fronted the bar, and it was a serious breach of privilege to be seen taking notes. Frequently, from one of the subordinate guardians compelled to notice the offender, would be heard the mandate, "Sir, put by your book." It was, of course, done for a few seconds, and the note-taking resumed. I may record one remarkable "breach of privilege." The venerable Lord Eldon had left the woolsack to receive a bill which the Commons had brought to the bar, and in drawing hastily back to make way, I dropped my note-book over the bar. I must have looked terribly frightened as I made a dart under and seized it. The old lord, seeing my alarm, bowed and said, "Sir, I would have handed you your book." I made some kind of reply which amounted to "Thank you, my lord." The much-abused Chancellor planted some seed by those words; for, although most public writers then looked upon him as game to be freely and perpetually "run down," I never wrote a line, or permitted any one I could influence to write aught that could have given him even a momentary annoyance.

I recall the first evening of my trial as a parliamentary reporter. When I began to take notes I was so utterly confused that I could not catch a sentence. I closed my book, and was leaving the House, abandoning the "calling," as, for me, hopeless, when, as I reached the door, my ear did seize upon a few words. I returned more self-possessed; coolly listened, put down what I heard, and made a fair report as the result of my first effort.

There were then, as there have always been, unscrupulous men who directed some portions of the newspaper press. At the time of which I write two journalists were especially unprincipled and notorious—Westmacott, who edited the *Age*, and Gregory, who edited the *Satirist;* perhaps I ought to say three, for Theodore Hook, editor of the *John Bull*, although a man of higher attainments, was not much superior in morals to either of his worthless compeers. Yet, bad as they were, they were not so bad as some editors who had preceded them in exerting evil influence by precept and example. One of the most venal of them all was the Rev. Henry Bate, editor of the *Morning Post*, and afterwards of the *Morning Herald*, who did his worst to degrade letters and disgrace his vocation. His time was spent in the green-rooms of theatres, where he was a blight, and in taverns, where he was a pest. Although an ordained clergyman, he fought several duels. Notwithstanding his infamous character, he obtained, by the influence of the Prince of Wales, to whose evil habits he had pandered, a lucrative church living, and subsequently a baronetcy. I did not know him—he was before my time, and happily I did not know much of his successors—two of them, that is to say, for with Hook I was well acquainted.

The *Age* commenced its career in 1828, but it was not until some time afterwards that it came into the hands of Westmacott. The *Satirist* was its junior by some years. They were incubi on the Press of the day, but they prospered, and their proprietors flourished by means of

scandal. The papers were of opposite politics, the *Satirist* being "Liberal," the *Age* "Tory." To slander man or woman of the opposite side was a delight, and seemed to be accepted as a duty; private character was the mark chiefly assailed, and there was usually a grain of truth in a bushel of calumny. Westmacott and Gregory were both called away long since, to answer for their deeds on earth, and their journals are remembered by the present generation chiefly because Macaulay in one of his essays stigmatises an especially disgraceful proposal as too bad "for the editor of the *Satirist* to have made to the editor of the *Age*." No charge was too gross when there was the shadow of foundation for it. In general, there was so much of the one to season the other as to prevent the victim from appealing to a court of justice; and often, though not always, a fear of the notoriety that was to follow prevented persons assailed from taking the law into their own hands. The law did, however, occasionally step in to punish, and heavy damages were several times awarded; yet, somehow, infamy was so profitable that means were forthcoming to defray costs. But the largest incomes derived by those papers were from the sale of silence. Distinguished persons, not excepting those of royal birth, who were liable to attack, and knew they were so, were informed that certain letters and documents were in the editor's hands—*for publication.* These had been purchased from needy scoundrels for small sums, and were sold at enormous profit to the parties they would have compromised. Discoveries and exposures were made, now and then, by malcontents, who, having originally got hold of the things, were disappointed

with their shares, thinking they had an "honest" right to a fair proportion of the gains. Often the information thus tendered for sale amounted to little or nothing, but the parties threatened were ignorant of that. The "conscience that doth make cowards" magnified possibilities into probabilities, and it was rarely the editors failed to make good bargains with the "accused." *

One of the principal props of the *Age* was, for some years, William Maginn, LL.D., a literary Swiss who readily sold himself to any buyer, or to two buyers at the same time—one being Tory, the other Whig. I knew Maginn in Cork so far back as 1820. In that city at that time there were two societies, each styling itself "literary and philosophic." The one, in which I was a raw recruit, was assailed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in the *Gazette*, surnamed the "Literary"—then in the early years of its long life—by Maginn and a clever surgeon named Gosnell. The attacked were ready and willing to reply, and a paper war was the result. It did not convulse Ireland: but I for one was not sorry to leave Cork, which I did in the beginning of the year 1821. I had made myself friends on the one hand and enemies on the other by a *jeu d'esprit*, a dramatic poem, entitled "The Talents." It contained many hard hits in

* I have heard it said, and believe it to be true, that in Westmacott's editorial room he had a small basket suspended near the ceiling, that a spring, when touched, brought close to his hand. It contained a pistol. Westmacott was a poor creature physically, and had received several thrashings. Gregory was, on the contrary, a very powerful man, and aided by a huge loaded bludgeon, which he always carried, would not easily have met his match.

payment of hard hits, and was very acceptable to the Society, which, until then, had had the worst of it.*

Maginn came to London in 1823-4, with as large a "stock-in-trade" of knowledge as was ever brought by one man from Ireland to England; yet it was profitless and almost fruitless. His profound learning, extensive reading, his familiarity with ancient and modern languages, his ready and brilliant wit, were utterly ineffectual in achieving for him independence or fame. He lived a life of mean and degrading "shifts," and died in absolute poverty in 1842. He is buried at Walton-on-Thames, where in 1860 I tried in vain to find his grave. The sexton was unable to point out the precise spot, and probably it will never be known. I did my best to get up a subscription to place some mark in the church or on the church wall, but there was no response to my appeal.†

His mind was frittered away on periodical writing. For *Fraser's Magazine* he wrote monthly, for the *Age* weekly, for any publication indeed that would give him the pay of the moment. He had an awkward impediment of speech, not quite a stutter; and soon after he achieved repute, his countenance, never very expressive and certainly not handsome, assumed the terrible character that self-indulgence never fails to give. He is an example of

* Of the thirty or forty persons named in that *brochure*, either to praise or blame, I am the only one now living. A few years ago, I gave a copy of this poetical folly, which bears the date 1820, to the Cork library, and with it some observations on its origin, and some account of the persons assailed or defended.

† I found amongst some old papers the bill of the undertaker, William Drewitt. It records that "he died at Walton, on the 20th day of August, 1842, aged forty-eight years." The funeral expenses—seeing that the church was but a few yards distant from the public-house at Walton, where he died—must have been inexplicably costly—the charge being £35 4*s.* 9*d.*

the men who could fight for the shadow, while utterly ignoring the substance, of honour, and is one of the shames as well as one of the glories of Literature.

No doubt the fertile source of his misery was drink. He was always drunk when he could obtain the means of intoxication; consequently he seldom put pen to paper in a condition of entire sobriety, and sometimes did not know what he wrote. Indecencies as well as absurdities occasionally crept into papers upon which he was employed. He did not, like Sheridan, "get drunk like a gentleman:" he got drunk like a tap-house sot. Any liquor that came in his way served his turn. To him is attributed the receipt for making whisky punch—"first put in the sugar, then put in the lemon, and then put in the whisky, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Of him also a story is told that when a friend was praising his wine as remarkably good, and asked him where he got it, he replied, "I get it at the London Tavern." "Well," was the answer, "a very good place surely, but somewhat dear; what do you pay for it?" "I'm sure I don't know," was the reply; "I believe they do put something down in a book."

His friend Kennedy told me this story of him:—A gentleman with whom Kennedy was acquainted projected a newspaper of high class, and coveted the services of Maginn. The two friends were invited to dine with him and arrange preliminaries, and Kennedy was resolved that Maginn should go to the meeting sober. With that view he called upon him before he was up in the morning, and never left him all day, resisting every appeal for a dram. As the dinner-time

drew near they walked together to the house of the newspaper projector, Maginn making several efforts to rush into the public-houses they passed *en route*. At length, the Doctor stopped before the shop of an undertaker, and said, "By the way, I remember I have an inquiry to make here; wait for me two minutes." There could be no possible danger in that quarter, and Kennedy waited patiently outside. The two minutes grew to half an hour, and out staggered the Doctor—drunk. He had achieved his aim by the following device: On entering the shop, his handkerchief was before his face, and he was apparently sobbing in an agony of grief, all he could gasp forth being, "Let there be no expense spared; she was worthy, and I can afford it." The undertaker applied the usual terms of consolation, and made notes concerning hearse, carriages, banners, &c., but, seeing his client in so sad a state of distress, recommended a little brandy. After a "No" and a "Well, a little," a bottle was produced, and, between question and answer, glass after glass disappeared, until the whole was consumed. Maginn was about to withdraw, when the undertaker, proud of his unlimited commission, in gentle accents said, "Sir, you have not yet told me where she is to be taken to." "Taken to!" was Maginn's answer; "you may take her to ——!" He had staggered out of the shop and rejoined his friend before the undertaker could recover from the shock. It is needless to add that although Kennedy led Maginn to the meeting, nothing came of it, except an invincible repugnance on the part of the projector to place any trust in such a man.

Maginn's duel with Grantley Berkeley is well known.

Berkeley, exasperated by an attack on the memory of his mother in *Fraser's Magazine*, had beaten the comparatively innocent publisher within an inch of his life. Maginn avowed the authorship, and of course they fought. Five shots each were fired; one of Berkeley's balls struck the boot of Maginn, and a ball from the pistol of Maginn ruffled the coat-collar of Berkeley. Maginn's second, Fraser (no relation of the publisher, but usually accredited with the editorship of the magazine), said, "Maginn, will you have another shot?" "Blaze away!" was the answer. "Be J—— a barrel o' powder, by G——!"

In 1842, in the month of September, an appeal was made on behalf of his family: it was signed by Giffard, Lockhart, the Bishop of Cork (his native city), Professor Wilson, and the Provost of Trinity College. A sum of £500 was raised, of which the Queen Dowager, the King of Hanover, and Sir Robert Peel each subscribed £100: three out of the five.

His was a wasted life: with immense capabilities there were small results. The world owes him little—nothing, indeed, when the fertility of the source is taken into account. Such evil is the consequence—almost always the inevitable consequence—of habits that sap the mind, paralyze power, and make dishonesty and vice triumph easily over rectitude and virtue. The name of Dr. Maginn is but a sound to this generation.

Although I have classed the *John Bull* with the *Age* and the *Satirist* (and as an instrument of calumny it was

hardly less infamous than either), it is right that a distinction should be made. An opponent in politics was a natural enemy, but I do not believe that Hook was urged to his assaults by personal malice or by thought of iniquitous gain. The *John Bull* (which began its career in December, 1820) was devised and established with the avowed purpose of persecuting the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and for the annoyance and injury of her friends. In the preface to the first number, the Queen was spoken of as "that sickening woman." The manner in which she was treated was *atrocious*, there being no grain of mercy for her, nor for any person, gentle or simple, who supported her cause. One of her "ladies of honour," Lady Jersey, who had been unmercifully assailed in its columns, greatly promoted its popularity, not only by prosecuting it for libel, but by publicly announcing that she would not only exclude from her own parties, but would use her influence to exclude from the parties of her friends, "any person who took in that pestilent paper the *John Bull*." Various circumstances aided its circulation from the commencement. The projectors calculated on a weekly sale of 750, and had prepared accordingly, but in six weeks the circulation had risen to 10,000. Its force was in its terse, bitter, and bitingly sarcastic epigrams; and in the verses—having in all cases political poignancy—which Hook threw off with a rapidity absolutely astonishing. Some of them were indecent as well as ruthless; in fact, any weapon that was likely to "floor" an adversary was freely used, with no compunction, and without a dread of probable or possible consequences. These consequences were often severe; large

damages for libels being the principal punishments. Personal chastisement was seldom awarded, for Hook pertinaciously and systematically denied all intercourse with or influence over the paper.

In the year 1836, when Theodore Hook succeeded me as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he offered me, and I accepted, the sub-editorship of the *John Bull*. During such sub-editorship no libel appeared in the paper, nor did aught that was in a strong sense objectionable. Certainly I was not in a position to refuse the insertion of anything sent to me by Mr. Hook, but one resource was always at hand—I should have retired from my post if what was sent had been offensive. But much of the sparkle, and almost all the wit, had gone out of the paper with its venom, and its circulation fell off considerably. Of its subsequent history I know nothing.

It is said, and I believe with truth, that Sir Robert Wilson (who had been almost weekly assailed with venom) one day met Hook in the street, when a conversation to this effect took place :—"Hook," said Sir Robert, "I am to be attacked next Sunday in the *John Bull*." "Are you?" answered Hook, raising his eyes in astonishment; "what a shame!" "It is true, however," said Sir Robert. "I do not complain of assaults that are made on public grounds, but this is entirely a private matter, and may touch me very nearly. Now mind what I say, Hook. I know you have nothing to do with the *John Bull:* you have told me so half-a-dozen times; but if that article appears, as surly as you live, I'll horsewhip you wherever I find you." The article never did appear.

I was glad to be rid of the connection. I had joined it with reluctance, continued it with some self-reproach, and release was a boon that made me happier.

To the last Hook was never seen, acknowledged, or known at the office. I have understood that in those days of personal peril, when duels were not always to be avoided by persons who, from any motive, would "speak out," a coarse, half-brutal, but tall and powerfully built Irishman, of the grade of a day-labourer, was kept on the premises to answer all applicants to see the editor, his one sentence generally being enough—"I'm the Iddi-tor, sir, at your sarvice."

I have, I think, dwelt at sufficient length on these unpleasant reminiscences of the newspaper vampires that preyed on society in the days of George IV. and William IV. From the *John Bull* I turn to another and very different literary enterprise, the career of which was as brief as unfortunate.

In 1825, the *Representative*, a morning newspaper, was announced by Mr. John Murray, the renowned publisher of Albemarle Street; I was appointed one of its corps of parliamentary reporters. Rarely had a publication been launched into the world of literature with such "great expectations." It was believed that the supply of money was inexhaustible; and it was known that the best literary aid of the day was at the command of the proprietor. There had been time for ample preparation; new type and fine paper were

among the accessories; and, in short, success seemed as certain as it ever could be in an undertaking of an always hazardous class. The day preceding the issue of the first number, Mr. Murray might have obtained a very large sum for a share of the copyright, of which he was the sole proprietor; the day after that issue the copyright was worth comparatively nothing. To use a very common simile, the *Representative* "went up like a rocket and came down like the stick."

All things needful or desirable had been secured except the most important—an editor. Editor there was literally none from the beginning to the end. The first number supplied conclusive evidence of the utter ignorance of editorial tact on the part of the person intrusted with the duty. The leading article consisted, if I remember rightly, of *seven columns*, and was a review of the political state of Europe. Newspapers then were not as they are now—when a single copy of some of our leviathans might make the main sheet of a yacht. Advertisers were naturally eager to appear in this first number: they and the leading article occupied more than half the paper. In the other half there was nothing new or interesting, nothing to sustain the general impression that the *Representative* was to be a Power. In short, the work was badly done: if not a snare it was a delusion; and the reputation of the new journal fell below zero in twenty-four hours.

To this day, the name of its original editor, or rather of the person who so conspicuously failed to act as such, remains a mystery. Mr. Murray, junior, I suppose knows, but I doubt if there be any one else who does.

The "big" leading article had been written with great ability, but was utterly out of place. I thought, and still think, the writer was Lockhart. Mr. Grant, in one of his three large, but not great, volumes, affirms that the first editor was the younger D'Israeli, and, after speculating as to his probable salary, romances somewhat about the splendour of the editorial *office*, where it was expected Mr. D'Israeli "would receive Mr. Murray's aristocratic friends." There was some elegance but no "splendour" there; while the reporters' office resembled a large barn rather than a room for thought or study. Both were in Northumberland Court, in the Strand, the one on the opposite side of the court from the other. That Mr. D'Israeli never was the editor, I am certain. I am very sure he never wrote a line for the paper. I certainly never saw him nor heard his name at the office. Moreover, we have Mr. D'Israeli—in a letter written and published by his friend and solicitor—declaring that "he never received any compensation for anything he had ever written for the Press." Grant is clearly in error; but, as if one error was to be sustained by another, he says:—"Some few years before the *Representative* was published, Mr. D'Israeli had a small periodical of his own, partly political and partly literary." Now, as Mr. D'Israeli was but twenty-one years old in 1825, it is hard to see how he could have been an editor "some few years" before that date. Cyrus Redding committed the same palpable error: and with sundry sneers at D'Israeli, describes him as the Editor of the *Star Chamber*.

The only person visible to the reporters connected

with the management of the paper was a "retired" clergyman named Edwards, if I except Dr. Maginn, the author of "Shakespeare Papers" and the "Homeric Ballads."

In reference to Dr. Maginn I remember having to report one of the most remarkable events of that time—a masquerade ball for the benefit of the Spitalfield weavers. Various members of the royal family, and the noblest ladies of the aristocracy, were present. More than once I saw Dr. Maginn slouching about the floor of the Opera House (where the ball was held), clad in a dress not erring on the side of neatness, and with unmistakable indications of having imbibed. I wrote my report, and it was printed; but what was my horror next morning at reading a leading article describing the brilliant affair as an assemblage of disreputable people of the lower class, whose antics were like those of buffoons —or words to that effect. Small wonder that the *Representative* had a short life and not a merry one, and that Mr. Murray was a large monetary loser by the speculation!*

* "The firm of "John Murray" was a literary power in those days as it is now. Few men are more respected than is John Murray, junior; and from the establishment in Albemarle Street many of the best books of the age continue to be issued. The elder John Murray died in 1843. He made friends of the many great authors for whom he published; was always prompt and liberal in payment, often voluntarily augmenting terms agreed upon, I believe on more than one occasion doubling them.

After the decease of the *Representative* I became one of the parliamentary reporters of the *New Times*. The editor at that period was a thorough gentleman and a good man—Eugenius Roche, an Irishman of the best stamp. I had known him previously. Its projector and editor, Dr. Stoddart, having received a government appointment at Malta, the journal lingered and died; or, to speak more correctly, it merged into the *Morning Journal*, a new paper started to maintain Protestant ascendency, and to oppose the Catholic claims that were then, in 1828, making headway, threatening to "swamp the British constitution"—as Lord Eldon not long afterwards declared, "so that the sun of England's prosperity would set for ever."

O'Connell had been returned for Clare county, and Great Britain was in a state of terrible turmoil. "No Popery!" was once again chalked on the dead walls of the Metropolis, and strong efforts were made to rouse the whole British population; such efforts were fortunately made in vain. The good sense, practical wisdom, and enlightened forethought of a large proportion of the middle and higher classes had brought about a memorial to Parliament; and from the day on which the monster petition was presented to the House, "Catholic Emancipation" became a question not of years, but months. Such an unequivocal expression of *English* opinion was irresistible. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel yielded—reluctantly, it is true—and the memorable year 1829 saw the passing of THE BILL.

THE "MORNING JOURNAL."—The editor of the *Morning Journal* was Mr. Robert Alexander. In December, 1829, he was prosecuted by Government for libels on the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Inexcusable libels they certainly were, making all allowance for the heat and excitement of party; for party feeling ran frightfully high. Alexander defended himself, and did it badly, for he was by no means a man of large capacity, and, if educated at all, was self-educated.

The libels were certainly atrocious. Lord Lyndhurst was charged with selling to Sir Edward Sugden the office of Solicitor-General for a loan of £30,000. The noble lord was not assailed by name; and Alexander put in an affidavit in which he denied that the Lord Chancellor was the person aimed at; but the denial had little other effect than to augment the offence. Even worse was the attack on the Duke of Wellington. It described his Grace as an ambitious, unprincipled, and designing minister, keeping his Majesty under degrading and unconstitutional control; it charged him with "despicable cant," with "gross treachery to his country, or else the most arrant cowardice, or treachery, cowardice, and artifice united." The jury found Alexander *guilty;* and the proprietors also guilty; but the latter had nominal sentences, while the former was condemned to a year's imprisonment in Newgate, and to a fine of £300.

During that imprisonment I edited the paper: appointed to the onerous post by a sort of Attorney-General, who managed the finances, but at the written request of Alexander. I received, however, from the dignity nothing in money, and "less than nothing" in fame.

It was expected that the anti-papal party would support the paper; and beyond doubt many sums of money were sent with that view to the office, or to Alexander in jail. Few or none of them were expended as they were designed. The object of Alexander was to make himself a martyr. Almost daily he sent me leaders that were libels more gross than those for which he had been prosecuted. I had neither the desire nor the intention to be made his scape-goat, and I steadily refused to insert them; replying to his protests that I would leave my editorial desk at an hour's notice, but that so long as I was there no libel should appear in the paper.

The party gave it no adequate support, and it died before Alexander was released from prison. The Duke of Cumberland, then residing at Kew, was expected to head a party for its support, and I believe he did subscribe largely for the defence. I had an interview with him. I remember him as singularly repulsive in countenance and manner; utterly unlike the other members of his illustrious family: as unbearably haughty as they were agreeably courteous. I had not sought the interview, and I did not seek to repeat it.

On his release from prison Alexander assumed the editorship of a country journal, the *Liverpool Mail;* and in the columns of that paper there appeared, many years afterwards, a violent attack on Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the *Morning Journal*, but misrepresenting the history of its downfall in a very remarkable manner. For myself I became—shortly after terminating my connection with the *Morning Journal*—sub-editor of the *New Monthly*

Magazine, then under the editorship of the poet, Thomas Campbell.

I cannot conclude this sketch of my early connection with the Press better than by glancing at the happily removed imposts that half a century ago made newspapers few in number and high in price. Every copy of the paper received a government stamp, of the nominal value of fourpence, and for which a net sum of threepence halfpenny was paid. No allowance was made for unsold copies. On every advertisement there was a duty imposed of three shillings and sixpence, without a farthing of deduction for bad debts. The cost of a newspaper was sevenpence; of this the stamp-tax absorbed exactly one half, so that, deducting the cost of paper and printing, there remained little to defray the expenses of editing, literary aid, reporting, &c. Moreover, there was a very heavy duty on paper. A crusade was started against these "taxes on knowledge," and was headed by prominent Liberals of the day. I may instance, as a few of the leaders of the movement, Grote, Bowring, Roebuck, Hume, Warburton, Birkbeck, Molesworth, O'Connell, and, last but by no means least, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who on the 15th of June, 1832, opened a debate on the subject in the House of Commons, and was therefore prominent in the agitation that achieved its first great victory when the stamp duty was lowered from fourpence to one penny, and the advertisement-tax from three shillings and sixpence to one shilling and sixpence. The partial concessions being found unsatisfactory, both duties were at length totally abolished; and in 1861 the

crushing impost upon paper also went the way of all the other burdens that, half a century back, lay so heavily on the British Press.

Until a comparatively brief time ago I considered myself the "father" of the English newspaper press—that is to say, its oldest living member. I have ascertained, however, that it is not so, as the accompanying letter will show.* Yet it is sixty years since I began my work in the gallery, and had the honour to be associated with the venerable and distinguished man of letters who is, it appears, my senior by many years.

It should be borne in mind that few become reporters with a view to permanence: it is almost always considered the stepping-stone to a loftier position, and, as I have shown, many have found it so. Of these was one of my earlier friends, Charles R. Dodd, long a reporter on the *Times*, an estimable gentleman, whom it was my good fortune to bring to London from Cork, where he was a solicitor. He has left a name recognised with gratitude by the public as that of the originator of the

* Riverside, Maidenhead,
11*th September*, 1877.

My dear Mr. Hall, or rather Old Friend,

If you be the father, I am the grandfather, of the newspaper press. I was engaged on the *Times* as long ago as 1810, and I had written for it successfully even before that year. Before I was 23 years old I had satisfied the late Mr. John Walter so well, that he made me an extra present of £50, and when I was 30 years old he presented me with another £100. He used afterwards to visit me.

I then transferred my services to the *Morning Chronicle*, and continued upon that paper till the end of my newspaper career in 1850. I must now be 10 years at least older than you are; for I am in my 89th year, but well and cheerful, thank God.

Yours very sincerely,
J. Payne Collier.

Always busy on *Our Old Poets and Poetry*, which keeps me well and cheerful. I began with these and shall end with them.

"Parliamentary Companion," which he conceived, edited, and continued annually to publish, as long as he lived. It is still edited by his son, and ranks high among the most useful publications of the country.

As regards newspapers, the old plan was to borrow a daily paper, and to pay for the loan a penny an hour; now, although the *Times* continues at the price of threepence—which it is well worth—to which it was reduced from the long-familiar sevenpence, any other paper is bought for a penny. I suppose that for every one who read a daily paper half a century ago, there are now a hundred readers. I leave it to others to contrast the statistics of 1883 with those of 1823.

The following is an extract from the "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1882:—

"There are now published in the United Kingdom, 1,986 Newspapers, distributed as follows:—

England—		
London	378	
Provinces	1,087	1,465
Wales		66
Scotland		181
Ireland		154
Isles		20

Of these there are—

123	Daily Papers published in England;
4	Ditto Wales;
21	Ditto Scotland;
18	Ditto Ireland;
2	Ditto British Isles.

On reference to the first edition of this useful Directory, for the year 1846, we find the following interesting facts—viz. that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 551 Journals; of these 14 were issued daily—viz. 12 in England and 2 in Ireland; but, in 1882, there are now established and circulated 1,986 papers, of which no fewer than 168 are issued daily, showing that the Press of the country has more than trebled during the last thirty-five years. The increase in Daily Papers has been still more remarkable; the Daily Issues standing 168, against 14 in 1846."

What a contrast is presented to an old man by the pictures of then and now! Fifty years ago intelligence reached us, after about a week, of what they were doing in Russia, and sometimes it required as long a time to know what they were about in Paris; while it took a month to hear news from Egypt, three months to obtain tidings from India, and six months to get any from Australia!

We pass unheeded wonderful facts that are daily events; but who, half a century ago, would have prophesied a time when we could know, for a certainty, at six o'clock in the morning of any day, exactly what was occurring at the close of the day preceding in twenty different capitals of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America? The subject is altogether too great and grand for appropriate treatment here.

Every class and calling has now its own special newspaper, every interest being represented—tailors, grocers, potters—no profession or calling, in fact, being without its "representative," while every town in England has its local organ.

Of the admirable manner in which every department of the leading newspapers is conducted it is needless for me to speak.

Many newspapers contain daily a leading article, so admirably written, so eloquently and wisely considered, so logically argued, or so vituperatively scathing as to throw "Junius" into the shade. If to-day it "tells" and is forgotten to-morrow—it is only because to-morrow sends forth one as good.

THE OLD DAYS OF LETTER POSTAGE.—To this branch of my subject properly belong some other topics that used to be classed under the general term, "taxes on knowledge." I have described those that particularly affected newspapers. Of scarcely less importance was the reduction in the postage of letters—a change, perhaps, as mighty in its results on the welfare of human kind. It has been so recently brought under the notice of the existing generation by the death of the venerable gentleman to whom we are indebted for the universal boon, that much space is not required to draw attention to it; but it can be rightly appreciated only by those whose experience carries them back to the year 1840, when the postage of a letter to any part of the British dominions was reduced to a penny for each letter, and that letter of any weight within half an ounce.*

There are few of ripe years who cannot turn out, from some obscure nook, letters dated half a century ago, and read upon them the marks that continue legible, showing that to various parts of the United Kingdom the charge for a double letter (that is to say, which contained more than one sheet of a fixed weight, were it a

* The House of Commons Committee, in 1838, advised payment in advance and the adoption of stamped covers; the Queen's-head stamp was an afterthought. A premium was offered for the best design for a cover. Three thousand designs were sent in to the Treasury; that of Mulready, R.A., was preferred. Examples may be found in the cabinets of the curious. It was a wood engraving, the work of a famous wood engraver, John Thompson.

Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle) who was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so apprehensive of a deficiency in the revenue being caused thereby, that he refused to recommend the resolution unless Parliament "agreed to make good any resulting deficiency."

scrap of paper, say a stamped receipt) varied from seven-pence to thirteen-pence. It is almost certain that the letter will be crossed, and probably again crossed in red ink, the first object being to write much, the next to keep the letter within weight. The paper was of course always thin, and nearly as much time was required to read it as to write it.

It was posted and addressed for delivery, the deliveries being once a day, and letters frequently had to be sent for to the post-office. There were no smart fellows, letter-laden, with their well-known rap-tap at every door. Letters were of course kept till "called for," and those who have preserved old letters will find it not uncommon to observe that between the posting and delivery weeks had elapsed. The letter had not been called for at the office—that was all.

To write a letter was, therefore, an undertaking; the having little to say was a ready excuse for saying nothing. "I would not put you to the expense of post-age," was a sentence then as common as "Yours truly" is now. Of course those who lived at a distance from post towns (a post town being then as distinguishing a term as borough town is now) had to wait for chances, except in the greater houses, where a post-boy was one of the regular servants, for whom a pony and a bag were kept; the latter slung across his shoulders, he rode in for letters, and, when there were any, brought them back.

It was by no means uncommon for a person to know there was a letter waiting for him at the post-office; nay, it had been seen by neighbours stuck prominently in the window. He had not the means to release it; in

course of time it was duly transmitted to the "dead-letter office," and he heard no more of it. The evil was submitted to as among the inevitable. Comparatively few letters were sent. It was not rare at the commencement of the nineteenth century for a whole city to be without a correspondent for a day or more. Robert Chambers told me he had conversed with a person who remembered the mail bag coming into Edinburgh, and, when examined, containing only one letter.*

It is needless to say that to avoid paying postage there were many discreditable shifts. It was common to send a newspaper, making a pin-hole at several words, which, when put together, conveyed the information desired. I remember witnessing a case of fraud. A man went to the post-office window (it was generally a small narrow slit to avoid hazard of a "snatch"), and finding a letter there for him, put on a "poor mouth" and said, "Sir, I can't read; will you be so good as to read it for me?" "Certainly," said the courteous postmaster. So he read out all the home and business news, on which the man bowed, and said, "Thank'ee, sir," and walked away, leaving the debt to be discharged by the King. No doubt a hundred such incidents might be communicated to the curious reader. It was a very common trick to write with milk on the cover of a newspaper (newspapers went free, as being already taxed); the cover, when held to the fire,

* "Within my recollection the London post was brought north in a small mail-cart; and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter for Edinburgh, addressed to the manager of the British Linen Company."—Sir Walter Scott, in "Redgauntlet."

became legible and readable. Of course every tradesman's parcel, transmitted from one town to another, contained a bundle of letters for distribution on arrival. There was a power to open such parcels and make a search for such contraband, but the power was seldom exercised. The House of Commons in 1828 reported that "the illicit conveyance of letters prevails to an enormous extent, and the law is impotent to arrest the practice." In all parts of the kingdom carriers admitted they were in the habit of carrying daily—some as many as sixty letters from one place to another. One bookseller in Glasgow was not caught until he had been in practice so long that he confessed to having sent twenty thousand letters otherwise than through the post. In fact, the offence of cheating the post-office was considered even more venial than that of robbing any other branch of the revenue.

Harriet Martineau tells us that Coleridge, walking somewhere in the Lake district, saw a postman tender a letter to a woman who, after careful examination, declined to receive it, on the ground that she could not afford to pay for it. The poet, however, released it and gave it to her, when she explained that it was from her brother; that they had arranged a scheme by which certain marks on the cover should convey certain intelligence, and that all she wanted to know she had learned from examining the outside.

Peers and members of Parliament had the privilege of sending letters free; the name, date, and address to be

written outside in the member's own hand, and the weight not to exceed one ounce. As a letter so franked was usually double or treble, care was taken to prevent its turning the scale: if it did, payment was exacted accordingly. The member was allowed to frank ten daily, all he franked over that number were charged to recipients—the weightiest being selected for payment. Such mistakes of over-franking were frequent. The privilege was abolished in 1840. Collections of franks are now to be seen in the hands of collectors of autographs. I have examined a book that contained six thousand franks of peers and members of Parliament.*

It was surely an inspired thought—that which entered the mind of a comparatively obscure and friendless man —out of which arose "the penny postage."† But it was deemed a wild fancy to contend that a change could be effected without loss to the revenue. No doubt it would be a national benefit, but the nation could not afford the luxury! At the very commencement of the movement Rowland Hill called upon me. I gave him the heartiest sympathy, and all the aid I could. I was

* I remember asking Dick Martin for a frank. "To be sure, my dear boy," said Dick—who never refused anything. When he had signed it he laid down his pen, sighed, and exclaimed, "I vow to God that's the twentieth I have signed to-day." "Thank ye, Colonel," said I; "I won't post it."

† "The blessing immortally associated with the name of Rowland Hill was not the fruit of a casual happy thought. It was the achievement of a nature that had been right nobly trained. It emanated from a home conspicuous for plain living and original thinking, where not only was each member of the family taught to make the well-being of the rest his chief concern, but to form a high ideal of his life's work, to look beyond the little sphere of kindred and to fit himself to do something outside in the great world for the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men."—CANON DUCKWORTH.

at that time—in 1839—editing the *Britannia* newspaper. No doubt the plan was costly, but it was amply worth all it could possibly cost: no sacrifice was too great. That was the reasoning at the time, although after-calculation and reflection convinced Mr. Hill that the project would be attended by gain rather than loss. Not long afterwards the truly great man was hailed as a foremost benefactor of all humankind.*

I remember an incident I was told at the time; it may be true, but it may have been an invention, for I have not seen it recorded as I heard it. Rowland Hill saw a decently garbed young woman sitting on a doorstep near the Post-Office, sobbing bitterly. In answer to questions, she said, "There is in there a letter from my mother, and I can't get it; they ask sevenpence, and I have but a penny." Mr. Hill, having released it, went on his way pondering. I am impressed with the conviction that this small seed contained a great tree; that incalculable blessings to hundreds of millions in every part of the world arose out of that trifling "event."

In 1840 the banner of victory waved over the home of the victor. A contented Parliament granted him a sum of £20,000; he retained his full salary of £2,000 per annum, awarded him for life; he was knighted; the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L.;

* Rowland Hill was born at Kidderminster, December 3rd, 1795, and died at Hampstead in 1879. A statue of the great reformer honours him in his native town; there is another in Birmingham. A third was, on the 17th June, 1882, placed in front of the Royal Exchange, in the City of London. He was appointed, in 1846, secretary to the Postmaster-General, and in 1854 he became Chief Secretary and practical director of the Post-Office. In 1860, he received the honour of K.C.B., and, after four years' more successful service, he retired on a pension of his full salary, receiving a highly complimentary minute from the Treasury on the success of his measures.

within a few months of his death he was made a freeman of London City; and, on the 4th of September, 1879, his honoured remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey. I copy a passage from the *Times*:—

"It is not easy to give any clear notion of the results of his great scheme. We can state that about 106 millions of chargeable letters and newspapers were sent through the Post-Office in 1839, and that 1,478 millions were sent during the year 1879—80. But the mind cannot grasp such numbers as these. Something more is understood when we are told that in 1839 the average number of letters per head was three and that last year it was 32. If, however, we would rightly understand all that he has done for his fellow-men, we must remember that every civilised country in the world has more or less adopted his plan; that communication has been made so certain, so rapid, and so cheap, that the distant traveller, the emigrant—nay, even the exile—feels that those whom he has left behind him in his old home are in one way still very near to him. Sir Rowland Hill has, indeed, done almost more than any other single man to bind the nations together and to make the whole world kin.

"The number of inland letters dealt with in the year was 1,127,997,500, showing an increase of 2·8 per cent. on the previous year; the number of post-cards was 114,458,400, showing an increase of 2·7 per cent.; the number of book packets and circulars was 213,963,000, or an increase of 8·6 per cent., and of newspapers 130,518,400, or an increase of 0·3 per cent. Taking the correspondence of all kinds, the number was 1,586,937,000, showing an average of 46 per head of the population, and an increase of 3·3 per cent. over the previous year. The number of letters registered in the United Kingdom during the year was 8,739,191, being an increase of 21·3 per cent., and more than double the number dealt with in 1877, before the reduction of the registration fee. No fewer than 5,762,853 registered letters passed through the chief office, and 47,000 parcels containing Christmas presents were dealt with in that office as compared with 30,000 in 1878."

To this may be added the marvellous changes that have followed in Post-office legislation—savings-banks, money orders, register stamps, covers for newspapers,

life insurances, and a score of other improvements of prodigious importance to every class of the community.

Thus, in the case of Rowland Hill, neither the fame nor the gains were posthumous. At the age of eighty-six he put on immortality—honoured, respected, loved, and rewarded for public services and private virtues.

It is the fate of most of those who bless mankind to die in faith, like the worthies of the older world, only seeing afar off the promise of the good they toiled for—a dim vision of the promised land from Mount Nebo. But here is one who had been spared for forty years, from the day of his victory, to see all his opponents convinced, all his hopes realised, all his calculations verified, all his predictions more than fulfilled!

RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS.

THE GIANTS IN BOTH HOUSES.—At the time to which I take my readers back, there were giants in both Houses, —statesmen whose names are the glories of their country, and will be so when many generations have been numbered with the Past. It is not my purpose to treat of any of them at length. There are those who can better estimate and portray the character of each; in nearly all the cases under notice that has, indeed, been done. My object is little more than this: to bring, as nearly as I can, before the reader the person I shall picture, depending mainly upon my own memory. The strong and lasting impression produced, though it may have lain dormant for half a century, cannot, I think, fail in leading to accuracy of portraiture; for the great men I shall paint, or rather sketch, are such as stamp an indelible remembrance on the minds of all by whom they have been seen and heard.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Thousands are able to recall to memory the Duke of Wellington in his decline; few can remember him in his prime—the soldier-states-

man—"the Iron Duke"—the man of iron head, iron hand, iron heel, and iron heart. Of those who conquered with him at Waterloo nearly all are gone, though there remain many who, when the body that had "tabernacled" the great soul, was conveyed from Apsley House, in 1852, to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, stood in the streets or watched from windows—witnesses of the homage paid to the great man who was the pride and glory of his country and his age, and who will, for ever and ever, remain the pride and the glory of both, notwithstanding that the Irish poet writes of him as of one on whom "Fame unwillingly shines;" * and "the Liberator" handed him down to posterity as "the stunted corporal" to whom Ireland had given birth—"to its shame."

The Duke was no orator, but he gradually improved in speaking, and latterly spoke with little of the hesitation that was his disadvantage when less accustomed to address an audience in the House. But his sentences seemed jerked out; they were stray shots rather than volleys, yet seldom failed to hit the marks at which they were aimed.

He had an iron aspect; his features, rarely mobile, seldom seemed to second his words. In step he was steady and unhesitating, though not dignified. His hands and arms, when moved at all, seemed as if a machine had set them in motion. His voice was impressive only when stirred by strong conviction. Without doubt much of his power over the minds of fellow-

* "That chief, so coldly great,
Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon."
—Moore, *The Irish Slave.*

statesmen arose from their confidence in the soundness of his judgment; and, perhaps, in the House of Peers there were many who reasoned as did the veteran when the Duke rode into the battle-field, and a young recruit expressed surprise at the commonplace look of the hero —"I would rather see his face here to-day than twenty thousand such recruits as you!"

When, in 1828, the Duke was made Prime Minister, perhaps no man in England was more astonished than himself. Not long before he was elevated to that high office by George IV., he had protested against the suggested appointment as an absurdity—as, indeed, an impossibility. Of his prudence as well as resolution he gave ample proof, guiding the vessel through the breakers, when environed by perils—being, in fact, as was his great predecessor, "the pilot that weathered the storm." It will not be denied that, by his change of conduct, if not of opinion, upon some of the most important events that ever swayed the destiny of a kingdom, he created a great future for his country, while averting an "imminent and terrible crisis."

More than once the Duke "enjoyed" an enormous amount of unpopularity: it did not continue long. I saw him once when, mob favour having returned to him, the most sweet voices of the crowd cheered him as he entered Apsley House; he turned suddenly round, and, in a manner not to be mistaken, pointed to the iron shutters which then protected his plate-glass.*

* Among evidences of popular hatred that at one time raged against him, I may give the following:—We had an Irish cook, and so intense was her hatred of her illustrious countryman, that she changed a shilling into penny pieces wherewith to pelt the windows of Apsley House. She was not long with us.

It would be idle to multiply anecdotes of the Duke. Few men were more talked about or better known. Yet his course of life, after his victories in a hundred fights, was singularly simple and unostentatious. His bedroom contained a small iron bed—the chamber was a copy of his tent, as plainly furnished as if it had to be moved at an hour's notice. The anecdote is well known that illustrates his character: Some one protesting against such restricted accommodation, said, "Why, in such a bed you have not room to turn round!" "Turn round!" was the Duke's comment; "you do not need to do it; when you want to turn round it is time to turn out."

Maria Edgeworth (at Edgeworthstown) told us a touching story of the Duchess of Wellington—having previously shown us a bundle of her letters. Knowing she was about to die, indeed very shortly before her death, she caused herself to be removed from her chamber, and placed on a sofa in a room which contained a large number of the trophies that had been, from time to time, presented to her illustrious husband—desiring to look upon them once again before she quitted earth. Miss Edgeworth spoke of the devotion of the lady to her lord as even "passing the love of women," and described in strong terms the respectful homage with which he always treated her. The world has not given the Iron Duke credit for domestic affection—for the faithful discharge of home duties. But who can pry into the secrets of the heart? We know that when the third William died, a portrait of Queen Mary was found suspended by a ribbon

to his neck, which the wiles of half-a-dozen Dutch sirens had not been powerful enough to remove.

It is surely a gratification to give currency to the statement of Samuel Rogers concerning "the great captain of the age":—

"The Duke says that 'the Lord's Prayer alone is an evidence of the truth of Christianity; so admirably is that prayer accommodated to all our wants."

Lord de Grey, who printed a book which he termed "Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington apart from Military Talents," thus sums up his estimate of the hero —and there is no reason to doubt that posterity has indorsed his verdict "that he was one of the most noble, great, and glorious spirits that ever existed in man."

Is there in Ireland any memorial statue of the Duke of Wellington? Do any tourists make pilgrimage to the ruined home at Dargan? They may find a dilapidated Corinthian pillar at the nearest town—Trim, the seat of the Wellesleys when the soldier-chief was in his infancy and boyhood.* But, although Dargan has passed away from the family, it cannot fail to excite deep interest and fervent patriotism anywhere but in Ireland. The house was accidentally burned, and remains a ruin—or, at least, was so when I saw it—of bare and broken walls;

* I obtained during a visit to Dargan conclusive evidence that the name was originally Wesley; the name being written, "A. Wesley" (the Duke's autograph) in the corporation books.

the neighbouring trees were ruthlessly cut down by an unprincipled tenant. The two boys Wellesley and Wellington were born in Dublin. I do not know the house: I question if anybody does: to the shame of Irish archæologists and patriots, be that dismal fact recorded!

Among the glories of Ireland the name will be imperishable; and some day his own country—in common with all other countries of the world—will accord justice to the great soldier-statesman, and honour his memory as chiefest of the great men in an age when of great men there were many.

The character of the great Duke has never been better—perhaps never so well and truly—portrayed as it has been in this sonnet written by Benjamin D'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield:—

"Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The tyrant of a world, and, conquering Fate,
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety; no gusts of mind
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind—
The breath ordained of Nature. Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled; in the utmost need
Prescient; thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed."

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.—I heard Lord Castlereagh* speak but once; it was a short time before death removed him from the sympathy of friends and the rancour of foes. Few men ever had more bitter, relentless, and resolute enemies. He was intensely hated, not by his own countrymen alone, but by all their abettors in every country of the world. It would be difficult now to realise the extent of abhorrence to which he was subjected, from the time—1789—of his entry into public life to the terrible close of it on the 10th of August, 1822. No doubt he had given signs of insanity sufficient to satisfy the coroner's jury. On that head a letter, "private," was written, on the day preceding his suicide, by the Duke of Wellington to his doctor, warning him to be on the watch. It supplied conclusive evidence. Whether or not brain disease resulted from over toil, or whether, as was whispered, it was the consequence of a plot, cunningly, but demoniacally, laid, to subject him to an abhorrent charge, it is, I suppose, impossible to say; but he died by his own hand, and Byron among others gloated with fiendish joy over the self-slaughtered statesman, commemorating the awful event in a line of "Don Juan":—

"Carotid artery cutting Castlereagh!"

As I have said, I heard him but once. He was an ungraceful and unbecoming speaker, swaying his long body to and fro, jerking out his sentences, and seeming to illustrate the comprehensive line in *Hamlet:* "Words! words! words!" Although a caricature,

* Better known by that title than by that which he inherited on the death of his brother, Marquis of Londonderry, an Irish peer.

Moore's picture of him may be accepted as "from the life":—

> "Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?
> Because it is a slender thing of wood,
> That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
> And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
> In one weak, washy, everlasting flood."

Brougham, writing of Castlereagh, describes his rhetoric as often baffling alike the gravity of the Treasury bench and the art of the reporter—"leaving a wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could ever exist endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator." But he adds, "He had three things in his favour—tact, good humour, and courage."

I was present when the "self-slaughtered" body was laid in a tomb in Westminster Abbey, between the graves of Pitt and Fox. I shall never forget my sensation of horror when, as the body was taken from the bearers, there arose from the attendant crowd a howl of execration, such as my fancy could not have conceived at such a time in such a place. Obviously the insult had been pre-arranged: it was by no means a simultaneous burst of indignation. Persons appeared to have been placed in various parts of the crowd, and I heard a sort of low whistle—a signal, no doubt—when there broke out a positive yell, from several quarters, at the same time. It was impossible to hear it without a shudder.* I noticed one young man close to me who placed a sort of tube to

* "I am almost sorry to have lived till I have seen in England a collection of persons so brutalised, as, upon the taking the coffin at the Abbey out of the hearse, to have received it with cheering."—Lord Eldon.

his mouth and hooted. By a natural ebullition of wrath, I struck him in the face, and was instantly thrown to the ground and violently kicked. It would have been easy to identify those who thus insulted the living and the dead; but the matter was "hushed up." Groaning and yelling continued during the whole of the funeral service. Thus, "Castlereagh" was laid to rest, the latest blast of a turbulent life being, so to speak, in his ears when he took his place among the illustrious departed.

He was a tall man, but of awkward and certainly ungraceful form: as Lord Russell wrote of him, "an obscure orator, garnishing his speeches with obscure metaphors." "He had no classical quotation, no happy illustration, no historical examples, with which to adorn argument and enforce conviction." Yet we learn from the same high authority, "he was bold, calm, good-humoured, and dispassionate—a thorough gentleman—ready to bear and forbear with temper, seldom roused and never excited. A bold, brave, energetic, unscrupulous man, he carried the Union as no other power could have done—by cajolery and bribery, no doubt, but at least with his own conviction that it was the only way to preserve Ireland from domestic discord, commercial ruin, and civil war."

That his country will ever modify its sentence, is not to be thought of: in Ireland his memory will ever be associated with all that most excites hatred. He carried the Union; that was his crime in the eyes of his countrymen: not of all of them, however—there are very many, and they are the best, who regard that measure as a boon to England and a blessing to Ireland; at all events a neces-

sity, the non-effecting of which would have been unmitigated evil to both countries and a disaster to humanity.

Yet he was bold enough to accompany George IV. when he visited Ireland in 1821; but the King bore in his hand the olive-branch: it was more effective armour than would have been helmet, breastplate, and greaves of tempered steel. No Irishman of all the motley crowd would have dared to satiate vengeance at the expense of hospitality.* I stood very near him when he landed, and certainly heard no shouts of abhorrence to mar the charm of the universal greeting that hailed the monarch and his suite on the quay of Dunleary.

Of course on that occasion much "blarney" was given and taken on both sides. The farewell words of his Majesty were these: "Knowing the generosity and warmth of heart that distinguish the character of his faithful people in Ireland, he left them with a heart full of affection." Lord Castlereagh was not the only one present who laughed in his sleeve, barely twenty years after the Union.

I find this passage in the *New Monthly*, 1831:—

"The interests of some, and the personal affection of others, for the King produced the demonstration; but it was at best only the *mala sarta amicitia*. If a stranger to Ireland requires any proof of this, he will find it in the hollow and heartless acclamations which have hailed the arrival of some of the King's attendants. If there ever was a measure, before which opposing factions temporarily

* These words were written before the assassins of 1882 stained the green sward of Phœnix Park. That blood-stain another spring may have obliterated; but so long as Ireland is named in history the foul blot can never be erased.

united, it was the measure of the Union. They poured upon it their unanimous execration, denounced it as a calamity which laid their independence in the dust, and through each succeeding year held it up as the bane of their prosperity and the annihilation of their name. And yet, in twenty years after it passed—even in that very city which it had chiefly prostrated, whose mansions it had untenanted, whose merchants it had impoverished, whose streets it had depopulated, and whose splendour, as the seat of legislation, it had eclipsed for ever—even there the reviled author of that measure was so hailed by the plaudits of radical consistency, that if he did not altogether supersede the Sovereign, he may at least now with truth exclaim—

"'Divisum imperium cum Jove—habui!—'"

Under such circumstances, in 1821, George IV. set his foot, for the first and last time, on Irish soil. A paltry cenotaph marks the spot. Dunleary thenceforward became, in compliment to the monarch, Kingstown —a name it has ever since borne. I was present on that memorable occasion, and was stupid enough to write and publish a poem about it—"Ottava Rima—to commemorate the King's visit." There may be something like excuse for me; but if I had been an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, I think I would sooner have choked myself with the dirt upon which the foot of the King was pressed.

An address approved by O'Connell had this passage: "You will find a soldier in every one of us; and, in the defence of your throne and the liberties it sustains, our lives are at your service!"

And, "on the day of his embarkation, Mr. O'Connell, at the head of a Catholic deputation, presented him with a crown of laurel!" I think this statement can barely receive credit, but I find it in the "Life of Daniel

O'Connell," by his son, John O'Connell, M.P.—a biography that does nothing, or less than nothing, for the memory of his father, and is, perhaps, as wretched a piece of "editing" as the language supplies.

And this, too, is a resolution passed at a meeting of Catholics—O'Connell in the chair:—

"Resolved—that the paternal solicitude and benevolence manifested in this most gracious communication of our beloved Sovereign towards all classes and descriptions of his Irish subjects merits our enthusiastic gratitude and admiration."

What could the King say? What but this—which he did say? He addressed the crowd: "My heart has always been Irish; from the day it first beat I have loved Ireland. I shall drink all your healths in a bumper of good Irish whiskey."

GEORGE CANNING.—The greatest of all the statesmen and orators of the period with which I am dealing was, beyond question, George Canning. He had made his first speech in Parliament in 1794.

Following Canning one day, who was carrying a Bill of some moment to the House of Lords, and being close beside him, I could not help whispering to a fellow-reporter by my side, "What a splendid incarnation of the Deity!" Tall, over six feet in height, he had an upright, rather thin, and singularly manly, figure; the head well set above the shoulders. He dressed as became a gentleman—as far removed from slovenliness as from foppishness. The head was grandly fine, very bald;

small whiskers; the features strongly marked, yet approaching delicacy of cut, and firmly outlined; the forehead high and broad, giving proof of large creative power and indomitable energy and determination; yet combined with a grace and gentleness of manner that would hardly be miscalled if called womanly.

I see him at this moment, as I saw him when (on the 12th December, 1826), standing a little in advance of the Treasury bench, he pronounced the memorable and often-quoted words, "I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old!" There was a thrill throughout the audience—a great Nation's representatives—as if not a thunderbolt, but an archangel bearing one, had descended into the arena.

The House has had some startling effects since then: but the excitement produced by that single sentence was almost terrific. The House rose; few members kept their seats; the stately dignity of the assembly was gone; there was absolutely waving of hats, and the cheers were loud and long. Some minutes passed before Canning could resume his speech.

The great orator stood with folded arms surveying the effect of the few words that had acted like an electric shock. "His chest heaved and dilated, a noble pride curled his lip." He was like a war-horse pawing the ground at the sound of a trumpet-call to battle; such excitement in so staid an assembly was probably never seen before—certainly has never been seen since.

It must be taken into account that the words were spoken by the first orator of the day—in a voice of mingled melody and power—a man who, in form and

feature, might have been the inspiration of some Greek ideal when manly vigour had replaced the slightness and grace of youth. He was what Antinous might have been when a man of fifty. I imagine his voice, in common usage, was gentle; it was generally so when he spoke upon ordinary topics to the House.

I was present in the House on that evening when there took place the memorable duel—of words—between Canning and his great rival Brougham. It was on the 17th of April, 1823. A slight reference is made to it in a Life of Canning by Robert Bell, but I have never seen the scene pictured. Canning was the Foreign Secretary, the head of the Government being Lord Liverpool; Plunkett was the Irish Attorney-General; other upholders of the Catholic "claims" were among the Ministers. Canning, with other members of the Government, had deemed it prudent to shelve the Catholic question for a year. The Opposition thought it ought not so to be, and, headed by Sir Francis Burdett, protested against the policy of Ministers.

Brougham, after complimenting Peel, the Home Secretary, and others who were at least consistent in their hostility, poured out the full vial of his wrath against those who, while professing to be its advocates, deserted and betrayed the cause, and traced the careers of traitors from Judas Iscariot downwards. Brougham spoke from the second Opposition bench. Canning, with folded arms, sat on the Treasury bench opposite, apparently an indifferent listener.

"And now," said Brougham, "I approach the right honourable gentleman opposite." There was a sudden pause; the House anticipated what was coming, apparently with a shudder of apprehension. "He has been guilty of monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office. The whole history of political tergiversation can furnish——" The sentence was cut short. Canning suddenly rose, like a tiger roused from his lair by the shot that vitally touched him, and exclaimed, "*It is false!*" As he resumed his seat a profound silence reigned throughout the House that endured for full half a minute, when the solemn yet musical voice of Manners Sutton, the Speaker, broke it with the single word, "Order!" Brougham, who had continued standing, was in the act of descending to leave the House, when Hume, who sat next to him, seized his coat and pulled him back. Even in those days, much more a few years previously, there was but one way of settling such a matter—at twelve paces, two "friends" looking on.*

Since we have had a reformed Parliament such incidents have become somewhat common in the House; but in 1824 it was a sudden horror, as terrible as the spectre that drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night. To hear a Minister of State give the lie direct to a leader of the Opposition was an unthought-of event, and a duel

* It had been thus when a somewhat similar broil took place between Grattan and Fitzgibbon in the Irish House of Commons, when the latter applied unpleasant words to the former; Grattan beckoned Fitzgibbon, and both quitted the House, every member in it knowing well what they meant to do. In about half an hour afterwards Grattan returned, apologised for a "necessary" absence, and addressed the House, regretting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not in his place to hear him. The right honourable gentleman had been "winged," and was then in the custody of two physicians in his own house. I do not know where this anecdote is recorded, but it is *apropos* to my story.

appeared as necessary as blood-letting in apoplexy. Explanations, however, followed; considerate friends on both sides interfered; the marvellous peace-maker "If" triumphed, and pistols were left undischarged.

The courage of Canning was not questioned; that of Brougham was. Canning had fought Castlereagh, who wounded him; and he was known to be always ready to give the "satisfaction" that was then in vogue. It was not his fault that he had not had a duel with Hobhouse, to whom he wrote a letter denouncing him as "a liar and a slanderer, who only wanted courage to be an assassin"—intimating that he was "waiting for an answer."

I see now, in clear vision, the great orator, his tall form seemingly taller by a foot, his face flushed, his eye flashing, as he stretched out his right arm, advanced a step forward, and uttered the three words that shook the House—although not a sound broke the appalling silence. There was a striking contrast between their personal appearances—Canning in indignant wrath, and Brougham, whose advantages of form and features were so few and so limited!

After the Speaker's vain effort to induce "retractation," and a motion that both parties should be committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, a sort of compromise was effected. Brougham continued the speech that had been thus interrupted, and an end was put to one of the most exciting incidents ever witnessed in the British House of Commons.*

* A motion was made that the Serjeant-at-Arms should take both the honourable members into custody; against which Brougham protested, on the

Some years afterwards—in 1830—a somewhat similar scene took place in the House. Mr. Brougham, in allusion to an implied threat of the Duke of Wellington to resign in case of a defeat of the Ministry, said, "Him I accuse not; I accuse you (pointing with outstretched hand to the Ministerial benches), his flatterers, his mean, fawning parasites." Up rose Sir Robert Peel, with the question—"Does the honourable and learned gentleman presume to say of me that I am the fawning parasite of any man?"

Brougham's answer was prompt: "It is absurd, it is ridiculous to suppose I meant to allude to him! I spoke of parasites as the *pessimum genus inimicorum.*" There was no breach of the peace.

From the time when, in 1794, he made his maiden speech in the House, until 1827, when he died at Chiswick, no public man, not even Pitt, claimed and received so large a share of public comment as George Canning. There was no subject, however foreign to his previous studies, but—

> "The knot of it he would unloose,
> Familiar as his garter—"

Perhaps the highest encomium he ever received was from Sir James Mackintosh.

"I know," he said, "that he was a man of the purest honour, that he was a man of the most rare and splendid

ground that if Mr. Canning had committed a breach of the rules of the House, he (Mr. Brougham) had been guilty of no such offence, complaining that the interruption had occurred when he had uttered but half the sentence he had intended to deliver.

talents; renowned throughout Europe for his brilliant genius and philosophic thinking; that with his best zeal, as well as with success, he applied that genius and those views of policy to advance the glory and the service of his country."

His great rival, Brougham, writes of Canning's eloquence as "brilliant but often tinsel." The praise he withholds from the orator he gives to the man: "Canning in all the relations of domestic life was blameless; the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own."

Though born in London, he was an Irishman in virtue of both parents. His mother, a Miss Costello, was, after the death of George Canning, one of the seven wives of a profligate actor, Reddish, and on his death married a third time a Mr. Hunn, a silk-mercer of Exeter. My father knew her intimately. I have often heard him describe her as a singularly attractive woman, whose only fault was her continual talk of her "son in London." She had made no figure as an actress, although she played "Jane Shore" with David Garrick.

It is recorded of Canning that "he made it a sacred rule to write to his mother every week" when he was a young student and when he was Prime Minister of the greatest country of the world, for she did not die until 1827, in her eighty-first year. George Canning was born in 1770, and his father died a year afterwards. It was common to style the Prime Minister an "adventurer," but he came of a race of Irish gentlemen. Though Ireland was largely indebted to him for the boon of Catholic emancipation (to which he led the way), Ireland does not seem to have added his name to her list of worthies.

He was but fifty-seven years old when he died. It was said, and I believe truly, that his death resulted from a cold caught in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, while attending at midnight the funeral of the Duke of York in January, 1827. The night was bitterly severe. No carpet nor matting had been laid on the bare stones. Lord Eldon placed his cocked hat under his feet and stood upon it. Stapleton says that Canning suggested to him the act that probably saved the old man's life; unhappily he had not taken the same care of his own.

On that mournful occasion I stood close to both those great men during the whole of the service. It was, in truth, a gloomy night. As soon as the impressive ceremony was ended, a carriage with four horses took back the reporters to town. Much of our work was written in pencil during the drive, and in the morning full details were in the newspapers.*

In August, 1827, Canning was buried in Westminster Abbey. A statue of him is placed there, and another in the "garden" of the House in which he had won his triumphs. It is a masterpiece of the great sculptor, Chantrey. He had a fine subject, and did it justice. It is of bronze, and when first placed its colour was a glaring green. It was commonly nicknamed "the Green Man and Still"—the well-known name of a famous tavern and posting-house in Fleet Street. It is one of the few statues that grace the public thoroughfares of the Metropolis of which the country may be proud.

* We had assembled in the drawing-room of Charles Knight, a bookseller of Windsor, then and always a kind and courteous gentleman. His name afterwards became famous as one of the benefactors of humankind.

Yet, in 1822, reform of Parliament was effectively and eloquently opposed by Canning, who vigorously defended the "rotten" boroughs. He "did not believe that to increase the power of the people, or rather to bring that power into direct, immediate, and incessant operation upon the House, would enable the House to discharge its functions more carefully." Canning carried his motion against Lord John Russell's motion for Parliamentary Reform by a majority of 269 to 164 in favour of it.

In 1827, he said, "I am asked what I mean to do on the subject of Parliamentary Reform? Why, I say, to oppose it—to oppose it to the end of my life in this House, as hitherto I have done."

And in that same speech he said, "I am asked what I intend to do respecting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts? My answer is, to oppose it. . . . . I think that the exertions of the Legislature ought to be directed to the redress of *practical* and not *theoretical* grievances. . . . . I will, therefore, oppose the repeal."

Lord Eldon.—It would be hard to find a more perfect character than that of Lord Eldon. The domestic virtues were his no less than the loftier qualities that make the statesman and the patriot—industry, perseverance, unimpeachable integrity! He may not have been generous, but he was ever just. He was buried by the side of his "beloved Bessie," his comforter in adversity, the sharer of his prosperity, his devoted friend and constant companion. The ring he directed to be buried with him

might have told a soul-stirring and encouraging tale of early struggles to achieve success—mutually endured to be mutually triumphant. The honours he obtained were as truly hers as they were his.

I saw the great and good man "lying in state" in his chamber at Hamilton Place. A throng passed through the sombre apartment. It was not then, as it is now, the custom to lay flowers on the pall and coffin; but a single sprig of myrtle some kindly—perhaps grateful—hand had placed there. It was the depth of winter: there was snow on the ground without, but the green leaves seemed emblematic of the future of the venerable man who had gone to his grave—to rise again and "flourish in immortal youth."

His "presence" was not commanding, yet he looked dignified in his robes, and was certainly imposing when he walked from the woolsack to the bar of the House of Peers to receive a Bill from the Commons.

When comparatively young, he was, according to Lord Campbell, "about the middle size, his figure slight and athletic, his eye bright and full, his smile remarkably benevolent, and his whole appearance prepossessing." I do not so recall him; but I see him now presiding at his court, or on the woolsack as "Speaker of the House of Lords;" his large and bushy grizzled eyebrows pushing out from under a brow furrowed, yet indicating profound thought; square features, the lower jaw as wide as the forehead—a forehead broad and high, straight up from the cheek bones, with remarkable absence of ideality. If not cheerful, he was always courteous, gave sympathy to clients where he postponed judgment, and

commented on the law's delay with a consolatory smile. Wilberforce said of him, "I feel sure he would rather die than make an unjust decision." He was certainly not an orator—not eloquent; but I never heard him at a loss for words; he never used the flowers of rhetoric, which have been likened to the red poppies of the cornfield, pleasant to those who desire eye-pleasing, but prejudicial to those who would reap the harvest. His manner and way of speaking were the opposites of graceful, and not even earnest—but they conveyed the idea of resolute determination in what he believed to be right —the thorough conviction of the speaker.

Such is my portrait of Lord Chancellor Eldon; it is tinged, perhaps, after a lapse of fifty years, by an incident that left an impression on my memory which time has barely weakened and certainly not removed. I have recorded it in my Recollections of the Newspaper Press.

Charges of some kind against him, chiefly for delay, or postponement of judgment, and occasionally for becoming wealthy at the cost of clients, were of annual recurrence in either the Lower or the Upper House.

If his "hesitations (I quote Sir Robert Peel) had arisen from his indulgence in pleasure or in frivolous amusements, the public might have reprehended rightly: but he was ever at work; and if his decisions were slow, they were sure; if he amassed a large fortune, it was but the fruit of labour and justly his due." *

* I remember reporting a speech of Lord Eldon's in which he denied, as utterly untrue, the assertion that he annually received a very large sum as accruing to him from proceeds in cases of bankruptcy. The assaults on him had been exceedingly bitter. My report was this: "His lordship declared that, so far from receiving year after year the sum stated, he protested in the

Lord Eldon and his brother, Lord Stowell, are among the most conspicuous and encouraging examples, so frequent in Great Britain, of men achieving distinction by force of ability, industry, and integrity. Lord Eldon, though of better descent and fairer prospects than his immediate successor (Lord Lyndhurst) could have had no well-grounded expectation of rising to the loftiest position in the state.* Yet he did so, by stern and resolute perseverance, untiring energy and industry, and incorruptible integrity; for though often subjected to calumny, there was no tittle of evidence of departure from the strict path of rectitude that "brings a man peace at the last." He set an example of piety as well as probity. His own words are, "I have no doubt of the Divine origin of the sacred volumes." His piety was fervent, though unostentatious. Some one in the *New Monthly*, 1832, wrote of him:—

"Habitually and practically, the influences of religion were present, and operative, and permanent within him—whether amid the perplexities of law, the struggles of power, or the sorrows of domestic bereavement—alike in his health and in his sickness, in his youth and in his age. With him religion was a matter of feeling as well as of conviction; it was the stock on which his virtues grew: his standard in action and his refuge in suffering."

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presence of God (here the noble and learned lord shed tears) that he had never during any one year received more than three-fourths of that amount." No doubt in my haste in transcribing I had set down the "three-fourths" in figures—3/4. My horror may be imagined when I found it thus printed next morning in the *New Times*:—The learned lord "solemnly declared that during no one year of his life had his income from that source exceeded *three shillings and fourpence*."

* He writes thus of himself:—"He himself had been one of the lower classes. He gloried in the fact; and it was noble and delightful to know that the humblest man in the realm might, by a life of industry, propriety, and good moral and religious conduct, rise to eminence. All could not become eminent in public life—that was impossible—but every man might arrive at honour, independence, and competence."

Yet no man has lived, in my time, who was subjected to such unmitigated abuse as was Lord Chancellor Eldon. None have been subjected to more intense hatred: he was pursued by political opponents, often with a bitterness absolutely fiendish. He was a Tory of the old school, and opposed all changes as perilous to the constitution; it was his sole "crime," but it was one that could not be condoned in the estimation of Reformers, in whose way he was a serious and dangerous stumbling-block. No doubt the stern position he took as regarded Catholic Emancipation strengthened, if it did not originate, the intense hatred to which he was subjected. On that exciting topic he was as immovable as the rock that has endured the fury of the storms of centuries. Happily he has been a false prophet; but he was pure in motive, true to his conviction, faithful to his trust, and surely believed in the coming evils against which he solemnly and emphatically warned his country. I heard him utter in the House of Peers this remarkable sentence:—

"If he had a voice that would sound to the remotest corner of the empire, he would re-echo the principle which he most firmly believed—that if ever a Roman Catholic was permitted to form part of the Legislature of this country, or to hold any of the great executive offices of the Government, from that moment the sun of Great Britain would set."

I feel, while I write, as if I saw the venerable man leave the woolsack, advance a few steps towards the centre of the House, and utter the emphatic warning. He held up his hand, clenched, but with one finger protruded. It was the peroration of an argumentative

speech. When the sentence was said, he returned calmly and deliberately to his seat, and seemed as if he had discharged a last duty. But not long afterwards, he was present as a Peer when the Duke of Norfolk and the Roman Catholic lords took their seats as members of the House, qualified to sit, and speak, and vote upon any subject under consideration of the Legislature.* I could easily read (for I was present on that memorable and impressive occasion) in the countenance of the old man, the humiliation he endured, and the agony he suffered, for he as fully believed that, for hereafter, the sun of Great Britain had set as that the noblemen before him were "not shadows, but substantial things."

Lord Campbell is "charitable enough" to believe that his doubts were generally "white lies;" but Lord Campbell was uncharitable enough to disbelieve any good, and to give credit to any evil. He could not—or at all events, did not—comprehend the conscientious "scrupulosity" of Lord Eldon. Yet in many ways the one accorded justice to the other, sustaining the belief (very limited "equity") that "the Court of Chancery, under Lord Eldon's superintendence, was not a clog and a burthen upon the rank, wealth, and industry of the country."

The good old Earl was fond of his jokes; but they were never delivered, either in or out of court, at the expense of others. They were such as this—written to a

* Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Canning, in 1822, had resolved, though by a narrow majority of five in a full House, "the restoration of Catholic peers to the rights of sitting and voting in the House of Lords;" and though subsequently rejected by the Upper House by a majority of forty-two, the thin edge of the wedge was introduced, and it became a national conviction that Roman Catholic Emancipation could not be much longer postponed.

personal friend—"I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. Turn over." On the other side of the sheet was written, "I gave it to you yesterday." And such as this: Basil Montagu was introducing many anecdotes into a speech when addressing the Chancellor, who thus commented—"Mr. Montagu, your structure appears to be composed of so many *stories* that I am afraid we shall never get to the top of it."

He died the 13th January, 1838, in his eighty-seventh year, preserving and using his rare faculties to the last, personally active up to the close of his long life. His elder brother, Lord Stowell, reached his ninety-first year. The good Lord Eldon had a strong remembrance of favours conferred, and a short memory for injuries endured; his piety was fervent, though unostentatious; his home affections were strong; generous he was to all competitors, as much so when a young and struggling barrister as when seated on the woolsack; alike suave in temper and stern of purpose.

I am full of joy while I write this tribute to the memory of a great and good man. I cannot conclude it better than by quoting a passage from a letter written by him to his daughter in 1825—"I shall do what I think right: a maxim I have endeavoured in past life to make the rule of my conduct, and trust the consequences to God!"

THE DUKE OF YORK.—I heard his Royal Highness the Duke of York make his famous speech against

Catholic Emancipation,* in 1825: when he referred to the Coronation Oath, and protested that he would never give his assent to the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, in whatever position he might be placed (he was then heir-presumptive to the Crown)—"So help me God!"

The Duke will be remembered as a portly man, good of form (though over stout), and handsome of features.

He spoke from the Opposition side of the House, but advanced to its centre close to the bar; seemed "flustered" and excited, as if conscious of the weight of words that would have closed the door against not only conciliation, but wisdom, justice, and mercy. The adjuration (for such it was) was received in ominous silence; there were no cheers as the heir to the throne resumed his seat. A few of the Peers approached him when the House broke up—that was all. No doubt the declaration had been expected by some of them, but there seemed evidence rather of sorrow than of satisfaction; more of fear than of joy; certainly there was nothing like applause. Probably, if I had been nearer to the woolsack, I should have noticed a shudder pass through the major part of that august assembly.

The Duke of York did not live to witness the triumph of the cause he had condemned and execrated; but he

* The speech of his Royal Highness found, at that time, a responsive echo throughout the Kingdom; it was printed in letters of gold and exposed for sale in the shops of all stationers; it was (in very large type) posted on the walls of the Metropolis and the provinces, and the sentiments it expressed were proclaimed to be those of the King, George IV.; indeed, it was boldly stated that they were dictated by his Majesty for delivery by his brother in the House of Peers.

foresaw it. The sentence, "So help me God!" was echoed again and again throughout Ireland; and aided rather than impeded the cause it was meant to crush.

Nearly sixty years have passed since I heard that memorable speech: it may be well to transcribe and print some passages from it:—

"It was an attempt to make a total change in the fundamental principle of the constitution, and to strike at the very root of its existence. . . . . Their lordships were required to surrender every principle of the constitution, and deliver us up, bound hand and foot, to the mercy and generosity of the Roman Catholics, without any assurance even that they would be satisfied with such fearful concessions. . . . . He wished to ask whether their lordships had considered the situation in which they might place the King, or whether they recollected the oath his Majesty had taken at the altar to his people upon his coronation. He begged to read the words of that oath—'I will, to the utmost of my power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law; and I will preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them.' . . . . These were the principles which he had imbibed from his earliest youth; to the justice of which he had subscribed, after serious consideration, when he attained more matured years; and these were the principles to which he would adhere, and which he would maintain and act up to, to the latest moment of his existence, whatever might be his situation of life. So help me God!" *

After his death, Moore wrote one of the most powerful of his poems, "The Irish Slave;" but the personal influence of the royal dead swayed the muse of the poet:

* The speech was delivered in the House of Lords on Monday, April 5th, 1825, on the occasion of presenting the petition of the Dean and Canons of Windsor, "praying that no further concessions should be made to the Roman Catholics." The Duke died on the 3rd January, 1827.

"His was the error of head, not heart." I copy a verse:—

> "He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,
> He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
> But sealed that hate with a name Divine,
> And he now was dead and——I couldn't rejoice."

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—I write the name of Sir Robert Peel with respect approaching homage. It is, I think, that of the wisest statesman who has ever ruled the destinies of these Kingdoms; that is to say, a minister of whose acts posterity would have repealed the fewest; from whose printed speeches the fewest sentences would have to be erased; and who might supply for all time an example of prudence, forethought, temper, loyalty, and true patriotism. Although I have so very often seen and heard him, and might, I think, picture him with accuracy, I prefer, to any I can give, his portrait by Lord Dalling:—

"He was tall and powerfully built; his body somewhat bulky for his limbs, his head small and well formed, his features regular. His countenance was not what would be generally called expressive, but it was capable of taking the expression he wished to give it; humour, sarcasm, persuasion, and command being its alternate characteristics. The character of the man was seen more, however, in the whole person than in the face. He did not stoop, but he leant rather forwards; his mode of walking was peculiar, and rather like that of a cat, but that of a cat that was well acquainted with the ground it was moving over. The step showed no doubt or apprehension, it could hardly be called stealthy; but it glided on, firmly and cautiously, without haste, swagger, or unevenness, and as he quietly walked from the bar to his seat he looked round him, as if scanning the assembly, and when anything particular was expected, sat down with an air of preparation for the coming contest.

"The oftener you heard him speak, the more his speaking gained upon you. Addressing the House several times in the night on various subjects, he always seemed to know more than any one else did about each of them, and to convey to you the idea that he thought he did so. His language was not usually striking, but it was always singularly correct, and gathered force with the development of his argument. He never seemed occupied with himself. His effort was evidently directed to convince you, not that he was *eloquent*, but that he was *right*. When the subject suited it, he would be witty, and with a look and a few words he could most effectively convey contempt. He could reply also with great spirit to an attack, but he was rarely aggressive."

It was a mournful day—the 29th of June, 1850—for all that appertains to Great Britain, when, riding slowly up Constitution Hill, the horse stumbled, and the then Premier was thrown to the ground. On the 2nd of July, 1850, he died. There was universal mourning throughout Great Britain at the statesman's death, at the comparatively early age of sixty-three. All parties joined in grief: many old and renowned statesmen—among them, it is said, the Iron Duke—wept when they heard the fatal news; a whole "public" tendered sympathy. An offered peerage to his widow was declined. She would hold no other rank than that she derived from her husband. To all humankind it was, what Palmerston described it, "a great calamity."

The purity of his motives as a minister of the Crown was rarely doubted while he lived, and is not questioned now that he has long been dead; while in all the relations of private life he was in every sense irreproachable and estimable. Few men have had a higher and finer testimonial to their public worth than had Peel, when, on the 12th of May, 1838, he received an invitation from three hundred and thirteen Conservative members

of the House of Commons to a public dinner, three hundred being actually present to testify "their full, unanimous, and enthusiastic approbation of his conduct in Parliament and elsewhere."

It was always a pleasure to hear him speak. His voice was much under control, easily modulated, but as easily raised; and although not often impassioned, he was occasionally fierce. Yet he was always governed by the "decorous," and seemed incapable of ungenerous assault upon an adversary, although often goaded to the quick. As an orator his place is in the second rank. He was a fluent speaker, and his manner was always impressive—somewhat over eager to convince, as if he distrusted either his audience or himself. He was a singularly clear-headed man of business, and business details he ever brought within compass of the least informed of his hearers in the House. There was generally an implied comment, "If Sir Robert says it is so, it must be so," implying confidence in the soundness of his judgment and his pure integrity. No doubt he was "inconsistent," notoriously so as to Free Trade, the Corn Laws, and Catholic Emancipation; but he pleaded guilty, if such a term can be applied, to the necessity for changes that had not been foreseen—of confessing that he was wiser to-day than he had been yesterday.*

My own memory of Peel tallies with the portrait as drawn by Lord Dalling. I picture him as stately of person, yet by no means aristocratic; deliberate, though not formal; careful as to dress (he usually wore a white

* Among the good things said by O'Connell this was one—"Inconsistency is merely an admission that I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday." I may not quote the exact words, but I do the sense of them.

waistcoat in the House), but the very opposite of a fop.* Of strong health and vigorous constitution; always ready with an abundant command of words, but never either scornful or flippant in word, look, or manner; an adversary who in any contest seemed of right to claim respect; always prepared to answer an assailant; and never seemingly unable to explain; often animated, and always steadfast in debate; especially argumentative, and apparently reasoning from conviction, whether as regarded a turnpike-road Bill, or a threat of war in Europe. To opponents he was rarely discourteous. There was certainly nothing about him suggestive of chivalry; but there was never an attempt to gain by irritation.

In fact, Sir Robert Peel ever seemed desirous to impress on his hearers only that which he himself believed to be true; and to do so without equivocation or circumlocution, taking the shortest and most direct path to conviction, and seldom staying to gather flowers on the way.

It is no wonder that in his various high offices, and especially while so long Prime Minister, he should have had a resolute and devoted "following;" that, for a space, the term "Peelite" was the shibboleth of a party almost as definite as that of Whig and Tory.

Specially honoured by men of letters be the name of Sir Robert Peel—great statesman and good man. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered "peace" to Felicia Hemans, dying;

* It was Guizot who said of him—"He was dignified without elegance."

he it was who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed, among the hills and dells, and rivers and streams of Westmoreland; he who lightened the desk labour of the Quaker-poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the overtaxed brain of Robert Southey; from him came the sunshine to the shady place in the home of James Montgomery; it was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and Heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood; nay, he might have heard an echo of the "God bless him!" murmured, when in the death-throe, by unhappy Maginn.

The present generation will, I think, be willing to admit his estimate of the sacrifices he made when proclaimed by some of his political opponents a renegade.

The memorable words were written by him soon after his change—not of opinions but of policy—in 1829.

"I can with truth affirm, as I do solemnly affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, 'to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid,' that in advising and promoting the measures of 1829, I was swayed by no fear except the fear of public calamity, and that I acted throughout from a deep conviction that those measures were not only conducive to the general welfare, but that they had become imperatively necessary in order to avert from interests which had a special claim upon my support—the interests of the Church and of institutions connected with the Church—an imminent and increasing danger.

"It may be that I was unconsciously influenced by motives less perfectly pure and disinterested, by the secret satisfaction of being—

> "'——When the waves went high,
> A daring pilot in extremity.'

But at any rate it was no ignoble ambition which prompted me to bear the brunt of a desperate conflict, and at the same time to submit to the sacrifice of everything dear to a public man, excepting the approval of his own conscience, and the hope of ultimate justice."

When Sydney Smith, in the autumn of his days, was taunted with no longer supporting certain extreme opinions which he had advanced in his youth, he replied that he was no more ashamed of having held those opinions, and of having got over them, than he was of having had the chicken-pox. "In 1837, when Southey had become a prosperous gentleman, and when he had long been the stanchest of Tories—when he was in receipt of a handsome pension from the Crown, and had been offered a baronetcy by Sir Robert Peel—he did not scruple to include "Wat Tyler" among his collected poetical works, calmly stating that he was no more ashamed of having been a Republican than of having been a boy, and backing up his procedure with a quotation from St. Augustine."

LORD LYNDHURST.—I remember John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, as Campbell describes him, "tall, erect, and gracefully proportioned." I saw him when

his life was closing, when his years numbered four score and ten; and found that he had carried into extreme old age the qualities that made him conspicuous in his early manhood.

A picture very interesting to him, as painted by his father, was engraved, from the Royal Gallery, for the *Art Journal*. Lyndhurst had expressed a wish to procure a copy, and it was my privilege to take him one. He received me in his library with courtesy approaching graciousness; conversed freely on some Art subjects, and made judicious comments on the engraving I submitted to him. He seemed by no means weighed down by years; and if I had not known his age, I should have guessed him to be not over sixty.

Lord Campbell, so long his associate, his colleague at the bar, his successor, for a time, as Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Peers, his rival often, but his inferior always, wrote his "Life," and illustrated the expressive saying, "Save me from my friends!" It was said of his "Lives of the Chancellors" that he added "a new sting to death;" and of the writer Brougham said, "He has a prescriptive right to tell lies of all Chancellors, living or dead." He confesses to "a hankering kindness for Lyndhurst with all his faults," and professes to have "done his best for him, as far as his conscience would permit." In that spirit Campbell entered on his task; but his portrait is no more faithful to the original than a theatrical star in pantomime is to the veritable light that gives glory to an evening sky. Lord Lyndhurst supplies

another proof that hard work does not shorten life. He was born in 1772, and died in 1863, at the "ripe" age of ninety-two. In 1794 he was admitted a member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Thus he might have witnessed the Lord George Gordon riots, and have stood under the scaffold when the *ça-ira* was bellowed by female fiends trampling in the blood of Marie Antoinette; yet those who are hardly men in years may have walked with him down Bond Street, and maidens barely out of their teens have been danced upon his knee. He might have seen Chatham dying among his peers in the House, and heard Burke deplore the decadence of chivalry; patted on the head, and given words of warning and encouragement to the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and have seen James Watt pondering over the power that moved the cover of a tea-kettle.*

He was four times Lord High Chancellor of England. His mother lived to see him "in his robes;" and he died in the house—5, George Street, Hanover Square—where his father had pursued his calling as an artist: a member of the Royal Academy contemporary with Sir Joshua Reynolds.

How very close to a far-off history we may be brought by a single link! A treasure of some considerable value was lost to the world in the sea-sunk notes of Copley

* Lord Campbell, in his Life of Lord Lyndhurst, says:—"In his person he was tall, erect, and gracefully proportioned. His features were strongly marked, and his whole countenance well-chiselled, with some fine lines of thought in it—nevertheless, occasionally with a sinister smile of great cunning and some malignity, which obtained for him the *sobriquet* of Mephistophiles." He was eighty-eight years old (in 1860) when he made his last speech in the House of Peers: it was on the Bill for the repeal of the paper duty.

regarding his tour through the United States (in 1803), where he travelled for several weeks in the company of Louis Philippe. They would have been curious reading —the thoughts of the great Chancellor and of the afterwards Citizen-King.

The unfortunate speech in which Lyndhurst protested against granting concessions to Roman Catholics, on the ground that they were "aliens in blood, religion, and nationality," laid him open to the telling rebuke that he was himself more of an alien than the people he cried down, having been born in Boston, U.S. O'Connell smote him and spared not, describing the assailant of Irish Catholics as "himself an alien, and liable to be reclaimed as a refugee Yankee." Moreover, not only was Lyndhurst an alien by birth (if we can so style one who was born a British subject), but he had Irish blood in his veins: his grandmother was an Irishwoman. To the overpowering outburst of Shiel I shall elsewhere allude. It was one of the great Chancellor's few mistakes; but it was no more than that. He paid dearly for it. Had he lived much longer he would have found bands of "United" Irishmen, eagerly avowing that they *are* "aliens," proud of the distinction, which they regard as a glory and not a reproach.*

What would he have said, and what would have been Shiel's indignant comment, if, in 1881, fifty years after

* Not only in public speeches, but in published documents, the British Parliament is described as "an alien senate;" that the Irish are "aliens" is admitted as a grave boast. The ghost of Richard Shiel would shrink (if a ghost can shrink) at the proud avowal that they covet and desire to be so considered.

the Catholic Relief Bill had passed—and not only "liberty," but "equality" had become the conceded rights of the weaker party—they had read a solemn document issued under the sanction of fifteen hundred delegates of the Irish people, describing the connection between England and Ireland as "a detestable system of *alien* rule"?

He was in his eighty-eighth year when he spoke for an hour in the House of Lords, and, as Campbell writes, "poured forth eloquent strains." He was but one of four great lawyers—Eldon, Brougham, Campbell, Lyndhurst, whose ages far surpassed that to which King David limits human life—three score years and ten; and whose lives subsequently were not as the Psalmist anticipates them—full of suffering and sorrow: these four grand examples, who

> "Scorned delights, and lived laborious days,"

were usefully occupied to the last—valuable proofs that hard work does not kill, though sloth often does. Thus wrote Lord Brougham:—

"My grandmother was born in Queen Anne's reign; so that I have conversed with a person who was alive one hundred and eighty years ago, and who might have heard her relative, who lived to the age of one hundred and six, speak of events that happened in Queen Elizabeth's reign."

It is matter for regret that no "Life" of Lord Lyndhurst has been published. That evil is not to endure "for long." It is announced that—supplied with ample

material by Lady Lyndhurst—the duty is about to be discharged by Sir Theodore Martin. Surely the task could not have been confided to better hands.

LORD BROUGHAM.—The greatest of all the great men, who have been at once renowned at the bar and famous in the House of Commons, was undoubtedly Lord Brougham. For the larger part of half a century he was before the world in many ways, and always in the front. What a contrast he was to his great opponent, George Canning! All that made Canning attractive Brougham lacked—so far as regards the outer man. Careless to a blameable extent of personal appearance, his clothes hung loosely about him, as if his tailor, when he made them, had neglected to take his measure. His action was the reverse of graceful; his features coarse and somewhat awry, the well-remembered twitching of the nose giving to them rather a repulsive character; the eyes were not expressive, except when animated, and then they rather reminded one of the vulture than the eagle—sly in their fierceness and little indicating the strength of expression so paramount in his flexible and powerful voice. It was not the eye of the Ancient Mariner that compelled the bystander to listen; yet Brougham never failed to do so—being a man whose sway was instinctively irresistible. Slightly tinged at all times with Scottish accent, his voice was broad, strong, flexible, vigorous, and mentally healthful—the very opposite to that of his great ally, "silver-tongued Denman," who, moreover, had the personal grace in which Brougham was so defective.

Brougham's greatest triumphs were before my time; but in 1823, perhaps, he was in his zenith, so far as Parliament was concerned, for when he became a peer and Lord High Chancellor his sun was setting: there was a cloud of glory all about him even then, but it was the cloud that heralded a coming night.

It was foreseen that Brougham the Lord would be the inferior of Brougham the Commoner. So it was undoubtedly. In the House of Peers he was never at home. I can only liken him there to a man who wears another man's clothes that do not fit him. His motions were uneasy at best, sometimes so much so that he appeared to be "seated on a hot griddle." He fidgetted from side to side, rose without dignity, and ungracefully resumed his seat—starting up and flopping down.

It was a wonderfully full life: the harvest would demand large barns in which to garner it. His speeches in Parliament were so numerous as to number at least one for every day while the session lasted. It was sometimes so amusing as to make the whole House smile in expectation, when Canning sat looking at Brougham and Brougham sat looking at Canning—each eager that the one opposite should first address the House and give to the other the advantage of a reply. It was usually the last, and not the first, blow that told.*

* "He was accustomed to take his seat near the Speaker's end of the principal Opposition bench, clad in old and ill-made garments of black, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, as if it were his object to represent deep and dark reflection as well as the borough of Winchester."—*New Monthly*, 1830.

So much has been said and written concerning Brougham, and I could say so little that is new, that I make my recollection of him brief. As the world knows, he left "Memoirs of his Life and Times" (which his brother edited). Its concluding passage is this: "Let it be recollected that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days whose recollections might have aided mine. All are dead! I alone survive of those who had acted in the scenes I have here faintly endeavoured to retrace."

[I utter all these words and apply them to myself: I am as old as he was when he wrote them.]

After a life of marvellous activity, every hour of which was busy, except the hours he gave to sleep, he retired, as far as it was possible for him to do, from all employment except that of recording the events and incidents of his long life—a work singularly poor compared with what it was expected to have been—and died at Cannes in 1868, having lived four score years and ten: another proof that what is called "hard" labour—labour arduous and continuous—does not shorten life.

Perhaps no man of his time worked harder than did Henry Brougham. I have often seen him active in the King's Bench all the morning, conducting a case with much energy, and apparent resolve that nothing should deprive him of a verdict—as if his honour depended on the issue—and have again beheld him at night delivering from his place in the House an oration that electrified

his audience of legislators. During the interval between leaving the courts at Westminster and entering the House of Commons, he had attended some meeting to speak, or headed some deputation, or taken the chair at a public dinner, or laboured on some committee, taking —it seemed to lookers-on—no rest; while the products of his pen can only be described by one word—they were prodigious.

It would, however, be unpardonable to pass over, without a parting tribute of applause, his labours in the glorious cause of education and mental improvement. To his matchless energy, his daring conception, and determined perseverance, is that cause most signally indebted. The angry disputes of politics perish and are forgotten, the voice of the orator is heard no more, and the thousands of hearts that beat with the inspiration of his eloquence are still as the turf beneath which they sleep; but even then will our children and our children's children be drinking of that mighty fount of knowledge which Brougham has done so much to set free for all humankind, while myriads of instructed men will venerate his name. When we think of these things we forget the fierce and intemperate politician: we remember only the man to whom intellectual ability was the surest passport for attention, who, while he is all scorn to dunces, however high their station, is all humility to knowledge, however lowly the garb that clothes it.

His famous speech on law reform is that of which I retain the most vivid remembrance. I reported part of it; indeed, it gave the labour of a night to every reporter on the establishment, for it lasted six hours. The peroration was, I think, one of the grandest things on record. His appeal to George IV., that "his boast might be loftier than that of Augustus—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble"—produced a murmur of applause in the House that was far more recompensing than would have been the loudest cheer. It is undoubtedly one of the finest passages in the English language. I quote it here:—

"It was the boast of Augustus, it formed part of the lustre in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, and left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

Lord Brougham was born in 1778, in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. His father was of aristocratic descent, a native of Westmoreland, who had married a young Scottish lady. Brougham is generally claimed as a Scotchman, one of the thousand illustrious men to whom Scotland has given birth. As with nearly all great men, he owed much to his mother, who lived to see him in the highest position it was possible for him to attain. As soon as possible after he assumed the robes as Lord High Chancellor he journeyed to Brougham

Hall* to visit that venerable mother, knelt at her feet to ask a blessing, and heard her words: "God Almighty bless you, my son!"

In 1839, it was stated in all the newspapers (excepting the *Times*), and universally credited, that he had been killed by an accident. It was a current belief that the statement was made on the authority of the noble and learned lord himself, who desired to ascertain, beforehand, what posterity would say of him. The wish was gratified, though the results could not have been entirely to his satisfaction. From the "Obituary" in the *Morning Chronicle* I extract the following passage; it is to my mind a just estimate of his character: it says of him all I could wish to say:—"In variety of attainments, facility of expression, energy of purpose, in the grandeur of forensic eloquence, in the declamation that renders a debate impressive to his audience and the sarcasm that renders him most formidable to an opponent, in the untiring continuance of intellectual labours, in the fervent championship of many great objects of national philanthropy and improvement —Lord Brougham stood prominent among all his political compeers. He well earned—by long toil, splendid effort, and gradual ascent—the elevation to which he attained:

* In 1845 I had the honour to be a guest at Brougham Hall. Unfortunately, Lord Brougham was away—at Cannes; but I enjoyed the hospitality of his brother, William Brougham, and received from him great kindness and much information. My object was to write concerning Brougham Hall for a work I edited—"The Baronial Halls of England," the artists who produced the drawings and wood engravings being J. D. Harding, William Muller, Nash, F. W. Fairholt, and others.

not that merely of rank and station, but of celebrity and influence."

That was his epitaph—recorded before he was dead. Let it stand now that he is in his grave, for of a surety his works do follow him; and if there be (as there must be) consciousness and memory in the Hereafter, Henry Lord Brougham must know that a large debt is owing to him by all humankind.

LORD PALMERSTON.—No doubt the man most conspicuous, if not most renowned, among statesmen of the period was Lord Palmerston—an Irishman who would rather not have been an Irishman; from whom his country obtained no affection and small help. He very rarely visited Ireland between his boyhood and his death; had little sympathy with her sufferings; contributed nothing to her material progress; and died as he had lived, the worst of all enemies—a cold, indifferent, and unsympathizing friend. The three ponderous volumes, edited (in a way) by Lord Dalling, contain no single sentence to show that at any time he took the slightest interest in Ireland—either in her physical, social, moral, or intellectual improvement. Yet his means were enormous, and his opportunities innumerable of serving the country of his ancestry. In one place, indeed, he is styled "an eminent Englishman." Strange, Lord Dalling does not tell us where he was born, but merely informs us that he was the son of the second Viscount and a "Miss Mee, the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, into whose house, in conse-

quence of a fall from his horse, the peer had been carried."

Palmerstown, or Palmerston, is a village four miles west of Dublin, in Dublin county. Several mansions grace the locality, the principal of which is the seat of the Earl of Donoughmore, who, however, is not a resident. The property there was acquired in 1666 by Sir John Temple,* who was born in Ireland in 1600; his father was Provost of Trinity College. Sir John held several high offices, one of them being the Mastership of the Rolls, and one of his sons was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. From him Lord Palmerston was lineally descended. The title was created in 1722, the Prime Minister being the third Viscount; he died leaving no issue, and the title became extinct. Thus Lord Palmerston was not only of Irish, but of illustrious Irish, descent; more than two hundred years before his birth his family obtained renown in Ireland; and of the whole of his Irish progenitors he might have been proud. In all ways, except in the accident of birth, he is to be regarded as an Irishman; unfortunately for his country he considered that fact a misfortune and not a distinction, and so far as Ireland is concerned, it may be said of him with

* Though not the founder of the family—for the Lords Temple were renowned long before his birth—the direct ancestor was Sir John Temple, born in Ireland in 1600, whose father was a Fellow and afterwards Provost of Trinity College, who was knighted in 1628; and was Master of the Rolls in 1640. He received for his services large grants in the counties of Dublin and Carlow. Two of his sons, born in England, rose to eminence—Sir William Temple, the statesman, and friend and patron of Swift; and Sir John, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, from whom the Premier, Lord Palmerston, was lineally descended. The Premier was born at Broadlands on the 20th October, 1784; and there he died on 18th October, 1865.

greater truth than it was said of the Duke of Wellington, he was an Irishman "whom fame unwillingly shines upon."

There is no patriotism among the better classes of the Irish. The reason is plain. Ireland has been for centuries divided into two parties, the English-Irish and the Irish-Irish; the one hating the other, and treating the other as his inevitable and irreconcileable enemy. So it has always been—the conqueror and the conquered! There has been no ground on which both may stand and feel proud of their common country. Thus, the heroic defence of Londonderry is to the one a glory, to the other a shame. So it is of the siege of Limerick, unsurpassed in the annals of bravery and endurance. To recall either to memory is to flatter or to insult. Thus a very large number of the great men of whom Ireland has been so fertile, have, to say the least, wished they had not been Irish—born or bred. The poets, indeed, have written much of an opposite character; but many of the "lauders of Erin" have become absentees when circumstances enabled them to be so; and statesmen—her sons—have done little or nothing to elevate her character, promote her interests, and extend her fame. Her benefactors for the most part have been English; few great improvements in her condition have been introduced, fostered, and strengthened, from any home source. I may have to treat this subject more *in extenso* when I write of Ireland sixty years ago. I allude to it here to sustain the assertion that Lord Palmerston was an Irishman who would rather not have been an

Irishman. "Ireland gave me breath," said the painter Barry; "but Ireland never would have given me bread."

The minister was born on the 20th of October, 1784, and died on the 18th of October, 1865. He succeeded his father in 1802, and though very young, vainly sought to enter Parliament as representative for Cambridge University in 1806. His power was mainly derived from confidence in himself, indifference to any opinions that were not his, a low estimate of regal rights on the one hand and national rights on the other. I can but speak of Lord Palmerston according to the means I have of judging: of the inner man I know nothing; he may have been a saint in private life for aught I know; but he seemed to on-lookers one whose character was formed in accordance with the recipe for the creation of greatness —"a good digestion and a cold heart." He certainly gave the impression that his human sympathies were small. Perhaps few British ministers have ever lived who seemed to hold office more on the "You can't do without me" principle than on any ground of esteem, regard, affection, or belief that his counsel was in any degree calculated to promote the interests and extend the glory of his country.

It is seemingly a marvel that a man whom few respected and fewer loved, who had received as the reward of his labour little of the homage and less of the affection that make the best wages of service, should have been during

so many years a foremost servant of the state—Home Secretary, Foreign Minister, and Prime Minister.

Barely twenty years have passed since he died—and died in harness. Yet Viscount Palmerston seems to be as much forgotten as if he had never lived; he has not left his mark on the age; there is no one measure with which he is identified. Nor will those who remember him in the House of Commons, as so long its leader, recall him to memory with either pleasure or pride. He never either conciliated or extorted confidence; never seemed to be the advocate of truth because it was truth; never, indeed, possessed the mighty power that arises from earnest conviction, and so conveys the impression—

> "This rock shall fly,
> From its firm base as soon as I."

But his resolution, strong as it was, did not seem to be the result of conviction. He was a dandy in dress, and a fop in manners; indeed, he had obtained the sobriquet of "Cupid." He had an air of insincerity that forbade belief of his earnestness and truth as regarded any measure he advocated or opposed. No doubt he had numerous chances of handing down his name to posterity as a benefactor of his kind. If not unrecorded, it is unremembered; associated with no great object or grand purpose; although he lived through the first half of the nineteenth century, and was in "high office" nearly the whole of that time, when events that concerned the half of humankind were daily incidents.

At the Exhibition of 1851 I stood by his side as he was leaving. The cheers of a crowd greeted him. Some one exclaimed, "God bless you, Palmerston, may you

live for ever!" "The first wish of my heart!" he replied, with a bow and a smile.

Palmerston is another example of vigour in old age; of the beneficial and not deleterious effects of hard work. In 1863, being seventy-nine years old, he delivered an address as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He was then Prime Minister. He died, as he had lived, in harness, working to the last. On the 18th of October, 1865, he was found dead, with an unfinished letter lying on the table before him: having been a member of every Government (with but two exceptions) from 1806 to 1865, having sat in sixteen Parliaments, and being elected to sit in the seventeenth. He was (as was undoubtedly his wish) buried in Westminster Abbey.

No doubt he had a large, if not a zealous following; and if it were not easy for a government to manage with him, it was much harder to do without him: to encounter him in opposition was to render a government impossible —he was hardly less loved by his allies than he was by his opponents. His thorough conversance with "foreign affairs," his ever-readiness in reply; his occasional outbursts of eloquence, rendered him an indispensable acquisition to any government, whose first requirement was just such services as he alone could render.

Although his collected speeches do not add much to his renown, here and there one drops across a passage truly eloquent, and occasionally such as may make a British subject proud that Great Britain had a Foreign Minister who knew how to maintain and extend the rights of the Crown and the People: as when he made, in 1850, his famous speech—defending the Russell Parliament as

to the affairs of Greece—and concluded with that impressive passage—"As the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong."

They were noble words of Sir Robert Peel, who was one of his opposers: "His speech made us all proud of the man who delivered it"—words that were echoed by the plaudits of the whole House.

WILBERFORCE.—I had the honour and happiness to know William Wilberforce, and to visit him more than once at his residence, the large house that yet exists at the corner of Brompton Crescent, and also at Grove House, Kensington Gore.

I have often heard him speak in the House of Commons. There are not many who can say so, although he did not die until 1833, living to see the dream of his boyhood—from his very infancy, indeed, upward—a palpable reality. He was born in 1759, and was in Parliament (for Hull) in 1780. To tender homage to that great and good man is but to echo the sentiment of all humanity. Though of "sixteen descents," a "Wilberforce of Wilberforce," he made the name more illustrious than were those obtained at Hastings, at Cresсy, or on any of the battle-fields of earth. And it would seem as if he were but midway in a glorious race, for his son, the Bishop of Oxford, and *his* son, Basil, Canon of Winchester, have

achieved renown—the latter mainly by encountering a foe more fatal to body, mind, and soul than was even negro slavery—INTEMPERANCE.*

I recall the great man as delicate in features, notwithstanding a somewhat strongly marked outline, and in form the opposite of powerful; the head seemed a little "awry," and is so shown in portraits and the statue at Westminster Abbey. But those features spoke, and that form dilated, when at his work in the House of Commons. It was, however, undoubtedly a disadvantage to the orator, whose business it is to persuade rather than convince—a disadvantage his distinguished son had not, and his grandsons have not—owing more to external advantages than did the illustrious and victorious combatant for the veritable rights of man. He was far past his prime when I knew him, but his voice continued clear, ringing, strong yet melodious, and his eye retained the brilliancy that indicates creative genius.

He was a thorough Englishman from first to last, returning from several Continental tours "better pleased with his own country than when he left it"—and as thoroughly a Christian gentleman. If in his childhood there was "a rare and pleasing character of piety," in later years he was convinced that "true religion is communion with God." It was less as a philosopher than as a patriot and a Christian that he fought the fight in which freedom triumphed, and it was as "a follower of

* Very recently another name is to be added to the list—that of Ernest Wilberforce, now Bishop of Newcastle.

the Cross" that he led the van in the battle that secured victory.*

In 1787 twelve gentlemen, "all of whom but two were Quakers," met and resolved to put a stop to the slave trade—resolved that selling and buying human flesh should cease for ever where the banner of Great Britain was unfurled. It was the boy David going forth to slay the giant of Gath. A project to cultivate meadows in the moon could not have promised a less productive harvest.

[No doubt his grandson, Canon Wilberforce, has in his mind this beginning of the end when he is fighting with the foul demon, DRINK, that curses our country.]

There were guiding and assisting angels in the little parlour where these twelve assembled; but help from fellow-men was out of the reach of Hope—except to those whose trust is in Heaven.

So far back as 1789 Wilberforce "took up" the slave trade: when his "silver voice" was heard in the House of Commons describing the wickedness of the traffic and aiding fancy by facts—picturing the horrors of "the middle passage"—receiving aid, indeed, from the brave, indignant oratory of Fox and the majestic eloquence of Pitt, yet pleading in vain to "Christian love

* In 1802 he thus wrote, on his birthday:—"Who is there that has so many blessings? Let me record some of them. Affluence, without the highest rank; a good understanding and a happy temper, kind friends and a greater number than almost any one. Domestic happiness beyond what could have been conceived possible; a situation in life most honourable, and above all, a most favourable position for eternity. What way soever I look I see marks of the goodness and long-suffering of God. Oh! that I may be more filled with gratitude!"

At a much later period, 1821, he wrote these words—"There would be no end of enumeration were I to put down all the mercies of God! Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

and national honour;" aided also by the poet Cowper, who in 1792 moved him onwards by his memorable greeting in verse—

> "Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
> From all the just on earth and bless'd above."

Professor Sedgwick, who left earth not very long ago, was present at the first debate in the House, and briefly described it. It seems like quoting history, for many yet remain—I am of the number—who have conversed with the revered Professor on this topic.

It is a long skip between 1789 and 1807: the interval may be sufficiently described in three words that so often occur in the good man's Diary—"hard at work." Great men, and many women as truly great, had enlisted under his banner. It was a drawn battle when a motion was carried for "gradual abolition." The soldiers of freedom were not content: none laid aside their armour. It was asked, "The desolation of wretched Africa suspended! Are all the complicated miseries of this wretched trade—is the work of death suspended?" They did not dare go back; they lived to conquer, and conquer they did. George Canning joined the ranks, and "outsiders" were numerous and powerful. It is said that the last letter John Wesley wrote was addressed to Wilberforce. It contained this passage, at once a prayer and a prophecy—"Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away."

On the 23rd of March, 1807, the Bill for the total abolition of the slave trade was passed in a House once "so fastidious as scarce to hear a speech about it," the number on division being, *for*, 283; *against*, 16! On the 25th of that month it received the Royal assent. "No selfish exultation disturbed the heartfelt joy" of William Wilberforce: he gave thanks to God; they were his only words of triumph!

Was that the sole work of the great and good man? Far from it. But the one dwarfs by comparison much that would have entitled any other statesman to lofty rank among the benefactors of humankind.

In July, 1833, the good man had, to quote the expressive words of St. Paul, "fallen asleep." Ah! let imagination, based on Scripture, picture his awakening—for if there be joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, what must it be when the perfected spirit joins the beatified ranks—whose work on earth has been pure and good and holy! As one of his friends writes of him, his was "a mind perpetually tuned to love and grace."

He sought no earthly reward—that soldier of the Faith! The House awarded no tribute, no vote of thanks to him, as it has so often done to those who had slaughtered wholesale. He had saved the lives of millions, rescued his country from a blight—humanity from a curse. His payment was postponed until the "resurrection of the just;" not altogether so, for he had a public funeral in Westminster Abbey; more than that, the House of Commons rose and burst into an absolute roar of applause when Sir Samuel Romilly proclaimed that from a memorable day

every slave who trod British soil, or made his way to the deck of a British ship, became a man—*free!*

I wonder if a negro, or a mulatto, or a creole, has ever stood and contemplated the statue of Wilberforce—a seated figure of stone, in the British Walhalla! What measureless gratitude must expand the souls of freemen the descendants of slaves!

It is told of Addison that he sent for his stepson, Lord Warwick, to show him "how a Christian could die." It is sufficient to say of Wilberforce that his life having been a long contest to do the work of God for the good of man, "his end was peace;" he "entered into the joy of his Lord," bequeathing a lesson—teaching by example—that will be of incalculable value for all time here and hereafter. Tall and stately mansions now occupy the site of the house in which Wilberforce died at Kensington Gore. In 1851 the cook Soyer converted it into a restaurant. We can make no pilgrimage to the house where the good man took leave of earth, to hear the greeting of the Master he had served so long and so well—"Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In that house I saw him more than once; he was bowed down by labour rather than age; his smile was *beautiful*—it is the only word I can use; and his eyes sparkled, as they might have done, fifty years before, when the first thought of erasing from the statute-book a bloody, degrading, and atrocious statute dawned upon his mind.

This memory is long: I have had strong joy in leaving for awhile the arena of politics—recollections of great men who struggled, or wrangled, in "either House" —to revel in recalling the most glorious of the heroes who fought for and achieved, early in this century, a victory over sin and death, such as the poet describes when the archangel Michael conquered both, and with them their sustainer, Satan.

Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid by one public man to another was this: when a speaker in the House had sought to sneer down Wilberforce as "the honourable and religious gentleman," the taunt was replied to in a strain of bitter and wrathful sarcasm—that a "British senate should be required to consider piety a reproach." When a member expressed his astonishment at the power of sarcasm, then—for the first time—used by Wilberforce, Romilly remarked that it illustrated the virtue even more than the genius of Wilberforce, "for who but he has ever possessed so formidable a weapon *and never used it?*" I borrow this anecdote from Lord Brougham, who testifies in the highest terms to the moral, social, and intellectual worth of the great and truly heroic LIBERATOR OF THE SLAVE.

He could have commanded any amount of patronage, not only on account of his power in Parliament, but because he was the chosen and trusted friend of William Pitt; and surely he might have demanded and obtained any place for himself. He had none: he sought and received a far higher reward than even a British Minister can give for services such as few men have ever lived to render humanity. He was largely paid for them during

life by the profound homage and tender affection of all good men and women—the reward of listening senates being to him infinitely less valuable than domestic love.

On the 12th April, 1833, for the last time on earth his voice was heard in public. "It was an affecting sight," say his sons, "to see the old man who had been so long the champion of this cause come forth once more from his retirement, and with an unquenched spirit, though with a weakened voice and failing body, maintain for the last time the cause of truth and justice." But he was not called away until his work was finished: he lived long enough to see his cherished hope accomplished, and might have quoted, probably did quote, this passage:—

"Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

On the 29th of July, 1833, he died, being within a month of seventy-four years old.

I was present in Westminster Abbey at the burial of the body that had enclosed the great soul; the mourners mourned, indeed, but it was, so to speak, joyful mourning.

On his death-bed, the tidings of Emancipation were conveyed to him: to imagine what he must have felt is hardly within the scope of human intelligence. There have been commanders in ships of war, and chiefs on battle-fields, whose eyes brightened in death, and whose lips strove to utter words of triumph when a sound of victory greeted their ears; but it was mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying. How different must have been the feelings of the depart-

ing conqueror when he murmured, "Thank God!"—and—"died."

LORD MELBOURNE.—A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* (whose words I have several times quoted, and whom I believe to be Mr. W. H. Curran: the articles were published during my editorship) quotes these words of Hazlitt describing Coleridge, and applies them to Lord Melbourne:—

"Persons of the greatest capacity are often those who, for this reason, do the least; for, surveying themselves from the highest point of view amidst the infinite variety of the universe, their own share in it seems trifling and scarce worth a thought, and they prefer the contemplation of all that is, or has been, or can be, to the making a toil about doing what, when done, is no better than vanity."

They were just as regards William Lamb, afterwards Viscount Melbourne: he was of gentlemanly, if not of graceful, exterior; his manners were polished, if not refined, and he seemed studious to make all persons who approached him pleased with themselves:—

"To make men self-pleased, need not be to flatter."

He was neither eloquent nor argumentative, but he was persuasive; and as Home Secretary and Prime Minister, during the earlier years of the reign of Queen Victoria, kept on good terms with the Sovereign and the people. He always conveyed the idea that those who officially troubled him annoyed him, and that his truest enjoyment consisted in the least possible amount of work. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a man of pleasure—selfish pleasure, that is to say, regardless of what

its acquisition might cost others. His name is associated with nothing that gave it fame; and certainly of all the Prime Ministers of my time he is the one (to my thinking) the world would most willingly let die.

I do no more than allude to the painful trial to which in the later years of his life he was subjected—a trial that involved the reputation of one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age; neither need I refer to the frivolous life, and frequently compromising habits and character of his wife, Lady Caroline Lamb. There is no reason why I should dwell upon themes that are, to say the least, distasteful. In the case of the lady referred to, he received honourable acquittal from a jury of his countrymen, with the entire approval of the judge. The subject was town talk for awhile, and had better be forgotten. Lord Melbourne was never on good terms with his wife, whose intercourse with Byron was a topic of comment at the time. But that Lady Caroline was more than half insane there is little doubt. I have talked with a person who had read the notorious autobiography of Byron that was given to Moore, and sold by him to Murray for a large sum, which sum the poet returned to the publisher when the MS. was destroyed: that person told me it contained many frightful anecdotes concerning Lady Caroline which it was a shame to have written, much more to have contemplated printing for the whole world to read.

SIDNEY HERBERT.—In 1855—56, I had the honour to be associated with the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, as one

of the honorary secretaries of the "Nightingale Fund." In treating that subject I may have more to say of him. His position as a member of Government was not high, but, assuredly, had he lived longer he would have been Prime Minister—a station and dignity for which he was eminently qualified by great ability, undoubted integrity, and by all the faculties that form a statesman; to these may be added the advantages of lofty descent, courteous and conciliatory manners, and far more than pleasing appearance—resembling, indeed, in more ways than one his great predecessor, George Canning.

I never pass Foley's statue of Sidney Herbert, outside the War Office in Pall Mall, without tendering homage to the memory of a man I regarded with deep respect and also with personal affection.

I quote good old Izaak Walton's summary of the character of Lord Herbert of Cherbury:—"He was one of the handsomest men of his day, of a beauty alike stately, chivalric, and intellectual. His person and features were cultivated by all the disciplines of a time when courtly manners were not insignificant, because a monarch mind informed the court, nor warlike customs, rude nor mechanical, for industrial nature had free play in the field, except as restrained by the laws of courtesy and honour. The steel glove became his hand, and the spur his heel; neither can we fancy him out of his place, for any place he would have made his own."

He seemed to me a copy, and without an atom deteriorated, of his renowned relative-predecessor. He lived in another age, and had to discharge very different

duties; but there were the same heroic sentiment, the same high principle, the same sympathy with suffering, the same stern and steady resolve to right the wrong. It is not too much to say that what we may have imagined of the chivalry of a past age we have witnessed in our own: a gentleman who added dignity to the loftiest rank, who thought it no condescension to be kind and courteous to the very humblest who approached him. To rare personal advantages he added those of large intellectual acquirements. He spoke, if not as an orator, with impressive eloquence; as a practical man of business few were his superiors; he had the mind of a statesman, yet gave earnest and thoughtful care to all the minor details of life. His death was a public calamity.

His is the race of whom it has been so finely said, "all the men were brave and all the women chaste"—of whom came "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

PRIME MINISTERS.—One after another the several Prime Ministers, and other prominent statesmen I have seen, rise before me. They are many, between the first and the last—between Lord Liverpool and Mr. Gladstone; between 1822 and 1883—more than sixty years. Brief memories may here suffice: they have their places in history. Each had, as was fitting, his biographer.

First comes the EARL OF LIVERPOOL, with hasty and undignified tread, his scanty hair folded over his broad forehead; neither intellectual nor eloquent, yet filling a

niche worthily, although he was but a pigmy compared with his predecessor and successor.

EARL GREY was of the pure aristocracy in manner and in person. He is described as of pompous coldness. He was "every inch" a peer, and seemed as if he would rather sacrifice the British constitution than his Order—considering nothing gone if that were left.*

I remember him well—"tall, graceful, and of imposing figure," achieving renown for "consistency and proud integrity of conduct;" a man whose exact place as a statesman it would be difficult to fix; who had been a Reformer, when to advocate Reform was not only unpopular but dangerous. When a young man he, in 1793, headed the "Society of Friends of the People." But he had "sobered down" with time, and assuredly when he became Prime Minister had ignored many of his old opinions. Even at the time of which I write, Reform and Revolution were considered convertible terms; and some liberal and enlightened statesmen declared not only against vote by ballot (of which some idlers dreamed, and of household suffrage—a dream nearly as wild), but against the Reform that laid a destroying hand on

* "There is a moral air about the man, and a self-possession, and a deportment which seems to say—

> "'Your grace shall pardon me,
> I am too high born to be property'd;
> To be a second at control,
> Or useful serving-man,"

which, aided by his tall, graceful, and imposing figure, grave though by no means highly intellectual features, and by his almost traditional reputation for consistency and proud integrity of conduct, imparts to his observations a weight which it would be impossible to conceive any of these noblemen in the possession of."—*New Monthly*, 1832.

Gatton and old Sarum; and presumed to complain because Birmingham and Manchester were without representatives in Parliament.

Although very slight, Earl Grey was of commanding person and handsome features, stately in manner, and very aristocratic in mind. He would have stood by his Order after the manner of the drunken cavalier propping with his shoulder the buttress of a cathedral: "D—— ye, you old b——, I'll stand by ye to the last!" He was not an orator much believed in by several of his contemporaries; yet he had stood in his place when Fox and Burke, and Sheridan and Canning made the Senate ring. His eloquence was far more calculated to convince the reason than to move the heart: it was cold and unimpassioned. What sort of a Commoner he made I cannot say, but he seemed to me one who could only have been at home among his peers. A writer in the *New Monthly* thus describes him:—"It is impossible to see or hear a man on whom is more vividly impressed the stamp of 'noble.' . . . . A high and haughty, yet magnanimous and upright spirit breathes throughout him."

Lord Goderich seemed a cheerful and self-satisfied British yeoman: with round pleasant face, coloured from labour all day in the sun and wind; a courteous gentleman always, to his inferiors, no less than to his equals; a man loved at home, and esteemed abroad. When Chancellor of the Exchequer he obtained a title—it was either a laudation or a sneer, according to the estimate of a speaker—"Prosperity Robinson," a result of the san-

guine view he had taken of the financial condition of the country at the period. Let him keep it, with the respect of all parties with whom he acted, or to whom he was opposed. His reign as Prime Minister was brief; and if not glorious, was not inglorious.

LORD ALTHORP.—It was, to what was then prized as a virtue in the House, that Lord Althorp owed the loftiest position a British subject can enjoy; for neither in mind nor in manners, nor gifts of speech, did he rise much above the level of a thoughtful English gentleman-farmer, to be consulted safely as to the management of flocks and herds. The confidence men felt they might place in his uprightness gave him the position he held as leader of the House: it was almost instinctively felt he was that noblest work of God—an honest man.

Lord Brougham says of him—"There never was a man of real merit who had an opinion of himself so unaffectedly modest. Without a particle of cant, he was most deeply imbued with religion, and this, perhaps, as well as any other part of his nature, indisposed him to exert himself to attain the usual objects of earthly ambition. Always undervaluing himself, he never could comprehend why he had attained to so high a position in public life, and frequently expressed his astonishment at the great power he was conscious of exercising over men of all kinds and natures—a power which proceeded from the complete conviction that all men felt in his thorough honesty and simple love of truth."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—The great Whig leader was grandly eloquent—at times; but it seemed as hard to rouse him to exertion as it would have been to move the half-torpid sloth. His exordiums were sluggish; not so his perorations. He spoke, however, like a machine, that, once set moving, will go on doing its allotted work effectually to the end. He would sway backwards and forwards, as if his head were too heavy for his body. Those who remember him before his actual decay will recall him as altogether Scottish in manner and mind: his accent retained the smack of early training. Lacking grace and dignity, the spirit of earnestness that pervaded his speeches almost supplied the places of both.

Mackintosh was but twenty-four years of age when he entered the arena as the opponent of the great man of the age—Edmund Burke; he took, however, the unpopular side—as the apologist for, if not the vindicator of, the French Revolution, and not very long afterwards defended the editor Peltier, who was prosecuted—by Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of France—for libel, in an English court of justice.

He was seven or eight years in India as Recorder of Bombay, returning to England to be elected to Parliament, and distinguishing himself by his industry and eloquence on all the leading topics which then agitated public opinion—the slave trade, Parliamentary reform, and religious toleration. Yet it has been justly said of him that his life produced far too little: it was brighter and better in the bud than in the fruit, and although an

eloquent speaker, a brilliant conversationalist, a powerful advocate, and an able writer, his whole career has left little to point a moral. He died on the 30th May, 1832.

Rogers said of him, "I never saw a man with a fuller mind; with greater readiness on all subjects; and such a talker!" In society his manners and conversation were fascinating. He happily united the philosopher with the man of the world, and added the accomplishments of a gentleman to the attainments of a scholar.

Mackintosh was usually sluggish—often as much so as his proverbially sleepy neighbour, Charles Grant —afterwards Lord Glenelg; but when suddenly excited, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence, majestic in its wrath; when indignation roused him, it was generally an instant outburst—at least in his latter days. It would not seem exaggeration, to those who remember him in his decadence, to liken it to a volcanic fire.

SPRING RICE, afterwards Lord Monteagle, was an active, energetic man, both in his prime and in his decay, but one of the "respectabilities" of Parliament, who rise less by their own merits than out of fortuitous circumstances. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer: how it so chanced, it would be hard to say. I knew him no long time before his death, when he was auditor of the "Nightingale Fund," and esteemed him very highly as a kind, courteous, and intelligent gentleman. Though his niche in biography is obscure, his famous speech in 1834, of five hours' duration, against O'Connell's motion for a Repeal of the Union, might be of use

now, if some one would pick the kernel from the shell.

CROKER.—Very different was his countryman, John Wilson Croker—long Secretary to the Admiralty. I quote the eminent author, R. R. Madden—Croker was "an adventurer whose path from obscurity to greatness was paved with dead men's skulls." He is painted in unflattering colours by Lord Beaconsfield, and earned unenviable celebrity as the "Crawley Junior" of Lady Morgan's "Florence Macarthy." In Parliament he was either a useful supporter or a dangerous enemy: always on the watch, like a fox, for a heedless goose; ever at hand to stab an adversary or shield an ally. It is certain of him that neither in his own country nor in England had he many friends, while few have ever been so intensely hated. What Lord Russell says of him is just, "by his profusion of words, by his warmth of declamation, and by his elaborate working out of details, he was a formidable adversary." The *Quarterly Review* was to him, for many years, what the hair of Sampson was to the strong chieftain of the Israelites.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—It was always a treat to hear Sir Francis Burdett. Without being at all an orator, he was certainly among the best of good speakers: self-possessed, yet animated, with a free flow of words and an earnestness that carried conviction. His advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, repeated so often, went far

to obtain converts. Is it strange that Ireland never appreciated the immense help it received from the chivalric defender of its "rights" and the rights of humanity?

He seemed to me as if he ought always to have been on horseback. Very tall and very thin, he wore, in 1828, the unpicturesque dress of half a century before, of which the knee-breeches, the swallow-tailed coat, and the large stiff neckcloth were the distinguishing characteristics. It was pleasant to see the tall though slender form, the strongly outlined yet gently expressive features, —at once handsome and manly—of one who was the ideal of a free-born English gentleman, who, valuing the blessings of Liberty, desired to share them with all humankind. No doubt he would not now be considered the visionary that men then held him to be; for some of his wildest dreams of "futurity" have become recognised facts. In March, 1824, he carried his motion for the appointment of a committee "to inquire as to the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects"—carried it by 247 to 234; and the British and Irish public saw that the settlement of the "claims" could not be much longer postponed.

When the Irish erect statues to the memories of Anglo-Saxons who have been the best friends of Ireland, surely that of Sir Francis Burdett will be one of them.

It was no slur, at all events it incurred no self-reproach, that Burdett was fined £2,000 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for publishing a letter "reflecting

on the Manchester massacre"—of which "he did not repent." On several other occasions when his indignant appeals for justice echoed through the House of Commons, or when courts of law heard him unshrinkingly reiterate avowals that made him in the eye of the law a culprit, he never forgot the manners of a gentleman. I am sure that when the Serjeant-at-Arms conveyed him to the Tower, he gave to that emissary the back seat in his carriage.

It was in 1810 that Sir Francis was committed to the Tower. His offence was that he had published in *Cobbett's Weekly Register* a letter denying the power of the Commons to commit to prison any person not a member of the House; a somewhat furious Radical, Gale Jones, having been so punished. Burdett resisted the "order," refused to admit its legality, barricaded his house, and stood a siege, yielding only when a force of twenty police-officers, assisted by detachments of cavalry and infantry, was brought to secure him. It is said that on entering they found him calmly teaching his son to read and translate the Magna Charta. On his way to the Tower his escort was attacked by an "infuriated populace," and several on both sides were killed.

Burdett maintained that the imprisonment of Gale Jones was "an infringement of the laws of the land, and a subversion of the principles of the Constitution;" and affirmed that the words of the eminent judge Sir Fletcher Norton were "just though coarse"—that he would "pay no more attention to a resolution of the House of Commons than to that of a set of drunken porters at an ale-house."

The letter was addressed to his constituents "denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England." It was a brave, bold, manly, daring appeal; which the House resolved was "libellous and scandalous." A motion made that he should be expelled the House was answered by the suggestive hint that he would be returned again.

It is emphatically and very truly said that he was "more than consoled by the addresses he received from different parts of the Kingdom;" also by the petitions to the House for his release, one of them being from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London. Some were rejected as not being sufficiently respectful. Preparations were made for his reception when the prorogation of Parliament opened his prison doors. Sir Francis wisely avoided a public demonstration by going from the Tower to Westminster by water, to the great wrath and indignation of a huge mob, many of whom would, no doubt, have been shot but for the merciful prudence of their idol.

It is impossible to recall to memory this chivalric gentleman without a word of reference to the most estimable lady, his daughter, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of whom it has been justly said, "the meanest of her gifts are wealth and fame." I have never spoken to her, and probably never shall do so; but it is impossible for any one who takes note of the charity that is doing God's daily work among us to pass over the name of this "good woman." If God has given her

wealth, it is expended in His service—for the benefit of all the creatures He has made.

A sight I well remember was Sir Francis soliciting the "most sweet voices" of Westminster voters,* from the hustings at Covent Garden, amidst a tempest of turnips and cabbages, with an occasional dead cat (intended, however, for candidates on the other side). His good temper combined with sound policy, and especially his ultra-Radical "notions," made his return as sure as was night to follow day.

By his side sat Sir John Cam Hobhouse—the jackdaw mating with the eagle. He was a small and squat-figured man, who was always biting his nails. In outer aspect he was the opposite to his friend; and surely their natures were very different. It would have been no very far-fetched picture to have painted them as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, excepting that the round good-humoured face of Sancho must have been removed to make way for one that expressed petulance, irritability, and impatience under mob-rule, and utter contempt for the voters who sent him into Parliament. Hobhouse was a smart speaker—nothing more—and perhaps as little fitted to represent "the people" as the meanest potato-dealer in the market; yet he occupied more than once a position in the Government, which Sir Francis never did. Cam Hobhouse might not unjustly be compared to a wasp, flitting about from place to place,

* He was returned as the representative for Westminster so far back as 1807.

seemingly without any distinct object, but whose vicinity was dangerous, and whose bite was venomous.

For some time previous to 1837 Sir Francis had rarely taken any share in the proceedings of the House of Commons. The electors of Westminster were dissatisfied; more especially as the other member, Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans, had been a long time away commanding a British legion in Spain. Sir Francis, with the chivalry that had been his characteristic all his life, at once resigned his seat and sought re-election, calling upon the electors to aid him in a struggle against "an unnatural alliance, an odious yet ludicrous combination of Irish agitators, popish priests, and paid patriots;" and in spite of immense efforts of his adversaries, "Whigs and Radicals combined," he was returned. That he had become a Conservative was not doubted. O'Connell styled him an "old renegade." He had resolved to oppose further encroachments on the Constitution; and he who had in his younger days contended for Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and Annual Parliaments, in 1837 took his seat on the Opposition benches, *i.e.* on the Conservative side of the House, where he was greeted by Mr. Shiel, in one of his wild poetic flights of fancy, as "a venerable relic of a temple dedicated to Freedom, though ill-omened birds now built their nests and found shelter in that once noble edifice."

No doubt the venerable aristocrat was ashamed as well as alarmed to find that, after the Reform Bill of

1832, he was sitting beside Cobbett and Hunt, Gully, the prize-fighter, and a number of similar "tribunes of the people."

I remember a high Tory sitting by my side, when Sir Francis was an "out-and-out Radical," murmuring a grudging compliment to him by quoting the passage,

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

In January, 1844, Sir Francis Burdett's wife died; he departed this life a month later. Both were buried on one day in one grave. He was dying when she died. It was a happy destiny—one to be envied. The separation so brief, to be followed by a union that endures for ever and ever.

LORD HOLLAND.—I recall Lord Holland as I remember him fifty years ago. His person and his face were "round," yet it was a peculiarly pleasing face, although with little energy or expression. Indeed, it seemed as if his motto were "*Dolce far niente*," and of a surety he loved repose better than action.

Lord Brougham, who knew him well and esteemed him highly—as indeed did all who knew him—describes his conversation as delightful, varied, animated, and full of information. Sagacious as an adviser, firm as a friend, amiable in disposition and in heart. He is that Lord Holland of whom so many of his contemporaries—magnates in art, literature, and science, lords of the pencil and the pen—spoke and wrote in terms of high respect and affectionate regard: hundreds of lofty souls who would have adopted the grateful laudation

of Macaulay, uttered in 1841—"The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek amongst new streets and squares and railway stations for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will recollect how many men who have guarded the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written, that it shall not willingly let them die."

Lord Holland might have suggested the idea of an elderly "young Norval"—gallant, handsome, imperious—his face "round as his shield." It was said that his great-uncle, Charles James Fox, was the quarto, of which he was the duodecimo; but he obtained the affection as well as the respect of troops of friends, and his receptions at Holland House, to which it is said so many were "invited as curiosities," are referred to with affectionate remembrance by all celebrities, home and foreign, of the age in which he lived.

JOSEPH HUME.—At the period of which I write, Joseph Hume was nearly every night heard in the House. He was member for Middlesex, and one of the "heads" of the extreme Radical party in Parliament. He was the apostle of small things; a teasing, biting flea in the House of Commons, that would let no minister of any department sit easy in his seat. Not long ago I heard a

man say this at a Temperance lecture—"A flea in the ear is a greater nuisance than a bull in a field." Hume was a man of stout, sturdy frame, somewhat above the middle height, with lungs enduring, if not powerful. It was impossible to put him down; what he had to say he would say, in spite of coughing, house-thinning, and empty benches.* When he had done, his long speech was frequently cut down to ten lines of type—as reported. His rising was a signal that members might safely leave the House for an hour or more. Hence he obtained the cognomen of "the dinner-bell." The word "vulgar" is, perhaps, too strong a term to apply to him, but there were essentials of vulgarity in his manner and language (often disagreeably Scottish)—in nearly all the themes on which he discoursed—dryly, without a touch of human, and without approach to moving, eloquence.

Yet he was an honest man, who meant what he said, and said what he meant; mentally fearless, certainly, he was, conveying conviction that he desired to do right, and to be useful—in his own way. And he was so, when Government money was looked upon as flotsam and jetsam that any official—

"Might take who had the power."

Beyond doubt he saved vast sums to the country, although taken separately the items were as the parings

* His master theme was arithmetic. The burden of every speech was "pounds, shillings, and pence," and his peroration had regard to "the sum *tottle* of the whole." It was said that Hume made a calculation as to the amount that might be saved to the empire by the introduction of "save-alls" (a now obsolete invention for the consumption of candle ends) into the British Navy.

of a cheese, or the ends of farthing candles. I give Earl Russell's estimate of Joseph Hume—"He had great knowledge of details, unblemished honesty, and dogged perseverance." Yet the sayings of Hume in the House, if some one would have the patience to pull them out from the garbage in which they were embedded, might fill a volume. I do not allude to such as this—"He saw no use in being a Member of Parliament, save that a man might speak his sentiments safe from the fangs of the Attorney-General;" but the maxims of sound sense, practical knowledge, judicious economy, and liberal thrift, which nations as well as individuals ought to be taught and teach.

For example, he complained that the clerks in the Treasury used gilt-edged paper: the practice was abandoned.

Palmerston said of him and his "tottle of the whole" —"An ancient sage asserted there were two things over which even the immortal gods had no power—past events and arithmetic; the honourable gentleman, however, seemed to have power over both." *

"For nearly forty years," according to his friend Cobden, "he had fought against majorities;" and Cobden bears this testimony to his character, "a more

* An amusing story was current concerning Joseph Hume. I have no doubt it actually occurred; for, though great at arithmetic, he was not good at quotation. One night in the House he thus addressed an opponent: "The honourable member need not lay that *flattering unction to his chest!*" It is hardly necessary to say that this simple substitution of one word for another was received with roars of laughter.

A story was told of a reporter—Irish of course—who going into a tavern after taking his hour's notes, and being desirous of reporting with accuracy the style and substance of the speech he had heard, exclaimed, "Waiter, bring me a pot of porter till I muddle my brains for that Joe Hume!"

indefatigable, more devoted, a more disinterested patriot never lived."

His robust constitution never gave way, although night after night he was in his seat, eagerly watching to pick a hole in the coat of any Chancellor of the Exchequer—of whom he was the terror; it is certain that the dread of what Joe Hume would say a hundred times swayed "the estimates."

Hume, having been rejected by Middlesex, was sent to Parliament by the city of Kilkenny, a city he had never seen, by a people of whom he knew nothing; he was returned without expense, which no doubt was just what he liked. It is said, indeed, that his election costs amounted to just the tenpence postage of the letter that informed him of his return.

LORD PLUNKETT.—The name of Lord Plunkett, some time Chancellor of Ireland, though unfamiliar to the present generation, cannot be forgotten; although with Grattan,* Flood, and Curran he had given lustre to the Irish Parliament at the close of the eighteenth century. He lived until the year 1854. He was a veritable orator. If he had the advantages, he had not the disadvantages that usually appertain to "Irish" orators—he was rarely guilty of exaggeration, and never seemed to extenuate a fact. Sir Robert Peel said of him, "He more than any other man contributed to the success of the Roman Catholic question." He did that more by argument than "talk."

Lord Plunkett had been appointed to the Mastership of the Rolls in England, but resigned in consequence of hostility manifested by "the Profession" to the appointment. Yet by the same minister, an Englishman, Sir Anthony Hart, was appointed Irish Chancellor.

In our time "justice to Ireland" gave to an Irishman, Earl Cairns, the Lord Chancellorship of England! No man complained; the public was more than satisfied; the Bar neither grumbled nor protested, but applauded!

Is this indicative of no change in the feeling of England towards Ireland? Is there no echo to the outcry of 1826, when so truly great and excellent a man as Plunkett dared not attempt to take the office, and endure the "envy, hatred, and malice" of his brothers of the profession on the ground—and on no other ground—that he was an Irishman? *Sic transit* odium *mundi!*

Yet there is not, and never will be, a statue of Plunkett among Ireland's memories in marble of the great men Ireland claims as her own.

I quote the words of Lord Plunkett, uttered in 1821 when advocating the claims of Roman Catholics:—

"Walking before the sacred images of these illustrious dead, as in a public and solemn procession, shall we not dismiss all party feeling, all angry passions, and unworthy prejudices."

Let it be recorded that one of his descendants is, in 1883, foremost among the men who add to the glory, and take from the shame, of Ireland.

"LORD STANLEY."—I heard and reported Lord Stanley's maiden speech in 1824, and remember well the impression he made. It was about nothing, and amounted to nothing. It concerned only a project for lighting Manchester with gas; yet it gave assurance of that power which afterwards made so prominent "the Rupert of Debate." A contemporary, Lytton Bulwer, in "The New Timon," speaks of his "elegance and sweetness of expression;" and many write of his powerful eloquence, warmth, and energy, combined with courtesy and prudence. Yet no man in either House could be more bitter, sarcastic, and exasperating, and no foe dared be indifferent to his wrath. Perhaps O'Connell was the only man who ventured fearlessly to take up the gauntlet that "Scorpion Stanley" had thrown down. His maiden speech, unimportant though it was, created in the House instinctive conviction that he was destined to fill a premier *rôle* in the great drama of the future; and there was unanimous assent to the words of Mackintosh, that he was "an accession to the House calculated to give lustre to its character and strengthen its influence." There are thousands yet living who can remember the great Earl of Derby when Prime Minister.

Macaulay said of him that he was "an orator whose knowledge of Parliamentary defence resembled an instinct."

Just forty years after that maiden speech he also was a prophet—advocating the Parliamentary Reform Bill as truly "a leap in the dark," but as certain to "place the institutions of the country on a firmer basis."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.—The life of Lord Morpeth, long the Irish Secretary, and afterwards the Irish Viceroy (as Earl of Carlisle), was comparatively easy as well as prosperous, and—certainly successful. His mind was highly and richly cultivated; he was a scholar yet a statesman, and preserved the regard and the respect, nay, almost the affection, of a people of very opposite ways and creeds—the Irish people, "the ungovernable people he governed." He may have had more of the *suaviter in modo* than the *fortiter in re;* he may have been more amiable than resolute, and have studied the arts of politeness, that lead rather to affection than respect—and his weight in the Senate may not have been in proportion to his influence in private life; but he was a most lovable man, and his place in Irish history is that of one who ever remembered, according to the memorable sentence of the ablest of his aides-de-camp (Drummond), that "prosperity has its duties as well as its rights."

Always an impressive and effective speaker, though by no means an orator, he won golden opinions by sound sense and carefully considered study of his subject: there was universal confidence in his uprightness as a statesman and a man. Of lofty and pure descent on all sides, noble for centuries, honouring, as well as receiving honour from, a line of ancestors—the loftiest, purest, and best; he inherited and transmitted to the future a proud name. There has been no family for centuries gone—or of the present—with a better right to pride.

In 1848 I had some correspondence with him concerning the possibility of an exhibition in England similar

to the exhibition that had long been famous and serviceable in France—a foreshadowing of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. His view did not coincide with mine; in fact, it was discouraging—he was more apprehensive than hopeful as to the issue: yet not entirely so, as the accompanying letter will show:—

"CASTLE HOWARD,
"*January* 28*th*.

"SIR,—I like the paper to which you have called my attention very much. What I have to say discouraging is, that I did formerly belong to a committee of gentlemen, well qualified for the purpose on the whole, who made the attempt to have a national exposition at the building formerly the Mews, on the site of the present National Gallery. The late Dr. Birkbeck took especial pains in the matter, but the results were not encouraging. I admit, however, that it was not a very imposing attempt.

"My next discouraging observation is, that I have great doubts whether the English are on the whole an exhibiting people, as the French are; and whether our inventors and designers do not prefer to keep a good thing, when they hit upon it, at home on their own premises, or in their own shops and warehouses.

"And my last observation of this character is that in the present times of pressure it would be hopeless to obtain any disbursement of this character from the Treasury.

"I have thought it my duty to give vent to this much on the discouraging side; on the other hand, I must say (for myself) that if I saw an opening for any practicable and well-organized scheme of the kind, I should feel myself happy and honoured in doing what I could to promote it. It is always prudent in the first instance to take into consideration the drawbacks and difficulties of the case, though there may be no necessity of ultimately succumbing to them.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your very faithful servant,
"MORPETH."

We had the honour twice to be the guests of the Earl of Carlisle during his viceroyalty in Ireland. One of them was a state occasion, when there were present Lord John Russell and many other great men of the

period. I do not recall it vividly. The viceregal lodge is a poor structure, and not so fitted up as to suggest reverence, although it contains many portraits of celebrities whose names are linked with the history of Ireland. I can remember but one incident worth—and barely worth—recording. Mrs. Hall wore a cap in which were green and orange ribbons. "Ah!" said his Excellency, "I have been long striving to mingle these colours, as you do, and have not yet succeeded."

LORD HAMPTON.—It is with a sense of gratitude, as well as respect, I write the name of Lord Hampton, the Sir John Pakington, Bart., of the House of Commons. In 1874 I visited, to describe, his seat, Westwood, near Droitwich, one of the most perfect and beautiful of "The Stately Homes of England," and on that and other occasions had the honour and the happiness to be the guest of this most excellent and estimable man. He had held several high offices in the Government—the Conservative Government; but when rejected by the town he had so long, worthily, and usefully represented, he was created a peer and retired from public life.

Lord Hampton is by no means entirely, or even mainly, indebted for renown to the high positions he has occupied, although they are among the very highest. There have been few projects designed and calculated to benefit mankind to which he was not, in some way, a contributor; foremost, indeed, he always was in every good work that might lessen suffering, extend social advantages, and

advance the cause of education and religion. The descendant and representative of a race that has for centuries given to England, patriots, in the best sense of the word, he was a powerful benefactor wherever his influence could reach.

It was a pleasure to see, and a privilege to know, Lord Hampton either in the House of Peers, to which he was elevated, or as Sir John Pakington in the House of Commons: kindly and courteous, one who, if a Conservative, loved the people, and was a leader in all wise projects to advance the interests of humankind.

DICK MARTIN.—Among the most vivid of my Recollections is that of dear "Dick Martin," who so long represented Galway County both in the Irish and in the British Parliament. He was born in 1754, and died in 1834. A short, thick-set man, with evidence in look and manner, even in step and action, of indomitable resolution. He blundered his way into a reform—blessed in its influences and mighty in its results. Let him, in spite of follies that became vices, and notwithstanding a life of recklessness, illustrating the character of the old Irish gentleman of a century back—let him bear to the end of time, as a partial recompense for good work done on earth, and as a title of which a canonised saint might be proud, the honoured name of "Humanity Martin."

The nineteenth century was young when Lord Erskine in the House of Peers, and Martin, of Galway, in the House of Commons, dared to ask that Parliament

should, by some legislative enactment, so far interfere for the protection of animals as to punish those who were guilty of cruelty to them. It seemed to many a monstrous proposition that a man should be fined and imprisoned for kicking a horse, or beating a dog, that was as much his own property as the shoes with which he kicked the one, or the stick with which he beat the other. It was surely aiming a death-blow at the free-born right of an Englishman—the right to do what he liked with his own!

Said an indignant Yankee in one of the modern plays, "A pretty land of liberty this is, where a man mayn't wallop his own nigger!" There was just as rational, and quite as loud, a complaint when a majority of national representatives in England yielded to the merciful pressure of a few earnest men, and resolved to protect the lower creation by an Act of Parliament, that has for more than half a century shed a halo round the name and consecrated the memory of Richard Martin. Providence often makes use of strange tools; perhaps there has been none that seemed less fitting for its purpose than this. He was entirely without influence, social or political; although nominally the owner of an immense estate—it was his boast that between his entrance-gate and his hall door there were thirty miles: it *was* that distance from Outerard to Ballynahinch—he very rarely (if indeed he ever did) owned a hundred pounds that he could justly call his own.

The first meeting to petition Parliament was held at Slaughter's Coffee House, St. Martin's Lane, on the 24th June, 1824. Colonel Martin was present; and the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals then and there originated. The society, as our readers know, flourishes now, and does all the good that could have been hoped for, and prayed for, by its few resolute and brave originators—foremost of whom was a Jew, Lewis Gompertz.

I remember the meeting well, for I reported it. I had known Colonel Martin previously, and conversed with him then as to a project I no doubt considered visionary. I have lived to see even greater events spring from smaller causes.

It was a thin meeting—that I recall; but the Irish heartiness of Martin gave it warmth, fervour, and energy. I do not believe there was another person present so sanguine as to think that Parliament would ever be the protector of a "lower world." Yet the advocates had not long to wait. It is but a faint remembrance I have of the scene, but I can clearly call to mind Dick uttering an oath, essentially Irish, "that by J—— he'd make 'em do it!" and, somehow, he did.

Thus the wild, energetic, heedless, and usually unreasoning Irishman is for this act classed, and rightly so, among the benefactors of his country and all other countries, of the Old World and the New.

He was sincere as well as earnest in advocacy of the "brute," when such advocacy usually supplied only material for mockery and scorn; and he was one of the very earliest of legislators to protest against the punishment of death for forgery. I believe Dick Martin had as warm and sound a heart as ever beat in human bosom. His vices were those of his age—"thrust upon him."

He was kindly and sympathizing, as well as generous and brave; and if the melodramatic picture of the old Irish gentleman is somewhat illustrated by his life, he was in many ways just the man to whom posterity need not grudge the honour and glory that crowns the name of the member for Galway, the sovereign of a large tract that was his kingdom, where for more than half a century he ruled—

"The houseless wilds of Connemara."

Many whimsical anecdotes are told of him—of his bulls and blunders in the House; for example, his protesting against the reporters as having misreported a speech, making him "spake in italics." I believe his "bulls" were often made for, and not by, him; but usually when he rose there was an unsuppressed titter in the House.

There is not a stick or stone in Connemara now owned by any of the descendants of Oliver Martyn, one of the soldiers of Strongbow, who "obtained" (*anglicè*, took) from the aboriginal Irish the broad lands of Galway, chiefly those that had belonged to a sept, concerning whom this was the prayer of their conquerors:—

"From the ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord deliver us!"

Some of his descendants yet survive, but it is in poverty—it is not too much to say the extreme of poverty. That it is so ought not to be merely a matter for regret. To our shame be it recorded.* I might greatly enlarge upon this subject; but to do so would

* He was almost idolised by the people over whom he ruled in wild Connemara. I heard this anecdote from one of his descendants. A rumour reached the district that the packet in which he was crossing from England to Ireland had been

be to hurt the feelings of ladies who are of his blood, who inherit his name and his "glory."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. — Earl Russell, who was born in 1792, died so recently as 1878, outliving all the great men who had been his colleagues and coadjutors in several "Governments." The venerable statesman was thus eighty-six years old when he left earth, at the Lodge in Richmond Park, allotted to him by the Queen. He passed in that charming retreat, in tranquil retirement, the residue of a career that commenced when he was returned to Parliament by the electors of the family borough of Tavistock; no doubt often reminded there of the passage in an after-dinner speech, at Edinburgh, in 1863, "Rest and be thankful."*

Lord John owed but a small debt to Nature: undersized, undignified, ungraceful; a bad speaker, with no pretence to eloquence either in thought, word, or action, he yet held a foremost place in the arena, for more than half a century. He said of himself—"My capacity I always felt was very inferior to that of the men who have attained, in past time, the foremost places in our Parliament, and in the councils of our Sovereign."

A consistent Whig always; the representative of a

wrecked. Amid the lamentations, dismay, and confusion of the household in Ballynahinch, one aged woman retained *self*-possession and was heard to say, "No one need be afeared for the master; for if he was in the midst of a raging sea the prayers of widows and orphans would keep his head above water."

* The passage is this, replying to the toast of her Majesty's Ministers: — "With regard to domestic policy I think we are all pretty much agreed, because the feeling of the country, and of those who have conducted great reforms, is very much like that of a man who, having made a road in your own Highlands, put a stone on the top of a mountain with an inscription—'Rest and be thankful.'"

family of Whigs—the illustrious House of Bedford; one of the descendants of that Lord William who, "for the old cause," died on a scaffold—legally murdered by a recreant jury—and bearing the honoured name of—

"That sweet saint who stood by Russell's side,"

he consecrated the name less by his own deeds than the renown achieved by a long line of ancestors. Prudent, just, generally wise, and usually in the right, he had always a large "following"—rather than a troop of friends. It may be true of him what Bulwer says in "The New Timon":—

"Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
He wants your vote, but your affection not."

As Prime Minister he did nothing to augment the fame of the race from which he sprung. His career was aptly illustrated by the prophetic caricature in *Punch*, representing a little insignificant page seeking to be engaged in the service of the Queen, who addresses him thus, "John, I think you are not strong enough for the place."

An ancient vault at Chenies received all that was mortal of John, Earl Russell. Scarcely had he been laid in the grave when there occurred a commemoration of his foremost political triumph. Three hundred noblemen and gentlemen, the chiefs of the Nonconformists, met at the Cannon Street Hotel, their errand being to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a red-letter day in our constitutional calendar. Many who read this must be familiar with the stirring words in Leviticus: "Then

shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound..... And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." On May 9th, 1828, religious liberty was proclaimed to Englishmen.* The repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts was a token that the day of Catholic Emancipation had at length drawn near; and in winning the battle of Geneva, Lord John Russell was doing priceless service to Rome. The following year saw Catholics admitted to Parliament. The year of grace 1878 will be remembered both for the jubilee of the Test Act repeal and the death of the venerable statesman by whom that repeal was secured.

MACAULAY.—I never heard Macaulay speak in the House, where, although by no means an orator, he always made a strong impression. He spoke as he wrote —eloquently in the choicest diction—smooth, easy, graceful, and ever to the purpose; striving to convince rather than persuade, and grudging no toil of preparation to sustain an argument or enforce a truth. His person was in his favour; in form as in mind he was robust, with a remarkably intelligent expression, aided by deep blue eyes that seemed to sparkle, and a mouth remarkably flexible. His countenance was certainly well calculated to impress on his audience the classical language ever at his command—so faithfully did it mirror the high intelligence of the speaker. Yet he never

* Lord Russell, in his "Recollections," makes this modest record of one of the grandest triumphs of the century:—

"In 1828, at the request of a body of Protestant Dissenters, I brought forward a motion for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts; and, to my great surprise, carried it by a majority of forty."

created enthusiasm, and seemed aiming only to convince. I had two or three interviews with him—at the Albany, when he was writing his History. He had reached that portion of it which describes the battle of the Boyne; and knowing I was familiar with the subject, he honoured me by consulting me as to facts connected with the river and the localities associated with the memorable crossing of King William, and also as to my knowledge of places consecrated by the siege of Derry. I found him—as the world has found him—a man of rare intelligence, deep research, and untiring energy in pursuit of facts: also a kind, courteous, and unaffected gentleman. His memory is to me one of the pleasantest I can recall.

He may have been a warm friend, but he was certainly not a relentless enemy. In 1857 he was removed to the House of Peers: but he left no mark there. On the 21st December, 1859, he was found dead in his chair in the library of his house at Kensington, with an open book in his hand. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. After his death there came forth much evidence, little expected, of the kindliness and generosity of his nature.

Sir George Grey died so recently as September, 1882, at the age of eighty-four. He had, during many years, enjoyed in retirement the repose he had well earned by duly recognised labour in the public service—some time as Home Secretary. I had the great pleasure to spend a week in his society, as the fellow-guest of a mutual friend—Mr. Gordon, of Stocks, near Tring. It was, if I recollect rightly, in 1849. A more kindly,

courteous, and agreeable gentleman I have never met. Our "talk" was—much of it—as regarded my cherished scheme of an exhibition of Art manufacture in Hyde Park, to which I found him opposed—mainly on the ground of its cost to the Nation; I vainly strove to convince him it would be absolutely nothing: at all events, nothing beyond the price of medals for distribution to successful competitors. I had had correspondence with another member of the then Government—the Right Hon. Thomas Wyse—the result of which was hardly more encouraging, as well as with Lord Morpeth—to which I have elsewhere referred.

Sir George Grey was mainly indebted for his popularity to the prudence and courage with which he encountered the threatened outbreak of the Chartists in 1848. An absolute army of special constables was enrolled; noblemen and gentlemen, the humblest tradesmen, and men of yet lower grade, served together in its ranks, numbering, it was said, much over a hundred thousand.* They were posted in all the leading streets of the Metropolis; and it was at once seen that the Chartists had not the shadow of a chance in the fight they anticipated, and for which they had prepared—chiefly under the direction of their leader, Feargus O'Connor, M.P.† Moreover, Sir George Grey had

* Among the foremost to become a special constable was the Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. I had the honour to march by his side from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly, and to remain by his side all the night of the 10th of April, 1848.

† Not long afterwards I had this anecdote from Robert Chambers. He met in London a man who had formerly been a compositor in his office, and thus addressed him:—"Well, Donald, are you a Chartist now?" This was the answer he received, "*Ah, no! I've got two houses!*"

brought into Parliament a Bill "for the more effectual repression of treasonable and seditious proceedings." It was rendered necessary, not only by threats of the Chartists, but by the miserable "row-rebellion" in Ireland, which succumbed in the famous fight in the "renowned" cabbage garden; the commander-in-chief on that occasion being Smith O'Brien, subsequently condemned to transportation for life, commuted from a death-sentence. He has had another "reward," however: at the foot of Carlisle Bridge, in Dublin, there is a statue of the "hero" of a single fight; while the hero of a hundred fights has none.

WILLIAM COBBETT—"SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS!"—I knew more than a little of William Cobbett, member (for Oldham) between the years 1832 and 1835. Essentially, he was one of the people; for his progenitors were all "hard-handed men" who drove the plough, and worked, when boys, for twopence a day—who were, in short, farm labourers at Farnham, where William was born in 1762: his boast was not ill grounded that if he inherited from his ancestors no honour, he derived from them no shame. They had as little idea that their son would be a Member of Parliament—one of the most notorious, if not famous, men of the age—as that they might bequeath to him an estate in the moon. He was, however, "cradled in wrong:" the disastrous and iniquitous war with our American colonies laid the foundation of that hatred of injustice which undoubtedly formed the groundwork of a character that was after-

wards perilous—all but fatal—to so many Governments of Great Britain.

In 1784, he "'listed for a soldier;" he rose to be a sergeant-major. Instead of perpetually drinking, as so many of his comrades did, he was continually reading and thinking, laying the foundation of the powerful character that made him afterwards dreaded by every department of the State. He quitted the army in 1791, and without the slightest taint on his reputation; married happily; and commenced not very long afterwards to wield the pen to destroy the several strongholds in which he and greater men considered "corruption" had its fortifications; assailing all he believed, rightly or wrongly, to be hostile to justice and freedom. So much it is my duty to say of one with whom I was never, at any period of life, in sympathy, never certainly "in sweet accord."

It was a full life, a life of hard, eager, and, I believe, conscientious, work; but it was the work of a Republican, if not a Revolutionist, and for a long period few men were so intensely hated or so entirely dreaded as William Cobbett. He and his many productions are forgotten by, or utterly unknown to, this generation; his opinions are seldom or never quoted. I doubt if a hundred young men in the Kingdom have read a line of his "Political Register," and he long ago ceased to be a power in the State.

In 1806 Miss Mitford, who visited him at Botley, where he had a sort of farm-house, describes him as a "tall, stout man, fair and sunburnt, with a bright smile and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, with unfailing good humour and good spirits."

Perhaps no man ever lived who was more bitterly hated, or had a greater number of personal as well as political enemies; he encountered them with indomitable courage, generally with their own weapons, but sometimes with good temper and good humour. "I have been represented," he writes, "as a bull-dog, as a porcupine, as a wolf, as a sans-culotte, as a bear, as a kite, as a cur." He was "a convicted libeller," "a firebrand," "a brutal ruffian," "a convicted incendiary,"—"a hoary miscreant," although not fifty years old.

He was sent to jail for two years, and he made his cell his study—that was in 1810; there he had leisure to sharpen his weapons. His fines were paid for him by steady and ready friends and upholders, and in 1812 he left his prison, stronger from having been beaten to earth, and better armed for the fight to which he thenceforward devoted not only great natural ability, but prodigious courage, indefatigable industry, untiring perseverance, enduring fortitude, and unmitigated ferocity.

Six hundred guests, presided over by Sir Francis Burdett, greeted him at a banquet at the Crown and Anchor, when after one of his trials for libelling the Government the jury did not agree. He defended himself in the Court of Queen's Bench, being then over seventy years of age. Cobbett's most notorious escapade was, however, his bringing with him to England the bones of "Tom Paine" from America, where Paine had died. It was a speculation that did not answer, rewarding the importer of the relics only with laughter and scorn. Paine had been buried in a corner of one of his

own fields, his request to be interred in the Quaker burial-ground having been declined by the "Friends." The name is seldom spoken now, unless possibly in Northampton; and a prophecy of the period has not been, neither is it likely to be, realised. It is as well to quote it. "While the dead boroughmongers, and the base slaves who have been their tools, moulder away under unnoticed masses of marble and brass, the tomb of this 'noble of nature' will be an object of pilgrimage with the people." Where the bones were buried I do not know, or if they were buried at all. I remember seeing a tobacco-stopper that I was assured had been one of Paine's finger-joints.

The potato was the *bête noire* of William Cobbett. His anathema has been often applied to it. It will be well to extract the passage from his biography that cried down the root that—

"Waxy or maaly,
Feeds Erin's inhabitants *all* the year round."*

Late in his career, there came a time when the ideal hope of his life was to be realised. In 1832, he was sent to Parliament by the people of Oldham, an honour he did not long enjoy: late hours and gaslight did not suit the constitution of the farmer, born and reared. Ill health compelled frequent absences from his place, and in 1835 he died.

* "This root is become a favourite because it is the suitable companion of misery and filth. It can be seized hold of before it be half ripe, it can be raked out of the ground with the paws, and without the help of any utensils, except, perhaps, a stick to rake it from the fire, can be conveyed into the stomach, in the space of an hour. We have but one step farther to go, and that is to eat it raw, side by side with our bristly fellow-creatures, who, by-the-bye, reject it as long as they can get at any species of grain, or at any other vegetable."

He made but a poor figure in the House; had not a scintillation of eloquence, and his manner was brusque almost to coarseness. The rudeness that is so often mistaken for independence never at any time "told" there, where the greatest and the humblest are certain to find their true level; and if there be any who recall him to memory, with a faint idea that they may accord to it respect, it will not be as seated on the Opposition bench of the House of Commons.

Though he spoke often, he never made what might have been called "a speech." He seemed always on guard lest he might commit himself; indeed, in the House he never seemed at home, and was by no means the virtuous contemner of his superiors he was expected to have been; few who listened to him would have thought they heard the author of much envenomed bitterness—the quality that so continually characterised his written words. But the House of Commons then, and for some time afterwards, even after it had been reformed, was a place to inspire sensations of reverence, if not of awe. It was then—what it is not now—an assemblage of gentlemen where a speaker was taught to treat *the* Speaker with respect.

It was, if I recollect rightly, about 1830 that I knew William Cobbett. Once I spent an hour with him in rooms he occupied in one of the courts leading out of Fleet Street; but there was in Fleet Street a shop where his works were sold, and where he was to be found often at mid-day by those who

sought him. Several times I was a "looker-in." He was then a hale old man, who seemed to have brought country air into the city, and who sought to show his preference for the former as much by ruddy aspect as by bluntness of manner, and a somewhat studied affectation of rural dress. He conveyed at once the impression that he was a remarkable man, and thus was by no means a disappointment. You were prepared to see just such a person as he was—a rough bludgeon, and not a malacca cane; a man whose confidence in himself had been increased and strengthened by homage largely accorded, and by consciousness of power. Yet I did not find him either exacting or overbearing; although then, as now, entirely differing from him upon nearly all the topics concerning which we at any time conversed—all excepting one, I should say, for his efforts to abolish flogging in the army did him, as I thought, great honour, and it was that topic which brought me to acquaintance with him. After long years, I am far more disposed to respect than to inveigh against the memory of one who, early in the century, was execrated as a firebrand, eager to destroy all the settled institutions of the State.

When the House assembled on the evening of the 19th of June, 1835, a whisper circulated over the benches that the member for Oldham was dead.*

* When, in 1836, an attempt was made to raise subscriptions for erecting a monument to his memory, Sir Francis Burdett being applied to, returned for answer that to attend a meeting to which he was invited, would be "to become a public voucher for the honesty, disinterestedness, and patriotism of the said Mr. Cobbett:" whereas "he believed, rather knew, the reverse." But he (Sir Francis) tendered to the Committee bonds in his possession—as "a handsome and suitable offer"—for money lent to Mr. Cobbett amounting to considerably more than £8,000.

O'CONNELL.—It is absolutely necessary that I condense my Recollections of the great men who dignified Parliament in the days to which I take my reader back. There is one, however, I cannot pass over lightly; for, although I shall write of Daniel O'Connell in my records of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," I must give to him that which his memory demands—a prominent place as a Member of Parliament. So much has been said concerning him that I cannot be otherwise than embarrassed when treating so large and comprehensive a subject.

I was in the House of Commons when, in 1828, having been returned to represent Clare County, he advanced to the table to "qualify," and refused to take the oaths. Many who were present saw him then for the first time; he was in the prime of life, tall, portly, healthy, strong, broad-shouldered, standing "well on his legs," one who might have been "the best wrestler on the green." His features, too, were handsome, notwithstanding a nose the opposite of Grecian, and cheeks somewhat overburthened with flesh: they were singularly mobile and marvellously expressive—often saying more of admiration or scorn, of love or hatred, than even his burning words. His mouth was the feature to which he owed most, yet it was large, coarse, and thoroughly animal: the smile was deliciously winning, the snarl fiercely vindictive. The eyes were not remarkable for either tenderness or power: they aided him but little when he spoke, and brought to those who looked rather doubt than conviction as to the sincerity of the speaker. Sometimes, indeed, they suggested the thought that he was himself laughing at the

solemn denunciations he had uttered. It cannot be asserted that his countenance was sly. There was certainly nothing of meanness in it: it was "coaxing," and had much of the "Ah! do's" and the "Ah! don't's" that are said to make Irishwomen irresistible. Yet it was not persuasive, and certainly not convincing. When he pleased he had "a fine face for a grievance," but generally it was the opposite of that. Gifted with good digestion, large animal spirits, and powerful physique, his proper place seemed to be where dull care was driven away, and pleasure was the deity for worship. But O'Connell never indulged in the "pleasures of the table" so much in vogue when he was young. If he had, he would not have attained the pre-eminence to which he was destined: of a surety, he would have sunk into one of the sloughs so often in his way.

He soon made his mark in the House, and seldom failed to find listeners; yet he had almost insurmountable difficulties to contend with there—where the most renowned of Irish orators, Grattan and Flood, had failed. He was not young; a "Papist" where none of his religion had been heard for centuries; an agitator—*the* agitator—who was driving his country to the verge of another rebellion, that of '98 being yet a living memory. But by the force of genius he overcame all obstacles; if he did not beat down opposition, he in a great degree dispelled prejudice; and if he failed to effect conciliation, he at least gained by force of character the respect of adversaries. Above all, his power in Ireland was felt and acknowledged. He was, indeed, the

moral king of his country, and there were many—unattracted to him by any of the ties that bind men, nay, opposed to him in creed and in nationality—who tendered to him involuntary homage.

I never saw him in his home among the mountains and by the wild Atlantic waves that environ Derrynane. I can easily understand what an admirable host he was: considerate, kind, sympathetic—and hospitable, of course. In 1840 I received a verbal invitation to visit him through his and my physician, Dr. Elmore (the father, by the way, of Alfred Elmore, R.A.). I excused myself from accepting it on the ground that as a public writer it was very frequently my duty to assail him, and I could not do that if I broke his bread and tasted his salt. The answer was, "Tell him he's a fool. Many have been my visitors who abused me, and they were quite as free to do so, after, as they had been before, they became my guests."

I drove by Derrynane more than once, and once I visited the place—so interesting to all travellers as one of the historic sites of Ireland. It was after the "Liberator" had ceased to be a dweller on earth.

The Irish are peculiarly sensitive to physical advantages; and no doubt the *personnel* of O'Connell aided him much. I recall him addressing a large assembly on a hillside in Kerry. It was before Emancipation. I was not near enough to hear what he said, but I could note how he was "rollicking"—in words; and for him how easy it would be to evoke an appalling storm!

Every man had in his "fist" the national weapon, and a very slight hint would have made him use it, heedless how, upon whom, or where. We know the story of the "boy" * who, seeing a distant fight, rushed into the *mêlée*, exclaiming, "O, the Lord grant I may take the right side!" But O'Connell, though he often led his factions to the brink, always stopped short of positive riot; he knew its inutility as well as peril, and that "small blame" would be to the rifle barrel out of which came a bullet that laid him low. I will believe, with Lord O'Hagan, that a better motive than personal fear led him to give such counsel. He seemed to sway the multitude by superhuman power; often, there was a universal roar of laughter, succeeded by a sob that was equally unanimous. The very infants in arms appeared to dance with joy, or to respond in sorrow—as he willed to guide them. Lord O'Hagan, in the speech prepared for the "Centenary" (which he wrote but did not deliver, for the impatient audience, entirely Irish, would not hear reason, or bear to be lured into truth), described his mental qualifications justly:—"He had limitless resources, a buoyant nature, unsleeping vigilance, untiring energy, patience inexhaustible, invention without bounds, faith in his cause which never faltered, and resolution which no reverse could daunt and no discouragement subdue. . . . . He had humour and pathos, invective and argument, and he could pass from one to the other, sweeping across the human heart-strings with an astonishing facility and a sure response." Lord O'Hagan

* In Ireland a "fine boy" is much what a "pretty man" is in the Highlands of Scotland.

adds, "The generation which saw his majestic form, and heard his voice of music, is fast departing!"

There are few who can remember O'Connell in the House, and it will now be difficult to credit the intemperance of language to which he gave way, not only when he was at home with his own audience, but in Parliament, where a very large majority of his hearers were hostile. Thus the Duke of Wellington was "a stunted corporal" ("Oh! how hideous a thing it is that Ireland hath produced him!"); Lord Alvanley, a "bloated buffoon;" Sir Henry Hardinge, "a wretched English scribe—a chance child of fortune and of war;" Stanley was "scorpion Stanley;" Spring Rice, "small beer;" Peel—a score of vituperative passages might be quoted to describe him as he appeared to O'Connell; and as regards Disraeli, the language applied to him was so infamous that I do not quote it. Whether attacking them singly or in a body, he never hesitated to decry opponents in terms of abhorrence that engendered hatred. The Tories were always "detestable;" the Whigs, when they refused his demands, were "base, brutal, and bloody;" and at one of his meetings Parliament was cried down as an assemblage of "six hundred scoun-

* "Daniel O'Connell has great advantages of person—he has all that appearance of power which height and robust proportions invariably give to the orator, without being the least corpulent or fleshy, without coming under Cicero's anathema against the 'Vastus.' He has great girth of chest—stands firm as a rock; his gestures are free, bold, and warm—his countenance plays with all he utters—his mouth in particular indicates with great facility the passion of the moment—frank in conciliation, bitter in scorn. Indeed, the shape of the lips is rather a contradiction to the manlier traits of the orator's fine athletic person: it is pliable in character, delicate in outline."—*New Monthly*, 1831.

drels." Yet, of all men, O'Connell was one who should have most avoided the personal insults for which he would not give the "satisfaction" which few gentlemen declined at that period, when duels were a custom. His son Morgan on one occasion took up the quarrel, and, as he had not "an oath in heaven," fought Lord Alvanley; but the challenges of Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Benjamin Disraeli, O'Connell refused to answer. Even now, it will be difficult to conceive the hatred with which he pursued every patriotic Irishman who was not willing to bear the chains that bound him to the wheels of the agitator's chariot. It is unjust to describe O'Connell as degraded when he depended—almost solely—on "the Rent:" no man ever earned better the "tribute" of the people. As unjust is it to arraign him as lacking manly courage, when, after having killed one man in a duel, he declined to fight another.

His claim to "the Rent" was, according to his own view, this: that for twenty years before Emancipation he bore the burthen of the cause; "he had to arrange meetings, to carry on an enormous correspondence; to examine all cases of practical grievances; to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory; to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law; to guard against multiplied treachery; and at all times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause." It is needless to add that so much work could not have been done without enormous sacrifices.

"'Base, brutal, and bloody,'—such are the epithets the honourable and learned member for Dublin thinks it

becoming to pour forth against the party to which he owes every privilege he enjoys." These are the words of Macaulay, who had stood—in the fight—so bravely by his side. And again (in 1833), when O'Connell taunted the Whigs, Macaulay replied—"They were not deterred by clamour from making the learned gentleman not less than a British subject,—he may be assured they will never suffer him to be more."

O'Connell died on the 18th of May, 1847, bequeathing to his country the curse of "Repeal." It has been to Ireland what the shirt of Nessus was to Hercules. As regards any chance of Repeal, it is farther distant now than it was in June, 1829, when O'Connell predicted that before three years were over there would be again a Parliament in College Green. Time after time, year after year, he thus "kept the word of promise to the ear." No one knew better than he that Repeal was as much an impossibility as would have been an attempt to move Ireland a thousand miles nearer to America; and none knew better that Repeal of the Union between the two countries would be to Ireland an inconceivable calamity. But let him bear—as he surely will bear to the end of time—the illustrious title of the LIBERATOR.

There are some—I hope and trust there are many—who will think I have done but scant justice to Daniel O'Connell. If his name is not forgotten, his policy is surely ignored, in Ireland. This is the language of one of his countrymen, of his own faith—Michael Doherty: "There can be no doubt of the tendency of Mr.

O'Connell's policy to demoralize, disgrace, enfeeble, and corrupt, the Irish people."

Still less can I endorse the verdict of another of his countrymen, John Mitchell, some time M.P., who had a mighty "following;" these are *his* words:—

"Poor old Dan!—wonderful, mighty, jovial, and mean old man, with silver tongue and smile of witchery, and heart of melting ruth,—lying tongue, smile of treachery, heart of unfathomable fraud! What a royal yet vulgar soul, with the keen eye and potent sweep of a generous eagle of Carran-Tual—with the base servility of a hound and the cold cruelty of a spider!"

Such are not, I rejoice to say, the opinions of "*all* Ireland" concerning him who was "the Liberator." There is a depth of infamy to which the "patriots" of to-day have reached, from which the great leader would have brought or forced them, as surely as he would have brought or forced them from the gates of Tophet.

SHIEL.—I knew O'Connell's countryman, fellow-worker, and rival (for he was that), Richard Lalor Shiel. I knew him before he was in Parliament; when he had acquired repute at the bar, and obtained some literary fame as the author of a successful tragedy, "Evadnê"—rendered successful by the acting of Miss O'Neil. It is now forgotten. He was certainly an orator, but he was not eloquent. There is a wide difference between the two—oratory and eloquence. His person was insignificant, and his voice inharmonious—*squeaking* is perhaps the only word that can describe it. Neither was he at all graceful in delivery: his motions were jerks, and his action was that of a man who wields a stick too heavy for

his hand. He was seen to great disadvantage by the side of his burly colleague. I saw them together more than once in London, when addressing audiences to pave the way to the great work they ultimately accomplished. Shiel wrote his speeches, and, when he spoke, the fact was evident: though admirable as compositions, they lacked the *furor* that made O'Connell so magnificent in his outbursts. The incident is well known that at the great meeting on Penenden Heath, Shiel lost the copy of his speech, and stammered through it as best he could, while another copy was at the same moment in the hands of compositors in the *Sun* printing office, where it was printed entire, but by no means "as delivered."

It was in 1828 (October 24) that the Protestant meeting on Penenden Heath took place, "to petition against Catholic Emancipation." Shiel conceived the bold idea of putting in a personal appearance, and remonstrating, on behalf of himself and the Roman Catholics of the Nation, against "the meditated sentence of exclusion." He established his right to appear by previously purchasing a small freehold in the county of Kent. He was badly heard. To the shame of the men of Kent be it written—he was assailed by continual clamour.

I was present on that occasion as a reporter. Shiel did not "show" to advantage—as certainly O'Connell would have done. He had "lost the thread of his discourse," stammered often, and seemed alarmed at the hootings of a hostile crowd, which the noble chairman did not exert himself to repress. On the platform he had few friends; there was hardly one to encourage him. I was one of the few who did. He had missed

his handkerchief when he sought to wipe the perspiration from his brow. I gave him mine, and said a word or two in giving it. Though a very small incident, it had the effect of making his voice louder. He uttered some sympathetic sentence which elicited a cheer, almost, if not quite, the only one he received on that eventful afternoon. But the speech as printed had great effect all over England, and largely aided the efforts of the upholders of Catholic Emancipation.*

This is Macready's portrait of him in 1817:—"No one could have looked at Shiel and not have been struck with his singular physiognomy. A quick sense of the humorous and a lively fancy gave constant animation to his features, which were remarkable for their flexibility. His chin projected rather sharply, and his mouth was much indrawn. The pallor of his sunken cheek suggested a weakness of constitution, but lent additional lustre to his large deep-set eyes, that shone out with expression from underneath his massive overhanging brow."

And this is Lord O'Hagan's portrait of him:—"If you will consider a tin kettle battered about from place to place, producing a succession of sounds as it knocked first against one side and then against another—that is really one of the nearest approximations I can make to my remembrance of the voice of Mr. Shiel. . . . He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation—I believe carried even to words—with a very vivid imagination,

* Among other compliments he received for that speech, was one from Jeremy Bentham, who said—"So masterly a union of logic and rhetoric scarcely have I ever beheld."

and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character, a sort of half wildness in his aspect and delivery; and his whole figure and his delivery, and his voice and his manner, were all in such perfect keeping one with another, that they formed a great parliamentary picture."

Shiel lived to be in office as Master of the Mint, and so "earned" the anathemas of a large section of his countrymen; yet I do not think they went so far as to say he had sold himself to the Saxon, as they did of Lord O'Hagan, thirty years after the victory was gained, when a Roman Catholic was seated on the Irish woolsack—a result of victory as little contemplated by Shiel as would have been the conversion of Ireland into an empire.

In 1821 there was a memorable quarrel between O'Connell and Shiel. O'Connell had issued an address to the Catholics of Ireland. Shiel (a Catholic) wrote an answer to it, "pointing out the pernicious tendency of that advice," styling his address "an ill-constructed fabric of despair," and sneering down to the common level the chief Irishman of the age: all of which O'Connell condemned as "rhapsody," and Shiel as an "iambic rhapsodist," describing the address altogether as "peacock's feathers and volcanoes which glitter in tamboured and puny conceits."

It was "a very pretty quarrel," but the coming of the King to Ireland placed it in abeyance. That they were rivals from the beginning, and cordially hated each other, there is little doubt.

Yet Shiel was "rejected" when he sought to represent his native county in Parliament; and he first appeared in the House of Commons as the representative of an English borough. He died in 1851, and his country seems to have forgotten him: his name is rarely mentioned when patriots are casting up accounts, and claiming debts of the Past. I do not think there is in Ireland a monument to his memory, or aught that is "national" to preserve the name of so remarkable a man.

His most triumphant speech in the House was that in which he referred to the unworthy language of Lord Lyndhurst, who, in his "alien speech," described the Irish as "aliens in race, aliens in language, aliens in religion." Parliament has listened to few grander outbursts than the appeal of Shiel to the Iron Duke, who heard the slander and had said nothing: who "ought to have remembered," cried the orator, "whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never before reeled in the shock of war? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajoz? Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?" Lord Lyndhurst was present, and must have bitterly rued the expressions to which he had, in an unhappy moment, given utterance.

"Aliens!" literally screamed the orator, as he waved his hand towards the spot where Lyndhurst was sitting. The House was convulsed with cheers and exclamations, and for the moment the oratory of Richard Lalor Shiel

blazed up into a supremacy of power it never before or afterwards attained. Though "Evadnê" has perished, that single masterly oration must long keep the memory green of him who uttered it.

Shiel is accused of English proclivities; probably of that "crime" he was guilty. His first wife was a Protestant—the niece of McMahon, Master of the Rolls. His early education was English; he was at a school at Kensington from his eleventh to his fourteenth year (1802 to 1804). The school was known as Kensington House School of the "Pères de la Foi." *

Towards the close of his life, Shiel became British Minister at Florence, and died there in May, 1851.

LAWYERS IN THE HOUSE.—It is needless to say that among the more prominent leaders in the House were those who led at the Bar. The legal luminaries of fifty years back were more remarkable men than their successors of to-day. Passing over the Lord Chancellor Eldon, of whom I have written elsewhere, after Brougham came "silver-tongued Denman" (very opposites they were), and Sir James Scarlet (Lord Abinger), and smart Serjeant Wilde (Lord Truro). Still, the genius of the Bar, in so far as it was known to power and the public, was limited

* Kensington House School had been the suburban residence of one of the mistresses of Charles II. It was well situated, having a garden, and at the rear, a pleasure-ground with a fine walk of trees, affording a delightful playground. This school was established and owned by a son of the Maréchal Duc de Broglie, the famous War Minister of Louis XVI. This son, who was always called "Prince de Broglie," was educated for the army, but during the emigration became a priest in Germany, and afterwards opened this school in London for his support.

to half-a-dozen shining lights. The majority, King's Counsel and Serjeants-at-Law, were no doubt sound lawyers, but that was all. Such, for example, was MARRYATT, a serjeant who—foremost in the van in superior courts—was counsel in an action for nuisance, brought by a client who complained of annoyance and injury from the smoke of a neighbour's factory. "My Lord," declared Marryatt, "there were volumes of smoke! Volumes did I say? My Lord, there were *encyclopœdias* of smoke!" I heard him utter the words. The court was convulsed with laughter, for, though a sound lawyer, Marryatt was a singularly dull and heavy man, without a sparkle of eloquence or wit.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.—Among the men who were great in Parliament and renowned at the Bar may be named Sir Charles Wetherell, some time Solicitor and Attorney-General, who, though the highest of high Tories, regarded the customs of society as unwholesome restraints, and considered freedom, whether of actions or of words, the natural right of man. I can only describe the personal appearance of Wetherell by saying that he looked as if, nightly, he went to bed in his clothes and seldom thought of a bath. He appeared never to have used braces, and seemed as if—not his stockings, but his trousers were "down at heel." Tall and gaunt, yet weak in the back, when he spoke, whether in serious mood or in lighter badinage, he always produced an effect greater than that of greater men; few members commanded more attention in the House. He was often

witty as well as serious, and is undoubtedly to be classed with the men of mark of the period. Brougham writes of him as "one of the most honest and independent men I have ever known."

High in the list of statesmen-lawyers I may place Sir James Scarlett, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. I seem to see him now: a portly person with the face of a young girl—florid, but not red; looking as if he had never burned a night-lamp, but was made prosperous by acting up to the lesson taught in those days:—

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

It was far otherwise, however, with Sir James Scarlett, who must have toiled early and late, "lived laborious days," to attain and so long keep the premier *rôle* in his profession. There is one word, perhaps, that will convey an idea of his character: he was crafty. No man knew better how to convince a judge and cajole a jury; and no man was ever more successful in managing both. His peculiar knack was to persuade listeners that his reasons and arguments were such as admitted of no doubts; and he obtained the nickname of "the verdict-getter." He who had Scarlett for his counsel was more than half way to a favourable verdict before his case commenced. When he "retired" to the King's Bench as Lord Chief Justice, he relinquished for the honour of the high appointment a large professional income.

"DENMAN of the silver tongue" was a man whose outward appearance brought conviction that, if skilled, by great natural gifts, "to make the worse appear the better reason," he was a lawyer in whom might be placed implicit trust. His eloquence was calm, persuasive, and impressive, rarely impassioned, as it so continually was with his great rival and ally, Henry Brougham. It seemed as if Denman would have rejected any verdict he did not himself consider based on judgment and rule of right. In short, he gave the impression of a thoroughly upright man, in whom a client with a good cause might have unlimited trust, but from whose hands an unscrupulous, dishonest, or merciless litigant, plaintiff or defendant, had better, for his own sake, withdraw his brief. He became Lord Chief Justice in 1832, and was created Baron Denman in 1834.

POLLOCK—Chief Baron—had not the personal advantages that Denman possessed, but he was a sounder lawyer, more trusted by the attorneys, and a safer advocate to conduct a case—wrong or right. He made little figure in the House of Commons, but a better judge never graced the Bench. He was most estimable in all the relations of private life; and in his rising fortunes remembered, to their gain, the friends and associates of his somewhat obscure boyhood; he is one of the many men of whom Scotland is justly proud.

Both Denman and Pollock have sons now on the Bench, of whom future historians will write as I write of their fathers.

Sir John Campbell.—Sir John—"plain John Campbell," as, at one period of his life, he coveted to be called—Lord Campbell, as he became—Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and subsequently Lord High Chancellor of England—has written volume after volume concerning his predecessors on the woolsack. How they were received by his contemporaries—two or three of them, at all events—I have elsewhere shown.

He was great at Nisi Prius, but nowhere else. As a leader he was less successful with a jury than he was with a judge: it was not in his nature to be persuasive; no advocate was ever less studious of *bonhomie*. As a speaker he was the opposite of eloquent, although he seldom failed to produce conviction—often obtained when reluctantly given.

A Scotchman, but hardly a good specimen of his country, he has not left a favourable impression even in Scotland, so proverbially proud of its great men.

His biographies of the Chancellors and Chief Justices hold prominent places on the shelves of all libraries. Campbell had that worst of qualifications for a biographer—a total lack of enthusiasm for the hero of whom he wrote. There was not only nothing sympathetic or generous about him: he seemed to consider as enemies and rivals both the men of the past and those of the present, and deemed it a duty, in treating of them, to magnify faults and dwindle virtues to specks.

Serjeant Wilde (Lord Truro).—His very opposite was Serjeant Wilde, Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice

of the Common Pleas, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Proud positions for any man to occupy, but singular in his case, for he had neither the natural nor the acquired advantages that go far to assure success. His personal appearance was not in his favour, and to eloquence he had no pretence. He was a sound lawyer in all minor technicalities, but had no large view of anything. His second wife, Augusta Emma d'Este, was a daughter of the Duke of Sussex. In allusion to that marriage, Serjeant Murphy, a prominent and witty wag of the period, whose wits were often out when the wine was in, proposed a toast at a public dinner—"Mr. Serjeant Wilde and the rest of the Royal Family."

Is it possible to attain great eminence as a lawyer without sacrifice of the moral principle? Can a man uphold, maintain, and propagate what is false, and what he knows to be false, without permanent mental taint? Can it leave his nature without soil—that he should perpetually strive to make

"The worse appear the better reason?"

At best, descending to labour in the service of wrong while striving to persuade a jury that he is an advocate in the cause of right; surely, he puts aside conscientiousness for a time, and resigns self-respect, to follow the guidance and dictation of his brief; and acts according to "instructions" when he labours to render injustice powerful and successful, and crime unrestrained and free.

Has there ever been a case so atrociously bad that no

attorney could be found to prepare it, and no barrister to carry it into court?

A few years ago I was playing chess with one of the most estimable and upright men I have ever known—and I knew him from his boyhood—a late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He was playing badly, and I told him so. "Yes," he said; "I am anxious for a messenger who is to bring me the verdict of a jury I left deliberating. I expect I shall get a verdict, although I am pretty certain my client perjured himself." I could not help exclaiming, "Is it possible you can wish for a verdict in favour of a person who has been guilty of perjury?" "Yes!" he answered; "such is professional *esprit*."

A distinguished lawyer told me that he had said to his client, about to be tried for murder, "It is essential that I should know the truth in this case; but I can have no confession. If you are innocent, take my hand; if you are guilty, put yours into your pocket." The accused did the latter. He was defended and acquitted.

I knew well a barrister who defended a client he knew to be guilty, who was tried with another man he knew to be innocent. [I had the story from his own lips.] He succeeded so ill that both were convicted—his client, who had committed the murder, and an unfortunate man, a pedlar, who was by accident standing in the gateway of the house in which it was done, and to whom the murderer had tendered some trifle as a gift.

Horrified at what had happened, he communicated, after sentence, the whole of the circumstances to the judge, and succeeded so far that, although the actual culprit was hanged, the sentence of the other was com-

muted to transportation for life. The incident haunted the memory of the lawyer to the day of his death.

I remember a case tried at the Old Bailey that illustrates the danger of trying to prove too much. A prisoner was indicted for stealing some goslings from a farmyard. A little girl swore they were her mother's goslings. Now as goslings are all much alike, if the counsel had left the evidence there, his client would have been safe enough; but he did not: he pressed her to answer the question, "How she knew they were her mother's goslings?" After some hesitation she answered, "Well, sir, you see when the goslings were brought back the goose ran to the goslings, and the goslings ran to the goose!" The jury at once accepted the testimony of Nature and convicted the accused.

One other anecdote I may relate; it was told me, if I remember rightly, by Chief Justice Doherty. At some Irish assizes a man was tried for murder. The case was so clear as to leave not a shadow of doubt concerning the verdict; the charge of the judge was emphatic for conviction: the man's life was not worth a "traneen." To the surprise of the court, the jury retired to consider, and in half an hour returned with a verdict of acquittal; and would give no other in spite of the judge's protest. Next day the lawyer who defended the prisoner chanced to meet the foreman of the jury, and addressed him. "Of course, I was well pleased with the result of yesterday; but how, in the name of goodness, could you have arrived at such a verdict?" This was the answer: "Arrah! Counsellor, do you think I'd be after hanging the last life in my lease?" So it actually was: the man

had got himself named foreman of the jury for the purpose he accomplished.*

Yes, I have been many times in court during my reporting days—in civil and in criminal courts—when a wicked plaintiff or defendant obtained a verdict against a thoroughly honest man, or a widow and orphans were made the victims of a scoundrel, aided by a skilful lawyer, who, having undertaken the case, was bound to do his best for his client, although he knew full well that he was the advocate of injustice and guilt.

All this is but an episode.

I ought, no doubt, to apologize for introducing the topic into these pages, the more especially as some of the most conscientious and upright men who ever lived have been, and are, largely employed solicitors and extensively practising barristers.

THE FIRST LORD LYTTON.—I have choice whether to recall this distinguished man to memory as Mr. Lytton Bulwer, Sir Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, or Lord Lytton—for I knew him when he was undistinguished by any title, when he was created a baronet in recognition of his genius, and when, after having been Colonial

* In those days it was by no means uncommon in Ireland—in fact, it was almost a rule—when a landlord let a farm on a lease of lives, that one of these lives should be his own, and another that of his eldest son. In Dublin City, sixty years ago, there flourished a barrister who was not too proud to accept any fee offered—too needy to refuse any. He took half-crowns for opinion or advice, and was known as the "half-crown lawyer." He was summoned before the Benchers and duly charged with the outrageous offence. This was his answer: "Gentlemen, as to the charge urged against me, I have this answer—I can prove to you I acted up to the very spirit of the profession—*I took all the man had!*"

Secretary, he became a peer of the realm. I prefer to introduce him here as member of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords.

The first time I saw him was in the year 1826. There then lived on the second floor of a house in Quebec Street, Marylebone, a Miss Spence—a "blue" when woman-authorship was rare, and was in some cases considered a glory, in others an offence. The term "blue-stocking" was morally an epithet of reproach. The little lady—she was very little, and almost as broad as she was tall—had no pretensions to ability, but she had printed a book, "Letters from the Mountains," a sort of rambling tour in Scotland. She contrived to attract to her "humble abode" (as she phrased it in all her notes of invitation) many persons eminent in literature and art. Her "abode" consisted of two rooms: in the bedroom (back) the tea was made; and in front, the drawing-room, her guests assembled. There were more ambitious types of Mrs. Leo Hunter, but Miss Spence was the model of one who, aiming at patronage in small things, succeeded in doing what more elevated ladies desired to do, but failed to accomplish.*

* An amusing story is told of one of them, I forget which, but blue-stocking parties were in fashion at the time, and I am not sure whether the anecdote has or has not been printed. During the struggle between Greece and Turkey, a somewhat renowned Greek leader arrived in the Downs. A lady who was to have a "gathering" the following evening heard the news, and posted off to Chatham, to secure the presence of a lion so novel and desirable. She went on board the ship, and expressed exceeding delight when her purpose was attained, and the Greek chieftain consented to be of her party, duly habited of course in his native costume. When, however, she sought to leave the vessel with her prize, she was informed that the ship was in quarantine; and that neither she

On the occasion to which I refer, the leading lioness was Lady Caroline Lamb: a poor-looking *passée* woman, who, it was said, had captivated the heart of Byron, and was the "toast" of other celebrities, not very nice as to qualifications derived from either beauty or virtue. She never could have been remarkable for personal attractions. She was accompanied by a young medical man, who was in fact her "keeper," in a professional sense, and seldom left her side. I saw him more than once —when Lady Caroline was rattling on and approaching some tabooed topic—quiet her by a look. Her ladyship was also accompanied by a young and singularly beautiful lady, whose form and features were then as near perfection as art, or even fancy, could conceive them. Lively, vivacious, with a ready, if not a brilliant, word to say to every member of the assembly—displaying marvellous grace in all her movements, yet cast in a mould that indicated great physical strength—she received in full measure the admiration she evidently coveted, and did her utmost to obtain. Her abundant hair fell over the whitest of shoulders; her complexion was the happiest mixture of white and red; in fact, she was as perfect a realisation of the beauty whose charm is of the form, and not of the spirit, as poet ever set forth in words or painter upon canvas.

nor her prize could leave it without a properly certified order. The result was that at her "Evening" neither the lady nor the Greek put in appearance. I may print here a *jeu d'esprit* of James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," which he gave me as an autograph:—

"Cœlia publishes with Murray,
Cupid's ministry is o'er,
Lovers vanish in a hurry;
She writes, she writes, boys:
Ward off shore!"

It was not difficult, however, to perceive in this handsome young invader of Miss Spence's drawing-room something that gave disquieting intimations concerning the spirit that looked out from her brilliant eyes—that he who wooed her would probably be a happier man if content to regard her as we do some beautiful caged wild creature of the woods—at a safe and secure distance. The young lady of whom I have thus spoken was Miss Rosina Wheeler, not long afterwards Mrs. Lytton Bulwer.*

By her side, and seldom absent from it during the whole of the evening, was a young man whose features, though of a somewhat effeminate cast, were remarkably handsome. His bearing had that aristocratic something bordering on hauteur, which clung to him during his

* Mr. Bulwer married Rosina, only surviving daughter of Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Conel, Limerick, grandson of Hugh, Lord Massey, by Anna, daughter of Archdeacon Doyle. Thus Rosina Bulwer was an Irish lady, with very many of the advantages that make the women of Ireland charming. But she did not take pride in the distinction. During his editorship of the *New Monthly*, Bulwer gave a dinner-party to O'Connell and several Irish members. I was not present; but the next day I saw Mrs. Bulwer directing some arrangements in the dining-room, which she told me she was *fumigating* in order to get rid of the brogue.

In March, 1882, died Rosina, Dowager Lady Lytton, at her residence at Sydenham, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. I had not seen her for many years prior to her death: I wonder whether she retained her beauty: there is a beauty of age as there is a beauty of youth; but its source can only be in a pure, loving, and sympathetic soul.

"Such beauty counts not years, but laughs at time:
Such beauty will be always in its prime."

life. I never saw the famous writer without being reminded of the passage, "Stand back: I am holier than thou." Mr. Lytton Bulwer was then in the dawning of that fame, to the full meridian of which he afterwards attained—at the foot of that steep which led to the "proud temple." A wedding that, to all appearances, was the union of a pair as distinguished by mutual affection as personal graces, resulted only in bitter misery. That is all I need say of the marriage of him who afterwards became Lord Lytton. During my frequent intercourse with Bulwer, in the year 1832—when I was his sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—it is needless to say I saw much of his domestic life. That I pass over without detail or comment. As is usually the case, the faults were on both sides: on the one there was no effort—no thought, indeed, to make home a throne or a sanctuary—a source of triumph or of consolation; on the other there seemed the indifference that arises from satiety. In many respects the sexes might have been changed to the advantage of both. Yet, although they were unequally yoked together, I doubt if either would have made happy, or been happy with, any other man or any other woman.

When I saw Bulwer in 1826 he was barely twenty years old, but had already given promise of distinction, having in 1825 gained the Chancellor's prize medal at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He had also produced a book called "Falkland," which in after-years he seemed anxious to forget.

Like almost every great man, he was indebted to his mother for his greatness. Of his father, General Bulwer, we learn nothing; but his mother must have been a lady who possessed a large mind and natural ability of a high order. She was heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth, and Bulwer, her favourite son, inherited her wealth, and at her death in 1843 assumed the name of which she was always proud—that of Lytton. Mrs. Bulwer was tall and slight, of a commanding presence: silent—it was thought from pride. She certainly conveyed to me the idea that she lived too much with her ancestors. That her celebrated son was devotedly attached to her is certain. On that head it will suffice to copy a letter, which fortunately I preserved, written by Bulwer to Mrs. Hall soon after his mother's death. It is a fine and touching tribute to her memory—evidence of a gratitude beyond that which is a claim of nature. It runs as follows:—

"My dear Mrs. Hall,—

"Believe me grateful for your kind sympathy and condolence, and sincerely grieved to hear you anticipate an affliction similar to my own—an affliction for which no preparation prepares—which is never known in its vast irreparable extent—till all is over. Do not talk to me of that hateful, bitter thing called Literature—the vying with little men which shall be calumniated the most. No generous mind ever cared for the brawls and broils of reputation, but as their result pleased some other. Who can take

—not laurels (nowadays there are no such things)—third editions and *Quarterly Reviews* to the grave? From my head the great shelter-roof of life is gone. It may be mine to succour others—the sole being who succoured me is no more. The tie that is rent was not the common one, holy as it always is, between child and parent. In that tie were enwoven half the links that make life endurable. My mother proud of me!—no, I was proud of *her*. All I have gained, all I have, were hers—education, knowledge, the little good, the little talent, that may be mine, all are but feeble emanations from the most powerful mind, the greatest heart, I ever knew. No one understood her as I did, and in the bitterest moments of my grief I have felt that I never mourned her enough—a mourning nevertheless that my heart will wear till it cease to beat. God grant that your own fears may not be realised, and that you may be long spared the anguish for which, in me, fortitude is a vain pretence and comfort a hollow word.

"Yours faithfully,

"E. B. LYTTON.

"Hertford Street,
"Monday."

I am not about to write a memoir of Lord Lytton,* although that has yet to be done, and ought to be done

* Although barely worth preserving, I copy some lines written by Sir Lytton Bulwer in Mrs. Hall's album. It was Mrs. Hall's plan to avoid as far as possible the introduction of *original* contributions into it; partly because album verses are bad, and also because a needless tax is levied on the author. Sir Lytton wrote—

"An album—it's really my curse!
I've no great acquaintance with verse:
And prose, that dull dog in a bevy
Of poems, looks awkward and heavy.
Howbeit—there is not a muse
Who dares what *you* ask her refuse.
When I went up to Cambridge for knowledge
The Hall was eclipsed by the College;
But now every pedant acknowledges
That a Hall beats the best of our Colleges.
Some still for distinction may look
When enrolled in a College's book,
But those who want envy from all
Are enrolled in the books of a Hall.

"*March* 25, 1835." "E. L. BULWER.

—is being done by the present Lord Lytton. Into the reasons of delay it is not my business to inquire. I doubted its appearance until one of the causes of postponement was removed by death—that difficulty no longer exists. My duty is to confine myself to personal recollections.

Latterly I saw little of the author of "Pelham," of whom at one period, but only for a brief period, I knew much. I believe Bulwer to have been a man made to be admired rather than loved. He achieved fame, but I am not sure that it brought him happiness. He seldom gave one the idea that he was in earnest: the good he did seemed rather the result of calculation than of impulse. I believe there would have been even among his friends and admirers a greater number to rejoice at his failure than triumph at his success. Had his earlier life been different from what it was, his prime and his decline might—I think would—have presented another picture. A married man must ask his wife if he is to be loved and respected, and if she says, "No," he will strive in vain to be either. It is seldom out of the power of a good woman so to mould her husband that he may be both.

> "Men are what women make them: Age and Youth
> Bear witness to that grand—Eternal—truth;
> They steer the bark o'er Destiny's dark wave,
> And guide us from the cradle to the grave."

In the secret and sacred precincts of home, hypocrisy is impossible. The valet must know the outer man, the wife the inner—the height and depth of the heart, mind, and soul!

Of the great gifts of Edward George Bulwer

Lytton, Baron Lytton, I need not write, were I even able to produce that which a reader would care to read. Tributes in abundance were laid upon the mausoleum that received his body among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. There was not a newspaper in the Kingdom but contributed to swell the total of laudation. He will assuredly be for ever classed with the chief writers of his generation as one who has delighted, and will delight while the language lasts, the millions who read and speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. And not that only: his works have been translated into every European language. "Poet, essayist, statesman, novelist, scholar, dramatist," these titles all are his,

> "——Who ran
> Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

His only living child, Edward Robert Lytton, second Lord Lytton, was favourably known in literature under the name of "Owen Meredith," previous to his father's death; but, in all human probability, that father had little idea that he would—justly and rightly—hold the third highest place under the Crown, earn an Earldom, and become Governor-General of our Indian Empire.

Lord Lytton's parliamentary speeches were collected by his son. It is by no means certain that "they will remain marvels of the highest and noblest eloquence," as his friend Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said they would; but they are admirable as compositions, powerful, argumentative, manifesting the liberal and gene-

rous sentiments which he nourished in early life and cherished to the last.

Bulwer could hardly be said to entertain settled political opinions. It is sufficiently notorious that he began life—politically—as a Liberal of very advanced type, and, in fact, sought to enter Parliament under Radical banners. I can never imagine him soliciting the "most sweet voices" of the multitude otherwise than with awkward constraint—as a gentleman out of his sphere. He was too proud a man to be "a vain man," yet at all times he took pains to enhance the value of his personal appearance, and did not disdain artificial aids; what is termed "the simplicity of nature," in thought, word, or deed, being utterly foreign to his disposition. He was thoroughly an aristocrat; all his affinities were with his "order," although he sought, and thought, to connect himself with the hard-handed men of the working classes. I could fancy him scrupulously washing his hands after a meeting with his constituents—where he had been condemned to exchange greetings with them. He could scarcely have done that which, undoubtedly, he would have preferred to do—put on his gloves before he entered a meeting of Radicals.

Reluctance to oppose Mr. Calvert made him decline to contest the borough of Southwark, which he was eagerly solicited to do by a large body of its inhabitants. The following is an extract from his first declaration of public faith:—

"I should have founded my pretensions, had I addressed myself to your notice, upon that warm and hearty sympathy in the great interests of the people, which even as in my case, without the claim

of a long experience or the guarantee of a public name, you have so often, and I must add, so laudably, esteemed the surest and the highest recommendation to your favour. And, gentlemen, to the eager wish, I will not hesitate to avow that I should have added the determined resolution to extend and widen, in all their channels, those pure and living truths which can alone circulate through the vast mass of the community—that political happiness so long obstructed from the many, and so long adulterated even for the few."

The last time I saw him was at his then residence, No. 12, Grosvenor Square. It was drawing towards fifty years since first we had met, and there were more changes in him than those that time usually brings. His once handsome face had assumed the desolation without the dignity of age. His locks—once brown, inclining to auburn—were shaggy and grizzled; his mouth, seldom smiling even in youth, was close shut; his whole aspect had something in it at once painful and unpleasant.

His industry was wonderful. I have known him write an article for the *New Monthly* overnight, which I well knew he had not touched before late in the evening, but which was ready in the morning when I called for it. As I have elsewhere stated, during the year 1832 he was editor and I sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Previous to that year he had for some time ranked as "the best esteemed" of its contributors. His ability as an editor was by no means equal to his capacity as a contributor. His sensitiveness to blame or ridicule was extreme, and at times this tenderness of mental nerve caused him suffering that amounted to agony. In 1831—a short time before he

became editor of the *New Monthly*—a highly laudatory article appeared in that magazine upon his literary career; it was written by Miss Landon. The wasps of *Fraser* turned this opportunity to malicious account, and stung their victim to the quick. The *New Monthly* sketch was published in May, 1831. In *Fraser* for July appeared an article, assuming it to be from the pen of Bulwer himself, and comparing it to the gross devices resorted to by puffers of quack medicines and other enterprising advertisers. The climax of insult was reached in December of the same year, under the heading of "Epistles to the Literati," when an attack was made upon Bulwer, the scurrility and grossness of which no magazine, however careless of its reputation, would at the present day dare to parallel.

There are seasons in the life of every literary man in which silence is golden. Assuredly the season of these *Fraser* lampoons was such a one as regards Bulwer. He, however, exasperated beyond endurance, lost patience and rushed angrily into print.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the ventilation of his private grievances in the pages of the magazine was strongly opposed to my view. But he was the editor; I was the sub-editor, bound by a duty of obedience as much as is the soldier ordered to ascend a fort, which he does promptly without a murmur, though with certainty of failure and death.

Part of Bulwer's reply ran as follows:—

"Our readers may be aware that there exists a stupid, coarse, illiterate periodical, published once a month, and called *Fraser's Magazine*. We mention the paltry thing, because it sometimes

happens that lies travel abroad, from the mouth even of the obscurest liar, and the poor creatures connected with the Periodical referred to, have been pleased to render themselves contemptible by uttering several falsehoods respecting us. In one of these falsehoods it is asserted that Mr. Bulwer has 'long-anonymously edited the *New Monthly Magazine*.' We will simply state in reply to this assertion, that Mr. Bulwer had not the smallest connection, direct or indirect, with the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine* previous to the November number; and that he had not even been a contributor to the work for several months anterior to the last. So much for *Fraser's Magazine*. The falsehood we have exposed is but one among many! What a pitiful thing is a work calling itself literary that seeks to delude the public by such poor frauds and despicable falsities—that panders to the worst of passions by the paltriest of means, and hopes to struggle into sale by the tricks of the swindler and the lies of the beggar. We heartily trust that this notice may encourage such *enemies!* in their abuse and their slander. 'There are two ways,' says a wise writer, 'of establishing a reputation—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues.' Whatever success we may have in the former mode of establishing a reputation, we are sure, at least, of success in the latter, so long as we are honoured by the writers in *Fraser's Magazine* with that 'calumniation which is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can bestow upon us, but also the only service he will perform for nothing.'" *

He failed to see, at the time, though he may possibly have done so afterwards, that an outburst of spleen so ill-judged simply afforded to his assailants evidence that the barbed arrows they launched at him had penetrated, and that the wounds inflicted rankled and festered. For years he continued to be of all English authors the one whom satirists most delighted to select

* "Some time or other, when we have nothing better to do, we shall for the honour of Literature, devote a few pages to the unburrowing of some half-a-dozen of these vermin—the Mactoddies and Macgrawlers of Mr. Fraser's fœtid Magazine, and we think we can promise our reader that he shall both ridicule and loathe;—and while disgusted with the blackguard, he shall enjoy a hearty laugh at the fool."

as a target for their shafts of wit and malice.* From time to time, he made efforts to defend himself, which were, however, too laboured and heated to be effective. He suffered from even the most contemptible lampoon —so keenly sensitive was he—and when really formidable adversaries took the field the anguish of soul he endured could scarcely have been increased. Had he resolutely kept silence, the malicious attacks directed against him must in time have ceased. Unfortunately he did not follow that course, and at each new cry of anguish to which the tormented gave vent—in prose or verse—the clouds of wasps that buzzed about him stung more spitefully than before.

Under his editorship the circulation of the *New Monthly* declined rapidly. At the end of a year he and Colburn parted, and from that time until his death I saw comparatively little of him. He discarded his Radical politics, became a Conservative—of a slightly Liberal type—and rose rapidly in celebrity and dignity, being in no long time created a baronet, and attaining some years before his death to the honours of the peerage. His extreme sensitiveness must have seriously obstructed his power in the House of Commons, and no doubt greatly lessened his value when, as a member of the Government, he held the important post of Colonial Secretary. He was certainly without proof-armour wherewith to encounter assailants in the House of Commons. I can believe his

* The chief offender was Thackeray, who in the "Yellowplush Correspondence" assailed him with a degree of rancour utterly opposed to the fair spirit of criticism. It will suffice to indicate the spirit of the article if I quote a single word—the name given to the accomplished author as it was spelt in the "Diary of Jeames de la Plüche, Esq.": "Sawedwadgeorgeearllittnbulwig."

duties were distasteful to him; while in his brother Henry (afterwards Lord Dalling) diplomacy had one of its ablest sustainers. Moreover the deafness which at that time and afterwards afflicted him must have greatly diminished his readiness. Yet, although not an orator, he was an eloquent speaker: though by no means a ready debater, for all his speeches were prepared beforehand. So early as 1828 I accompanied him when he was to advocate at a public meeting the removal of "Taxes on Knowledge." His speech even on that occasion was carefully prepared.

Though classed, not unwisely nor unjustly, among the loftiest men of the generation, Bulwer coveted something more—which never was his. The hart that panteth after the water-brooks is indifferent to green trees and refreshing breezes. He was a man more to be admired than loved; the sentiments he excited were not those of affection; if he aimed at popularity, it was not by winning his way through the heart. Many men vastly his inferiors in intellectual and personal gifts, and in other advantages that are great in the race for fame and fortune, left him far behind.

Dickens, at the dinner to Macready, said of Bulwer:—*

"He had uniformly found him from the first, the most generous of men, quick to encourage, slow to disparage, ever anxious to assist the order of which he was so bright an ornament, and never condescending to shuffle off and leave it outside state rooms, as a Mussulman might leave his slippers outside a mosque."

* We had a private box at Covent Garden on the first night of the play of the *Lady of Lyons*, the most successful of all his plays. Bulwer was seated in a stage box. But Macready had kept the secret well; and though many present might have suspected him to be the author, there was no proof that he was so. Forster came into our box, and warmly protested that he was not the writer: if he were, he (Forster) must have known it. I can easily imagine his indignant vexation when probably a few hours afterwards the truth came out.

His demise on the 18th of January, 1873, was the signal for a burst of eulogy, in which there was mingled but little of detraction. From the glowing tribute that appeared in *Blackwood* I take what seems to me a fairly discriminating estimate of the claims of the famous writer to the homage of posterity :—

"Apart from his novels, essays, and poetry, Lord Lytton had the great merit of having written the only dramas which, during the last thirty years, have fairly kept the stage. If we put together all his different attributes as an author, we can scarcely fail to consider him as a giant in literature, in whose productions it is difficult to say whether we should most admire the excellence or the versatility. Let us add to this character the observation how rare it is to find these qualities combined with the political sagacity, the oratorical power, and the practical good sense which distinguished him as a statesman."

He died "peacefully in the arms of his son," and his ashes now mingle with those of the other illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

There is one subject in connection with the career of Lord Lytton that I desire to notice at some length. He was a Spiritualist long before Spiritualism became an accepted term. Many of his earlier published works supply evidence of that fact. Modern Spiritualism dates no farther back than the year 1848, when the "Rochester knockings," repeating, as it were, the rappings described by John Wesley, gave a language to mysterious sounds, and supplied conclusive proof of a state of existence—retaining consciousness and memory—following the death of the body; bringing convic-

tion that death in reality is but the portal to another life, and that souls removed can, and do, have intercourse with souls that yet continue in "the flesh." "The creed of the materialist is as false as it is miserable, leaving," as Bulwer Lytton writes, "the bereaved without a solitary consolation, or a gleam of hope." I rejoice to add he draws a distinction between "the dogmas of the priest and the precepts of the Saviour," giving undoubted assurance that his faith was that of a Christian.

I gladly extract a passage from that which I consider the best of all his books, "Devereux," where he declares, "I have neither anxiety nor doubt upon the noblest and most comforting of all creeds," and proclaims himself, in the strictest application of the words, "a believer and a Christian."*

He was made more, and not less so, when he read by the light that Spiritualism supplied to him; removing any blur that might have remained to sully faith, and making the HEREAFTER not a problem to solve, but a certainty as far removed from doubt as assurance that the will to move a limb is a power to move it, or any other of the simplest truisms that prove the senses to be guided by intelligence. That Bulwer was a Spiritualist there is no question. He may have done, as so many others do—shrunk from the public avowal of a belief the foundation of which is *knowledge;* but that he accepted

* "Tell me not of the pride of ambition; tell me not of the triumphs of success: never had ambition so lofty an end as the search after immortality; never had science so sublime a triumph as the convictions that immortality will be gained. . . . . Seeking from meaner truths to extract the greatest of all."—*Devereux.*

Spiritualism as an infallible truth there can be no doubt. I dined with him when he was living at Craven Cottage, on the banks of the Thames, near Fulham. Some persons, of whom I had the honour to be one, were invited to meet Alexis, then a lad who had obtained renown as a clairvoyant. Lord Brougham was of the party. Dinner was delayed waiting for the "marvellous boy." When the bell rang, Bulwer, accompanied by two or three of his friends, left the room to receive him. In the hall was the card-tray: Bulwer took from it a dozen or so of cards, and placed them in his coat-pocket. After dinner Alexis went into "a trance." Bulwer placed his hand in his pocket, and, before withdrawing it, asked whose card he held; the answer, after a brief pause, was given correctly. The experiment was repeated at least a dozen times—always correctly. Alexis was a French boy, who had been but a few days in England. The cards were all those of Englishmen. I need not say how great was our astonishment. "Clairvoyance" was a term that probably most of the guests there heard for the first time.

That was the earliest intimation *I* had as to a power as far surpassing my belief—as it would have been that a time was close at hand when I might send a message to, and receive an answer from, New York within an hour, or be in my own drawing-room listening to "the music of an orchestra distant a hundred miles" from the seat on which I sat. Alexis yet lives, but his "power" has either greatly diminished or entirely left him—as in the still more remarkable case of Daniel Home.

Although I might make record of several "sittings"

with him in my own house, I limit my recollections to one at the dwelling of a lady in Regent's Park. The medium was Daniel Home, then in the zenith of his mediumistic power. There were seven persons seated round the table. The light was subdued, but not extinguished. Ranged on a cabinet were a number of bronze Burmese idols, some of them very heavy. [The lady's husband had held an official appointment in Burmah.] They were scattered about all parts of the large drawing-room. That might have been, by possibility, a fraud, but what followed could not have been so. There was a small bell on the table. We all saw a shadowy hand and arm draped in, apparently, dark gauze take up the bell, hold it over the head of each of the sitters, ring it, replace it on the table and vanish. No doubt there were other occasions on which Bulwer witnessed phenomena as wondrous. I visited him more than once at his residence in Grosvenor Square to talk over these wonders; and in the two latest letters which I received from him (which I have unfortunately lost) he expressed a strong desire to obtain the aid of some medium who could bring into the presence of a lady her child who had died. They supplied conclusive evidence of his belief that such a result *was* to be obtained. A time cannot be far distant when it will infer no more a sense of shame to avow belief in the phenomena that supply proofs of the immortality of the soul, than it has been to avow faith in the marvels that modern science has discovered and divulged for the enlightenment of humanity; men will no more shrink from the admission of belief in Spiritualism than they do that words may

travel from pole to pole at the rate of ten thousand miles in a second of time.

Dr. Darwin, who died in 1802, wrote these prophetic lines:—

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

"For how many centuries lay unknown the virtues of the loadstone? It was but yesterday that certain forces became to men genii more powerful than those conjured up by Aladdin; that light at a touch springs forth from invisible air; that thought finds a messenger swifter than the wings of the fabled Afrite." So Bulwer wrote in his "Strange Story." Had he lived ten years longer he would have added that sounds are made to travel a hundred miles in a second; and who will say that the future is not "big with discoveries" yet more *wonderful*, according to our interpretation of that word? Who will limit the illimitable? We do not see the oak in the acorn; we do not detect in the egg the bill and feathers of the bird. It is safe to prophecy that the marvels of spiritualism will yet be as palpable and familiar facts as that the steamship can move ten miles an hour against tide and wind, or any other discoveries which only a single generation ago would have seemed marvels utterly incredible.*

* "He (Sir Lytton Bulwer) appeared to have faith in the truth of the manifestations, and though admitting that clairvoyance and spiritualism might be traded on by impostors, as religion might, he was inclined to accept as a fact, that departed spirits were permitted to revisit earth, and make their presence known, by some magnetic, electrical, or other agency, which within our limited sphere of knowledge it was impossible to explain."—CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—I do not mean to write a memoir of the great man, or anything like it; it is not needed, if I were capable of doing that work. Of few men living has so much been written in censure or in laudation. In spite of both he occupies a foremost place in the history of his country and his age, and will fill it worthily as long as lasts the language in which he wrote, or spoke, in the House of Commons, or among his Peers in that other Chamber to which his genius raised him.

The first time I saw Benjamin Disraeli was at a dinner at the house of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in Hertford Street, Mayfair—in 1832; the last time was at one of the evening receptions of the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House.

On his entrance into public life, at the period of which I write—just fifty years ago—everything was against him; he had, apparently, no one advantage to warrant the faith and trust in himself that eventually carried him to the loftiest niche in the Temple, proverbially as well as practically hard to climb—the Temple of Fame!

He was, like George Canning, styled an "adventurer." Canning had much that Disraeli lacked: handsome and manly features, a magnificent form, eloquence at once powerful and persuasive, a scholastic education, and, by marriage into a ducal family, secured a position—comparatively early in life—veritably aristocratic. Disraeli had one advantage, however, that Canning had not: his mind had been enlarged and strength-

ened by travel. Before he entered on public life there were few of the countries of Europe and Asia he had not visited. The beneficial results were principally made available in his fictions, but the power thus given must have been very valuable to him during his career as a statesman. Certainly, Disraeli was of a glorious race—a people chosen of God—but which had fallen into the depths of degradation: to be one of the "nation" was a disqualification for political or social *status*. It will be necessary, in giving to the subject fit consideration, to go back some forty years, when a Jew was everywhere under a ban: could not only not be in Parliament, but was not by law able to own a single acre of British land. Well, Disraeli was of the proscribed race—outcasts from every power except that of invested wealth and its concomitants. Yet I may quote in reference to him the lines applied by Barry Cornwall to the steed Gamarra:—

> "He can trace his lineage higher
> Than the Bourbon dare aspire:
> Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
> Or O'Brien's blood itself."

His person was against him rather than in his favour: his features were not of the loftier Jewish type; even in early youth he had a slight stoop and his form was not graceful. His conversational powers were few—in ordinary society, at least;* none knew how much he

* I have written this passage as a mere "outsider"—with very limited knowledge. I am assured, however, by one who knew him intimately, and honoured and loved him much, that "nothing can be more incorrect than to describe Lord Beaconsfield's conversational powers as 'few or limited.' No man had greater charms in conversation; and whether he was speaking to a frivolous woman of fashion, or a literary blue, or an ambassador or minister of state, or a man of

was taking in, that, in time to come, he might give out much; there was indeed little indication that he was perpetually listening, observing, thinking, and reasoning—but so it surely was. The seed was fructifying that was to yield a prodigious harvest; but if any one had ventured to utter the prophecy—

"Hail to thee that shall be great hereafter!"

the augur would have been met with laughter.

I am bound by gratitude to see the great man in a favourable light. One of the earliest acts of his first Premiership was to accord a literary pension to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a very few months before the termination of his second Premiership, in 1880, one of £150 to me. The latter was the result—not of a suggestion to her Majesty by her Prime Minister, but of her Majesty to him, which, however, I have reason to know met his entire approval. It was granted to me "for long and valuable services to Literature and Art." I was very thankful to him, but deeply grateful to my gracious and beloved mistress, the Queen. God bless her!

We knew Mrs. Wyndham Lewis long before she became Lady Beaconsfield. Her education must have been sound and good; her mind was of a high order;

letters, or a stupid bore, or even a little child—his conversation was always 'great.' His only defect was that unless he cared for his company, he would not exert himself, and preferred silence; and he had a great objection to be spoken to when eating."

and it may be regarded as certain that by her constant companionship—nay, by her frequent counsel and her wise advice—she aided largely in directing the after-conduct of her statesman-husband, and so claims a share of the gratitude due to the illustrious man who, in often consulting her, derogated in no whit from the dignity of manhood, as First Minister of the Queen and of the Kingdom. It is enough to say of Lady Beaconsfield, that she was worthy to be the friend, companion, and counsellor of Lord Beaconsfield, as well as his wife. She must have been a generous woman. Her splendid diamonds were always at the command of her friends—such of them as had to attend court or any state balls; and I know her to have given a diamond ring to Lætitia Landon—when she had known that the poetess was in immediate need of money—with a well-understood hint that there was no necessity for her keeping it.

She was not only a handsome but a charming woman, well born and nurtured, with manners easy and self-possessed, generous and sympathetic; and if her second husband had been born in the purple she would in no way have discredited the position to which he raised her.* That when she became his wife she was dearly and devotedly loved by her great statesman-husband there is no doubt; yet the world might not have known it—perhaps would not have believed it—

* A miniature of her mother is that of a high-born lady. Her father was a commander in the Royal Navy. She herself was, I believe, born at Bramford-Speke, in Devonshire, and was baptized at St. Sidwell's, Exeter, in 1792. Her brother was Colonel Evans, of the 29th Regiment—who came of a true Devonshire family. Her uncle was General Sir James Viney, K.C.B.

for she was his elder by fifteen years, and he had long passed the verge of manhood. It was in March, 1838, that Wyndham Lewis died.* In August, 1839, Disraeli married his widow.†

Such cases—of women deeply, tenderly, devotedly loving men, and being beloved by men much their juniors in years—are by no means rare. I need not turn to biographies for examples; there is one, however, that comes up with surpassing brightness from out the number. Dr. Johnson married Mrs. Porter, a widow who was twenty years older than he; yet his deep and devoted love for her is an essential part of his life: his writings concerning her are among the most pathetic, touching, and eloquent the English language supplies—having reference to mourning for a "departed." When he and she had both passed away into that eternity where all ages are equal, passages such as "This was dear Letty's book," or "This was a prayer which dear Letty was accustomed to say," were found in books of devotion

* The *Annual Register*, 1838, thus records his death:—"Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Pantgwmlass, Glamorgan, barrister-at-law, M.P. for Maidstone, a deputy-lieutenant for Glamorganshire." The *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838, describes him as above, and adds, "Mr. Lewis was descended from the Llanishen branch of the Lewises of the "Van." He was the son of the Rev. Wyndham Lewis, of Newhouse, Glamorganshire, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, November 23rd, 1819. In 1820 he was returned to Parliament for Cardiff, and sat till the dissolution in 1826." In 1832 he sought election for Maidstone and was defeated; but three years later was returned for that borough at the head of the poll. The famous election in which Wyndham Lewis and Benjamin Disraeli were returned took place in 1837.

† "Disraeli married in 1839, Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Branceford Park, Devon, and widow of Wyndham Lewis, Esq., M.P. In acknowledgment of her husband's official services, Mrs. Disraeli was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom, as Viscountess Beaconsfield, November 28, 1868. She died December 15, 1872, aged eighty-three, and was interred in Hughenden churchyard."

that had belonged to her—written there by her husband. Dr. Taylor alludes to a letter which "expressed grief in the strongest manner I had ever read." Long, very long, afterwards, the time came when Samuel Johnson was himself entering the valley of the shadow of death. On the day that was the anniversary of his wife's death he wrote in his Diary a few words of sorrowful joy: "This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Letty died. Perhaps Letty knows that I pray for her. Perhaps Letty is now praying for me. God help me. Thou, God, art merciful. Hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee." It was the cry of a great heart—the last uttered on earth before there was reunion in Heaven; yet thirty years had passed between the latest and the first.

But it is enough to add the dedication by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli of the novel, "Sybil," to his wife:—"I would inscribe these volumes to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided, these pages: the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife!"

I cannot now (at this distance of time) recall the circumstances that brought me into intercourse with the elder Disraeli, in 1823—at his house, the corner of Bloomsbury Square. It was no doubt to obtain some literary information; and the visit was surely by invitation, or it would not have been made. I found him a most kindly and courteous gentleman, obviously of a

tender, loving nature, and certainly more than willing to give me what I asked for. I do not recall him as like his illustrious son; if my memory serves me rightly, he was rather fair than dark; not above the middle height, with features calm in expression; his eyes (which, however, were always covered by spectacles) sparkling and searching, but indicating less the fire of genius than the patient inquiry that formed the staple of his books. The house still stands, apparently unchanged. Montagu Corry (Lord Rowton) told me that not long ago Lord Beaconsfield visited the house, and asked leave to go over it, which was granted, although the attendant had no idea that the courtesy was extended to the Prime Minister. He sat for some time pondering and reflecting —a grand past and a great future opening before his mental vision—in the room in which he was born.

Once I met the two—great father and greater son—at one of the receptions of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place. It is certain that, from the first to the last, no parent ever received more grateful respect or more endearing affection from a child, and I well remember that, on the evening to which I refer, the devotion of Benjamin Disraeli to Isaac D'Israeli, specially noticed by all who were present, was classed among the admirable traits of the after Prime Minister of the realm.

Thus, he was born and bred among books; they had stored his mind long before he took to writing books. But in 1826, when little more than a youth, his pen began to make him famous. His father's ways had become his ways; yet, whatever his reading had been, neither in his speeches nor in his writings does he give

much evidence that he had studied the classic authors of his country.

From the day he uttered the memorable words, forestalling a not distant time when the House *would* hear him, to the day on which he took his seat among the Peers as a "belted Earl," and, to his death, his genius was appreciated, his eloquence admitted, his wisdom conceded, and his vast intellectual powers accepted as guides to the grandest deliberative assembly that ever controlled the affairs of a nation and people—

> "He made by force his merit known,
> And lived to clutch the golden keys—
> To mould a mighty State's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of a throne."

He made his maiden speech on the 7th of December, 1837: he had been elected as a representative for Maidstone in that year. The prophecy of his future, as given by Hansard, is in these words: "The time would come when they would hear him." It has been otherwise reported; there is a wide difference between *would* and *should*. That maiden speech has been pronounced a failure; but there are many who did not then, and do not now, regard it in that light. It had much of the epigrammatic sparkle which characterized his later speeches, and if it were received by the House with "laughter," it was more for the manner than the matter.*

The prophecy was amply fulfilled. No doubt he was

* "The honourable and extinguished member," the *Globe* of that day described him!

led into blundering by his hatred of O'Connell, who had, in 1835, foretold for him "an immortality of infamy," and who received in return the threat, "We shall meet at Philippi." The member for Maidstone may have considered himself bound to repeat the challenge, "on the earliest opportunity," and, forgetting that discretion is the better part of valour, fought rather with the rude violence of the bull in the circus than with the skill of the *sabreur* in the arena.

Gilfillan, in his Gallery of Portraits (third series), seems to me to have hit the character of Disraeli with peculiar point, accuracy, and tact:—"We saw, in a late Edinburgh journal, a comparison of Disraeli to Byron: he seems to us to bear a resemblance still more striking to Bonaparte. The same decisive energy; the same quick, meteoric motions; the same sharp, satiric power; the same insulation, even while mingling among men; the same heart of fire, concealed by an outside of frost; the same epigrammatic conciseness of style, alternating with barbaric brilliance; the same decidedly Oriental tastes, in manner, language, equipage, everything; the rapidity of written and spoken style; the same inconsistency, self-will, self-reliance, belief in race and destiny; the same proneness to fatal blunders; and the same power of recovering from their effects, and of drowning the noise of the fall in that of the daring flight which instantly succeeds it, distinguish both the soldier and the statesman."

There was nothing mellifluous in his voice. It was rather harsh than insinuating: the reverse of coaxing—free without being fluent; his epigrams were like stabs, but they told upon lovers and haters, and were of vast value as helps to arrive at an end in view. He was, to my thinking, an orator, yet not eloquent; an advocate who strove to convince, yet would not condescend to persuade. But his mighty power over the audience he most frequently addressed was undoubted. He rarely spoke to one composed of the lower, or even of the middle, classes; I cannot imagine him as touching their hearts, going home to their affections, making them fancy for a moment he was one of themselves, as so many others have done—as I have often seen them do.

In 1881, while the guest of my honoured friend, Sir Philip Rose, Bart., at Rayners, Penn,* I paid with him a visit to Hughenden, so long the residence of the great statesman. The house was dismantled, and although much of the furniture remained, much of it was prepared for removal; but some of it was to continue there as heir-looms to be associated with his memory. Chief among these were the many sacred gifts of the Queen. It is entirely justifiable to say she was not only his gracious mistress, but his personal friend. Her Majesty never

* The executor, the wise adviser, and the personal friend of Disraeli, during nearly the whole of the career of the great statesman. It is recorded of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (the poet also), that his proud boast was to have been the servant of Queen Elizabeth and *friend* to Sir Philip Sidney. I believe, if Sir Philip Rose had been the two former, he would not have been more proud of either, than he was in signing himself the "friend of Benjamin D'Israeli.

had, and never can have, a more devoted servant and subject than he who was so long her Prime Minister. Her regard for him was shown not only while he lived, but after his death.

On the walls were many portraits of his personal friends, the leading sustainers of his ministry, and of the members of his family—from one of his father in his early boyhood, to one of him in his old age. They are all heirlooms. Although some of the household gods of the great Earl are thus preserved, by far the greater portion of them were scattered by the ruthless hands of the auctioneer. How pleasant it would have been if the historian could have written that power had been given to the executors to distribute them, so that a large number of those who honoured his memory or loved and revered the man, had received gifts of treasures that, having been his, would have been valued at a thousand times their actual worth, or than the large "biddings" at the sale—which heirlooms might thus have been obtained by all the Conservative clubs and societies throughout the Kingdom, incentives to followers, and incitements to those who follow, in the struggle, now, and long to be, pending in Great Britain and Ireland and all their dependencies, including the vast Empire of India.

Fine views of the surrounding hills are obtained from the windows of the house. The grounds, though not extensive, are charmingly laid out. Trees were planted there by many illustrious persons; among them is one placed on a mound by the hands of the Queen. On one of the hill-heights that look down on Hughenden there

is a monument to the elder Disraeli. It was erected by the wife of his son. There was a touch of romance about the act: it was prepared during one of Disraeli's more prolonged absences. When driving from the station to his house, he was told to look up: he did so, and saw the graceful and affectionate tribute his wife had paid to the memory of his father!

Even of greater interest than a visit to the house will be a visit to the church, and to the churchyard where husband and wife are laid. "No son of his succeeding," the title he had nobly earned died with him.

His place, indeed, is high among the very highest of the worthies of his country: a great statesman, a true patriot, a thorough Englishman, a faithful and devoted lover of his country, jealous of its honour, heedful of all its interests, small and great; nay, heedful of the interests of every class, from the highest to the lowest,—the place he occupies in History will be one of rightly achieved glory for all time.

I quote this tribute to his memory from a leader in the *Times*, April 10, 1880, on the retirement of Disraeli from the office he had held:—

"Since 1846 he has been first the animating spirit, and then the leader, of one of the two great Constitutional parties; and to hold such a position for thirty-four years, and at the end of it to command the confidence of his followers in as great a degree as ever, is of itself a memorable achievement in political life. He has led his party from defeat to victory; and although defeat has again overtaken them, they remain a compact and spirited force."

I quote also the touching tribute of his friend and colleague, Sir Stafford Northcote, in a speech delivered at Kettering a short while after his death:—

"By the death of Lord Beaconsfield we lost a leader who was not only one of the ablest, one of the most accomplished, one of the most encouraging leaders who ever carried his standard to victory, but we lost also a friend in whose constant sympathy and in whose kindness and readiness to give advice we were always able to find strength and support. I never knew a man who had so large an amount of combative elements, combined with so much gentleness and sympathy, as Lord Beaconsfield. Those who knew him only in the political and gladiatorial arena, as it is called, could hardly believe how much there was in him to make those who were fond of him very fond of him indeed."

Benjamin Disraeli was born in London on the 21st December, 1804, and died in London on the 19th April, 1881. His father lived to the age of eighty-two.

I cannot close these brief remarks concerning Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, better than by quoting the words of his gracious mistress, Queen Victoria, as they may be found, and will be found by many generations yet to come, on a tablet in the church at Hughenden—a memorial to his merits and her regard, of which he and his descendants might have been gratefully proud if they had been the purest, and worthiest of the race of Tudors or Plantagenets, or of any prince, potentate, or power:—

To
the dear and honoured Memory
of Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield,
This memorial is placed by
his grateful and affectionate
Sovereign and friend
Victoria R.I.
"Kings love him that
speaketh right."

February 27, 1882. Proverbs xvi. 13.

Let my final echo from the past of the House of Commons be one that recalls the voice of the Speaker, Manners Sutton. It was surpassingly rich and melodious, and its irresistibly persuasive "Order, order!" seemed to lull a boisterous debate as oil is said to smooth the surface of a turbulent sea. Yet it was so clear, distinct, and marvellously strong, that one might fancy it would reach the ear of a listener a mile away. He seldom spoke other words than "Order, order!" When he did, they might as well have been left unsaid, for he had a singular faculty of confusing language, and rarely enlightened his auditors as to what he really meant.

Alas! there are few now living who can recall by actual memory that silvery sound—"Order, order!" Speaker and hearers have passed away from earth, and of the generation that knew Manners Sutton a few survivors only remain—waifs cast up from the ocean of the past! *

There is a theme associated with these details concerning the "Giants in both Houses" to which I refer with more than mere pleasure; for among the happiest of my Recollections is that of the Queen opening her first Parliament, on the 20th of November, 1837. Outside—it was a "Queen's day;" hundreds of thousands thronged the streets, filled the windows, or occupied platforms and balconies. The scene may be easily

* But thirty of the Peers and Commons who passed the Reform Bill in 1832 are living—and only one of them is a member of Parliament—in 1882, the jubilee year of the Great Reformation!

imagined; by those who witnessed the ceremony in the House of Peers it can never be forgotten.*

The usual "Speech from the throne" concluded with these words, her Majesty addressing "My Lords and Gentlemen":—"The early age at which I am called to the sovereignty of this Kingdom renders it a more imperative duty that, under Divine Providence, I should place my reliance upon your cordial co-operation, and upon the loyal affection of all my people."

A passage preceding, in which her Majesty had expressed herself anxious to declare her confidence in their "loyalty and wisdom," was delivered with marked emphasis; she paused, raised her eyes from the paper, and looked around her on the array of peers and peeresses, and commoners below the bar, who had assembled to tender homage. There was no heart that did not throb with response. A murmur passed through the assembly that would have been a cheer but for the solemnity of the place and the occasion. It was not suppressed without; the cheers of a multitude were heard with echoing delight by all who sat or stood within. And assuredly that day—now forty-six years ago—was registered in the memories of all who heard the young Queen's words, as the beginning of a reign auspicious beyond any other in the records of British history.

There were many present who had known her Majesty's predecessors—George III., George IV., and

* I was present when King William IV. delivered his last speech to Parliament—and what a contrast! The day was gloomy and dark, and when the King began to read he stammered at the first sentence, and the words were perfectly audible as he looked about him and exclaimed angrily, "Damn it, I can't see!" Lights were brought, and he proceeded.

William IV. The feeling was universal and irresistible, that—from that day—Loyalty became an easy duty, which it had not been during the three preceding reigns.*

The lessons taught by the throne to the people had been seldom salutary, and many found their best argument for disaffection, nearing republicanism, in the examples of mental disability to govern, or low and often vicious tastes and pursuits, or indifference to the general needs, or arbitrary and unconstitutional application of power, in the monarchy of these realms. One or other of these evils existed and prevailed until Queen Victoria ascended the throne—when they all ceased. The Crown has since been not only honoured, but loved, by the millions who are its subjects. During the whole of her reign vice has had no excuse because of its practice and patronage in high places.

Happily have the anticipations as well as the hopes of "all orders and classes" of the subjects of the Crown been realised, and through the vista of more than forty years the meanest, no less than the loftiest, of her subjects looks back with thankfulness to the advent of that royal lady who, in her early youth, was called to reign over the Kingdom and all its dependencies, and subsequently became Empress of India.

* Sir Denis le Marchant states that in 1830, "Peel told his tutor, Bishop Lloyd, that he believed the monarchy could last only five or six years longer." It is well remembered that William IV. was not permitted by his ministry to go into the city, apprehensive of personal danger from the "mob." The threats of the Chartists, long ago forgotten, are blots erased from English history. There are many who can recall the time to which I carry my readers back, who believe, as did Sir Robert Peel, that the monarchy had been seriously endangered by monarchs who had no part of the respect or affection of the people governed. It is hardly too much to say that—which few nowadays will believe—when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the country was on the eve of revolution.

It was a glorious scene, that scene in the old House of Lords, on the 20th of November, 1837. The mother of the Queen—the mother to whose judicious training and deep affection she owed so much—stood by her side a little in the rear; her ladies, grouped behind her, bore up her train; on her left stood her Prime Minister, Viscount Melbourne, and her other advisers and ministers; ranged around were the peers and peeresses, all in robes and court dresses "blazing with jewels;" while thronging below the bar was the "House of Commons," a mingled mass of all politicians, the most intense Radical among them converted, for that day at least, into a loyal and devoted upholder of the throne.*

Incidental to this theme there are some matters which few can treat—for Memory must go a long way back into a time now almost remote, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and not long afterwards contracted the auspicious marriage from which have resulted so many "boons and blessings" to the Nation and to the World.

If the present was then full of sunshine, no doubt many, in thought, asked of Destiny how it would be in the future. The Princess Victoria was born and had been educated in Kensington Palace; up to her eighteenth year she had lived there in comparative solitude, apart from society, companioned almost solely by her mother; the people she was destined to govern knew nothing of her tastes and disposition, except that, now and then, through

* These brief details of the interesting and impressive ceremony I have borrowed from a Memory of the scene by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

very limited circles, information of an assuring character would creep out from the masters by whom she was taught. To her mother, the Duchess of Kent, a sacred trust had been committed; it was discharged fully and righteously. For more than forty years since she was a crowned Queen, the results of her "bringing up" have received ample and conclusive proof.

I refer to the subject only to make record that on the memorable day of which I write probably there was much apprehension as to the future of that young girl, not only in the Commons, who came at her call, the Peers over whom she presided, but by the people who had lined the route through which she passed on her way from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords.

It was then, at that most happy time, so pregnant with a hereafter of gladness or a future of gloom, that the young Queen Victoria contracted her auspicious marriage with the Prince Albert. It was a happy day for her realm, for all its colonies and dependencies, for all the world indeed, when, on the 23rd of November, 1839, she announced her intention to her Privy Council, eighty-three of her Counsellors being present. No ONE OF THEM IS NOW LIVING! To nearly all of them the Prince Albert was then personally unknown, but good repute had preceded him, and the impression he had made was far more than favourable. On the 10th of February, 1840, they were married.

It cannot be disrespectful to trace much of the character of the Queen to the influence of the Prince over her mind during the years that elapsed between 1840, when they were wedded, and the year 1861, when the Prince was removed from her side. She was very young when she became the wife of a prudent, conscientious, upright, and emphatically good man, by whom her thoughts, her conduct, her acts, private and public, were, thenceforward, of necessity to be in a great measure, guided, directed, and decided. That they were so we know, and have reason to thank God for the consequences that followed—the fervent attachment of a whole people to the Sovereign, rendering, I repeat, LOYALTY THE EASIEST OF ALL THEIR DUTIES.

THE PRINCE ALBERT.—I cannot better close this Retrospect of the great men who flourished in the Houses of Lords and Commons during the earlier half of the nineteenth century, than by reference to the career of one who, if he were the husband of the Queen, was also a member of the House of Peers. At a later period than I chronicle, he had a vast share in determining the destinies of these Kingdoms, far more than any man who ruled them as First Minister of the Crown. He obtained, and earned, a grander title than any the Queen could have conferred upon him—the title of "the GOOD PRINCE." *

* Any estimate of the character of the Prince must be based on the volumes of Memoirs by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. I know of no work of its class so entirely excellent; I do not find in it a single page that might be omitted without loss. The task was one of exceeding delicacy and difficulty: no

Many of us know from experience what is meant by the term "hard work:" not limb-work, but brain-work; work that is perpetual thought, from which repose rarely results; work that involves great responsibility, that is, so to speak, a continual *haunt*, from which even sleep is not free; work that makes us long for the "bourne" where the weary are at rest; such work as will sometimes produce a perilous sensation that the ills we know not of might be better borne than the ills we have, were it not that, added to the dread of something after death, there are ties that bind us to life—the duties that are paramount, that often subdue despair when they fail to nourish hope.

I question if there were a single worker in the dominions of the Queen who laboured harder than did the Queen's husband. Let those who fancy that princes and rulers have nothing to do but enjoy themselves read Sir Theodore Martin's book; they will find that no slave to whom was given a task beyond his strength laboured more earnestly to accomplish it than did the Prince. He might, indeed, have taken continual ease, but it would have been by neglecting continual duty—duty self-imposed. These records show to conviction that his toil was incessant, where pleasure might have supplied ready, and indeed rational, excuse for luxurious ease. The words "He would not entertain the briefest holiday" apply not only to one eventful period of his life, but

biographer ever undertook a duty so delicate and difficult; and certainly no book has ever been published that has been received with such entire approval. Critics of all parties have praised it. "Sir Theodore Martin has added to the biographical works of the age and country a work of inestimable value." That opinion has been universally indorsed.

to nearly the whole of it, after he was called upon to take his place in public affairs, and to become apparently the irresponsible, in reality the responsible, First Minister of the Crown. A single passage from one of the letters of the Queen will suffice as illustration: "What he does, and how he works is really prodigious, and always for the good of others."*

It is not so long since he left earth but that many who are not old can remember him—his tall, manly, handsome form and features, the grace of his deportment, the urbanity of his manner, the felicity with which he prevented those who had need to seek his presence from feeling that he considered courtesy a condescension—blending in happy harmony dignity with friendliness. In his presence it was not easy to forget that he was a prince, the first subject of the realm; but the weight of such knowledge was never oppressive. If it would have been difficult to be familiar with him, the feeling with which he impressed us was far removed from awe.

Proof may have been needed, for it has been amply supplied—that the Prince Albert was a model of excellence in all the relations of life—as husband, father, son, brother, friend, subject, and citizen. His example will go a long way to inculcate the wisdom of virtue. It

* "He was at once the most hard-working and most practical of men, and in these respects an Englishman of Englishmen, if hard work and practical aims are to be accounted English characteristics. Art, science, and social economy, public instruction, the bettering of the common lot, the elevation of human aims, the comfort and purity of humble homes, the mitigation of unmerited sufferings, the introduction of hope and sweetness into the lives of the poor—these were his favourite occupations and recreations."—Sir Theodore Martin.

is well to have this testimony from one who—having studied the character thoroughly and wisely—thus pronounces judgment as the outcome of years of reading masses of correspondence and minute inquiry into every conceivable source of information:—"During many years of close and conscientious study of the Prince Consort's character, he (Sir Theodore Martin) has at every step found fresh occasion to admire its purity, its unselfishness, its consistency, and its noble self-control."

The principle on which he resolved to act (to use his own words) was this: "To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; to aim at no power by himself or for himself; to shun all ostentation; to assume no separate responsibility before the public," but making his position entirely a part of the Queen's, "continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her, at any moment, in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal—as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government." His worth was not fully estimated until after he had left earth. Of the plans he suggested some have been carried out; others have fallen through, others are in abeyance; but it is admitted on all hands that they manifested profound wisdom and pure patriotism, and an utter absence of a shadow of selfishness.

He had many hands, no doubt, to co-operate and aid: but he was the moving power of them all. There was no subject on which he took, unexamined, the opinions of others, no plan that he did not himself minutely scrutinise, no incident that he did not subject to the control of his own capacious and upright mind. We know now from the invaluable sources of Sir Theodore Martin's volumes how much the Nation, and so, by inference, all Nations of the world, are indebted to his wisdom, rectitude, and far-seeing power, as (I quote from the *Times*) "the man, the statesman, the patriot, and the philanthropist." I quote again from that journal: "Above all, we see—and we are made to follow the course of development with a growing warmth of sympathy—how the tender husband became the trusted counsellor, whose guidance was almost as much to be relied on as his unselfish affection."

His healthy, upright, considerate, generous, sympathetic manhood but fulfilled the promises of childhood and early youth; the character when fully formed only added capacity, sagacity, and intellectual vigour to natural gifts. Experience was the sole teacher he needed; it came early, to be removed—far too early. But the work he did may be accepted as evidence of the more he would have done had his life on earth been continued into old age. Possessing great power, he had learned how to use it for the benefit of all who came within reach of his influence—resisting all the seductions of ambition, and avoiding all acts that might seem, in the remotest degree, to weaken the position of the Queen in the estimation of a single one of her subjects.

His death—if that must be called death which the poet describes as but a passage from this "life of mortal breath" to "the life Elysian, whose portal we call Death!"—was a fitting close to such a life: brief but pregnant with mighty issues for a present and a future. There is no passage in Sir Theodore Martin's volume more truly touching than this:—

"*Death in his view was but the portal to a future life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclogged by the weaknesses and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness, and the sorrows of earthly existence.*"

Yes; Reason justifies and Holy Writ sanctions—nay, encourages, if it do not command—belief that work commenced on earth will be continued in Heaven. Such was the faith of one of the best men who ever lived to do earth-duty faithfully, uprightly, and conscientiously—for God and man. No man was better fitted to live, yet none have been better prepared to die; his death was one of those inscrutable ordinations of Providence into which who will venture to inquire, or concerning which who will dare to speculate? To our narrow range of sight it was a calamity, not alone to those who so greatly depended on his wisdom and affection, but to his country and to all humankind. That his influence largely prevails now where it is most valuable and valued, I no more doubt than I doubt as to the after-state to which he was translated.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY EDITING.

"The Amulet."—In 1825 I was applied to by Messrs. Baynes, publishers, of Paternoster Row, to edit for them an "Annual," to which I gave the name of "The Amulet, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer," for the connection of Messrs. Baynes was with religious readers, and they desired to give to the work a semi-religious tone. In the autumn of 1826 the first yearly volume was published; ten volumes followed; but in 1837 the "fashion" had ceased, and it was discontinued, the publishers having been previously changed: in the year 1830 it had become the property of the firm of Westley and Davis.

I received from them no salary, but I was entitled to a share of the profits. Of profit there was little or none; but the fatal agreement to which I had consented made me, unknowingly, a partner in the publication. Westley and Davis became bankrupts, and I was made responsible for the accumulated debts contracted for "The Amulet." The terrible event utterly ruined me, and I had to begin life again. It is a subject I revert to with exceeding pain. The debts were no debts of mine. Though legally a partner in the concern, I was, by no

means, morally so, except that if there were profits I was to share them. There were none—only one year had I received any; but I was a victim none the less. I will not dwell on this dismal passage in my life's history.

Some details concerning the "Annuals" cannot fail to be of interest. The public, when those productions were novel and numerous, and in their zenith as to cost and beauty, paid for the elegant works in question, according to an estimate I made at the time, £100,000 per annum.

The annual was an exotic, introduced by Mr. Ackerman, in 1822, from Germany. The first production of the kind was edited by Mr. Shoberl—a name that has left no mark. In 1823 the "Friendship's Offering" followed. Both, however, were accompanied by pages of blank paper, and were but slight removes from the old pocket-books. The "Literary Souvenir," issued in 1824-5, was a great move in advance. Its editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, gave to the production a high character at once, both as to art and literature. My own annual, "The Amulet," followed suit; the "Winter's Wreath" succeeded; then came the "Keepsake;" and so popular had these Christmas gift-books become that in 1829 no fewer than seventeen were issued.

A few among them deserve to be honoured with a fuller renown than the bare mention of their names. In the "Gem," for instance, edited by Thomas Hood, was published his famous and weirdly powerful poem, the "Dream of Eugene Aram." The "Anniversary" (a guinea annual, started as a rival to the "Keepsake") had for its editor Allan Cunningham. He was

aided with considerable ability by many great authors, especially those of his own country—Wilson, and Lockhart, and Hogg. In the "Anniversary" Southey printed the poem on his own portrait, and Theodore Hook his sketch entitled the "Splendid Annual"—the splendid annual being the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London. It lasted, however, I think, but three years, the first volume bearing date 1828.

The "Winter's Wreath" contained pieces by the most popular writers of the day, foremost among the poets who honoured its pages being Wordsworth. The "Oriental Annual," "Heath's Picturesque Annual," "Gems of Beauty," and a long list of others, including annuals for children—"The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the "New Year's Gift," edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts—belong to that period.

Competition necessarily gave rise to prodigious efforts to obtain pre-eminence. In their earlier years, the Annuals were all bound up in tinted paper, and enclosed in a case. Paper yielded to silk, in which the majority of them soon made their appearance; then followed morocco leather, and velvet. The public were startled at finding elegant books, full bound in morocco—for the binding of which they had been accustomed to pay nearly as much as the cost of the whole work—illustrated by exquisitely engraved prints from paintings by artists of the highest celebrity, any one of which previously would have been valued at the charge demanded for the series, and containing prose and poetry, written for the several publications by leading and popular writers of the age. These improvements had, indeed, been gradual, and had

grown out of the large circulation to which some of the annuals had attained, and, in especial, to the spirit of energy and enterprise which a laudable rivalry had called into existence. Sums of money that sound preposterous were lavished upon the several departments: five hundred pounds were given to Sir Walter Scott, and proportionate remuneration to other authors, for articles contributed to a single volume of the "Keepsake;" amounts varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty guineas were paid to artists for the loan of pictures to be engraved; and it was by no means uncommon for the engraver to receive one hundred and fifty guineas for the production of a single plate. For one, indeed, "The Crucifixion," after Martin, engraved by Le Keux, that gentleman received from me one hundred and eighty guineas (size 7 inches by 4), making the cost of the print, including the sum paid for the drawing, two hundred and ten guineas. The volume of "The Amulet" that contained this costly work had also two other engravings, which together cost two hundred and sixty guineas; the other nine prints amounted, perhaps, to seven hundred guineas; so that for the embellishments alone the publishers had to pay nearly twelve hundred guineas. And yet, strange to say, that was the only volume of the whole series of "The Amulet" that yielded a profitable return upon the capital expended and the labour bestowed.

Until the "Keepsake" entered the field, all the annuals were published at twelve shillings. The "Keepsake," edited by Mansel Reynolds—a name forgotten—was an experiment at a guinea, and it was generally thought would be a failure; the beauty of the

embellishments, however, was very great; the letter-press was wretched in proportion, yet the trial was a successful one; and the next year Charles Heath, the proprietor, amended the mistake into which he had fallen, and obtained the co-operation of several of the best authors of the age and country. His expenses for the literary portion of this second volume amounted to no less than £1,600. The existing annuals having been made nearly as perfect as they could be, novelties were projected as the next step to obtain profit. A volume of engravings, from the old masters, supplemented exclusively by religious writings, entitled "The Iris," had existence for two or three years, and was abandoned; a "Landscape Annual" was conceived by Mr. Charles Heath; annuals for children were devised; the "Book of Beauty" was a new and happy idea; scientific annuals made their appearance; and Thomas Hood entered the field with his "Comic Annual." They all had their day, and vanished by degrees.

Before their introduction into England, the Christmas gift-books were, as I have stated, and as some of my readers know, paltry pocket-books; their successors contained much to interest and somewhat to instruct. The prints that used to ornament the chimney-pieces of houses of the middle class were tawdry coloured daubs, prejudicial to taste, and very often injurious to morality. They were displaced by engravings after the choicest works of our British painters, executed in such a manner as to educate the eye and give employment to the mind. And we are by no means to put out of sight the fact that the popularity of the annuals spread through various

channels a large sum of money every year—such sum being divided among persons whose occupations were beneficial to the country.

They have been sneered at as literary toys. That is not just; as compared with the Christmas issues of to-day they were of very great excellence. No such engravings as they contained are now produced; while the literary contents, principally tales and poems, are as pure gold compared with the tinsel of the modern magazine.

"HISTORY OF FRANCE."—In 1830 I produced a remarkable book: remarkable not by reason of its merit or value, but from the peculiar circumstances under which it was written. At that time monthly issues of original works were in favour with the public. The "Family Library" was published by Murray; the "Cyclopædia" by Longman, and the "Juvenile Library" by Colburn. They were not durable: the fashion ceased after a comparatively brief time, and they are now forgotten. But among the authors were Moore ("History of Ireland"), Milman ("History of the Jews"), Scott ("Natural Magic"), and others of equal note.

Mr. Jerdan, who edited Colburn's series, was "in a fix." He had been promised for one of the volumes a "History of France," but as, at the last moment, it was not forthcoming, he called upon me to ascertain if I could by any possibility write it and have it ready for publication by the first of the month "then next ensuing." It was the 9th of the month, consequently there were but twenty-one days and nights in which to write,

print, and publish a book of four hundred pages. Six engravings had moreover to be made—their subjects not even decided upon. There was nothing for it but to produce the book or close the series, as the work must have ceased unless the month gave its continuing part.

I undertook the task, and occupied one day in collecting all the Histories of France I could obtain. Surrounded by a formidable array of volumes I began my task—working at it all night and all day, during eighteen nights and days, without interruption. The result was that, within the stipulated time, a "History of France," condensed from perhaps a hundred volumes, was written, printed, bound, and, with six engravings, was in the hands of the public on the first of the month—"then next ensuing."

I have not a copy of the work. How it was accomplished I can scarcely say. The overwork led to a brain fever; I had not gone to bed for twelve nights; and the payment I received for it was very hardly, though very quickly, earned. It is somewhat strange that Jerdan in his Autobiography has made no mention of this series, or of his engagement with Colburn and Bentley as its editor. Indeed, I had myself forgotten the title of the series, and had some difficulty in finding it. Jerdan wrote the first volume of the said series, and mine was the second.

EDITORS are not born, but made. The calling demands a long apprenticeship, and the qualities of mind required for the discharge of editorial duties are the opposites of genius. To write well, is one thing; to edit well, another.

It is first requisite that an editor should know, from careful inquiry and much thought, what subjects ought to be treated in the publication he directs; he must then determine who is the best person to deal with each theme. A. B., otherwise the first object of his selection, may not be at hand; C. D. is perhaps ill; E. F. may be too much occupied. Still, the matter cannot be passed over or postponed. The editor must in such circumstances be sufficiently gifted as a writer to treat it himself. His duty, however, is to employ, whenever practicable, an abler hand than his own. The less he himself writes the better. If he takes the best topics, which he will not fail to do, he loses the aid of pens more valuable than his own. In a word, he must study solely the interests of the work under his charge, and give no thought to the satisfaction or the reputation a task may confer on himself. He must, however, be a despot: to approve or reject without being called upon to assign a reason for his decision. "I will it" must suffice. Moreover, the privilege to erase he must always use, though never a power to add. An editor must be a despot acting on the principle "Le roi le veut;" if he considers it right to give a reason for what he does, he will be perpetually "at sea." "Letting 'I dare not,' wait upon 'I would,'" must involve him in a continual "fog," and if he thinks it meet to have consultations as to the course to be pursued, he will always be in a maze, running backwards and forwards, and utterly lost as to the way out. It is needless to say his duty infers nothing approaching to discourtesy when he declines to give a reason for the faith that is in him.

There has seldom been a worse editor than the great poet Thomas Campbell, so long the conductor of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. His friend and regular contributor, Talfourd, hit off his character in a sentence. "Stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight," writes the author of "Ion" of Campbell as editor of the *New Monthly*. He never knew where to find the thing he was in search of. His study was a mass of confusion; articles tendered, good or bad, were sometimes, after a weary search, found thrust behind a row of books on his bookshelf; and he was rarely known to give an immediate answer, yes or no, to any applicant for admission into his magazine. In short, though a great man, he was utterly unfit to be an editor.* I have nearly the same to say of Theodore Hook, Lytton Bulwer, and Tom Hood, who were his successors in the editorial chair.

In 1829-30 I was editing the *Morning Journal* newspaper and the *British Magazine*. That magazine followed *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, a monthly periodical, the name of which had been changed. I conducted both for the firm of Westley and Davis, the then proprietors and publishers of "The Amulet." They had contained contributions from many of the more popular authors of the age.

* I find this passage as a note to an article in the *New Monthly*, 1829: —"I have admitted this paper from unwillingness to refuse anything from the pen of its writer; but delicacy towards the memory of his friend need not prevent me from saying that I consider his judgment of dead and of living authors and painters to have been equally ill entitled to the epithet 'unerring.'"

In the first volume of the *New Monthly* he edited—in 1821—he had to make an apology for an article which he "inserted without reflection, but had observed its unfairness and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it."

Early in 1830 a communication from Mr. Colburn led to an interview with that somewhat eccentric publisher, the result of which was that I became sub-editor of the *New Monthly*. Why he selected me and discharged Mr. Cyrus Redding I did not know, and cannot even now guess. Redding had, for a long time, in a great measure directed Mr. Campbell, and knew his "business" well. But so it was, and I became sub-editor in his place, Mr. Campbell remaining editor.*

The association did not last long. Although my relations with the poet were entirely harmonious, and we never had a dispute, the change could not have been agreeable to him. Not long afterwards he retired from the *New Monthly*, and became—nominally, at all events—editor of a new magazine, the *Metropolitan*, published by Saunders and Otley, who had succeeded Mr. Colburn as occupants of the old premises in Conduit Street.

The *Metropolitan* had the valuable aids of Thomas Moore and Captain Marryat, but was never "a success," the curse of bad editorship clinging to it.

THE "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."—On the retirement of Campbell I became sole editor of the *New Monthly*. Campbell was a Whig in politics, I was a Conservative; but I carefully avoided all topics of party politics. It is not for me to say how I conducted the magazine. It was easy, by courtesy and liberal payment, to obtain the help

* It is not a little singular that the first money received by me for any composition of mine was from Mr. Colburn; that was, however, in 1822—for a poem in the magazine of which I was subsequently the editor.

of efficient writers, and of course I did so, certainly to the satisfaction of Mr. Colburn. It was my custom to spend one evening of every week with him at his house in Marylebone Road, to explain my plans for the ensuing number. He was then, though somewhat aged, newly married, and to a wife who made him miserable. She had originally kept a small circulating library. Colburn married her, and by her habits she rendered both him and his home wretched. I once saw her fling a teapot at his head, and she died at last a victim to intemperance.

She is not to be confounded with his second wife—an estimable lady, who afterwards became the wife of John Forster—bringing to him a large fortune bequeathed to her by her first husband.

Colburn was a little bustling man, who seemed incapable of decision concerning anything—from the choice of a proffered book to the quantity of sugar he should put into his teacup. There was lamentable hesitation in all he did or said, seldom uttering more than half a sentence, and leaving it uncertain what he thought. Yet he was a man of a kindly and generous nature; his impulses were good, and he was considerate and liberal to authors. He was publisher of many of the best works of the time, especially in fiction, both previously to his partnership with Bentley and after the termination of their alliance.

No one ever knew his history, but it was said that he was a natural son of old Lord Lansdowne. I did not

know, and did not care to know. Our relations were harmonious, and entirely satisfactory; and, if I could not respect, I certainly esteemed, him.

In 1831 he conceived, and perhaps rightly, that a renowned writer as the editor of his magazine would be an advantage to it, and Mr. Lytton Bulwer was appointed to that post. He had for some time previously been a contributor to the magazine, and had written for it better things than he afterwards produced. I thus became his sub-editor, and was well content with my position, for it was in some sense an honour to be connected with that great man. But he soon made his editorship a vehicle for propagating his then advanced political creed—ultra-Radical; and I saw with alarm that he was rapidly rendering the magazine unpopular. Its price was three shillings and sixpence, and it circulated chiefly among clergymen and steady "old-notioned" country gentlemen. The opinions of the new editor ran counter to theirs, and the magazine declined rapidly in sale. At the end of the year Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Colburn parted, and I became again sole editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It is not, I hope, wrong in me to say that my connection with the author of "Pelham" was to him, as it was to me, entirely gratifying. I obtained his good opinion, and I retained it, I have reason to believe, as long as he lived. But I felt then, and I feel now, that by his ultra-Liberal opinions he did the magazine incalculable mischief. In his year it fell from 5,000 to 4,000, and never recovered the injury inflicted.

Still the magazine, if it lost the old steady subscribers, gained many among the upholders of Reform

and Liberalism. The writings of Mr. Bulwer were powerful and eloquent, and pleased many; but he wrote too much: he considered himself too much and the interests of the magazine too little. He had a cause to advocate and uphold: he sacrificed the publication to do so. Yet he was thoroughly in earnest and grudged no labour, thinking, no doubt, that while forwarding his own purpose he was advancing the interests of the publication. Mr. Colburn blamed me when he discovered the results; but he had no right to do so, as I told him at the time. He had made me a lieutenant under the control of a superior officer, and to have gone to Colburn with suspicions or complaints would have been to play the part of a spy, and would have dishonoured me.

THEODORE HOOK.—Mr. Bulwer having resigned his editorship, it was for me to prevent evil arising from the lack of his admirable and valuable contributions. This was, in a measure, accomplished by engaging the services of Mr. Theodore Hook, the best of whose novels, "Gilbert Gurney," soon appeared monthly in the pages of the *New Monthly*. A more important and useful contributor could not have been obtained. He required, however, continual watching: not only did he seek to press upon me (in Notes of the Month, which he principally contributed) unseemly and mischievous high-Tory politics, but he was never ready in time with the continuing chapters of his novel; and more than once, as the last day of the month drew near, I have gone to him for "copy," and have found that not a word was written. I would, there-

fore, wait while he wrote the required quantity, being sometimes detained until daybreak, and at last driving off with the manuscript to the printer—barely in time.

He was even less fit to be an editor than Thomas Campbell, for he had no moral sentiment to guide him, and gave little thought to any evil he might do. Yet, in 1836, he became the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine.* The manner of the change of editorship was as follows:—Colburn and Bentley had parted; it is not too much to say, with ill-feeling one towards the other. Mr. Bentley announced a magazine of Humour. The announcement startled Mr. Colburn, and he at once determined to produce a rival, resolving to secure Hook as its editor, which was speedily but very inconsiderately done. Mr. Hook's "ways" are well known. So wildly resolute was Mr. Colburn in his desperate whim that he at once met Mr. Hook's needs by giving him bills for £400 in payment of his first year's salary as editor of a magazine in embryo, and which was never even announced. When the intelligence was communicated to me by Mr. Colburn I naturally protested against it; showing him that, in order to make his new magazine successful, he must ruin the *New Monthly*—taking from it not only Theodore Hook, but Poole, whose "Little Pedlington" and other papers had immensely served the *New Monthly*, with others of my best contributors. These and no doubt other protests prevailed, and Mr. Colburn determined to abandon the hopeless undertaking.

Mr. Colburn, therefore, went to Fulham to announce his resolve to Mr. Hook. Mr. Hook was exactly of Mr. Colburn's new opinion; but when a hint was given as to

the return of the £400, he responded that the sum in question was already spent. To give back money was as much against his will as it was beyond his power.

The interview ended by Mr. Hook suggesting, "Make me editor of the *New Monthly*, and I will work it out," and that fatal step Mr. Colburn took. When he communicated his resolve to me, I reminded him that he had reproached me with not telling him of Mr. Bulwer's shortcomings and wrong-doings while he was editor and I was sub-editor of the magazine. I added that Mr. Hook's sub-editor I would not be. His co-editor I would, however, become, and, if so circumstanced, could object to the appearance of any article the insertion of which I thought would be mischievous, and without breach of honour could communicate my views to Mr. Colburn. In a word, I should have a voice in all matters appertaining to the magazine. Mr. Colburn at once met my view, said it was exactly his, and I considered the matter as thus settled.

Soon after Mr. Colburn gave one of his customary dinners in Great Marlborough Street. I sat, as I had invariably done on such occasions for a long time, in the, so to speak, vice-chair. Several of the contributors were present; in fact, it was a dinner to his staff.

JOHN FORSTER.—Among the guests was Mr. John Forster. He had been introduced into the magazine by me. I considered him my personal friend; there did not pass a week without his dining at my house. I consulted him upon all matters connected with the magazine,

and gave him his choice of subjects. The income he thence derived was at that period of his life of much importance to him, and I thought I had secured his friendship in return for the friendship I gave him. His assistance was of much value to me, his contributions, as will be readily understood, being of great worth to the magazine.

After dinner Mr. Forster rose and proposed the health of Mr. Theodore Hook, *the* editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It was news to more than one of the guests. I at once said, "Forster, I cannot drink that toast. If Mr. Hook is editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, I have no business here." Some confusion ensued, and Poole sought to pour oil on the troubled waters by proposing my health in kindly and complimentary terms.

But the end of it was I received from Mr. Colburn a few days afterwards a cheque for a year's, instead of a half-year's, salary. My connection with the *New Monthly* ceased, and Mr. Theodore Hook became editor of that magazine. Mr. Colburn and I parted good friends, nor had I any misunderstanding with Mr. Hook. My surveillance would no doubt have been distasteful to him, no matter how useful it might have been to his employer.

It was not likely that Forster and Hook could have got on amicably together. They did not: Forster's aid to the magazine soon ceased. He became a political writer, edited the *Examiner* in conjunction with Fonblanque, whom he succeeded; obtained one of the Com-

missionerships in Lunacy; and died "a prosperous gentleman" in 1876.

Thus closed my connection with the *New Monthly Magazine*. Mr. Hook greatly impaired its sale, and it sank gradually, but sank certainly. He made it as outrageously Tory as Mr. Bulwer had made it violently Radical, and of course drove away numbers of subscribers. It was afterwards consigned for a time to the care of poor Tom Hood. Eventually it was purchased by Harrison Ainsworth;* but, although still living, it has ceased to hold a first place among the leading periodical publications of England. After my retirement from the *New Monthly*, I was induced in 1837 (as I have elsewhere stated) to accept the sub-editorship of the *John Bull*. Hook was in mental decline; he had lost nearly all his power, and his wit was more like a jerk than the flow it had once been. He was paying the terrible tax inevitable upon what is falsely called a "gay life." He was then living almost entirely on brandy; exhausted nature was prostrated, and a youth of pleasure gave place to an age of pain. Though by no means old, all of manhood in him—body, soul, and mind—had given way and left him a stranded wreck.†

* Ainsworth died so recently as 1882. I may have to write of him elsewhere.

† The following is an extract from his diary:—"*January 19th*, 1837.—Another dreadful, miserable, dark, and dreary day. Letter from my sister-in-law; she praises my industry, and pities my poverty. My poverty is painful, not on my own account, but on that of others; and because, though I have through God's goodness been most fortunate in my literary undertakings, I have uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but have also wasted the time which would have reimbursed me. It is never too late to mend, and I now work night and day, and only wonder, when I look back, that I should have been so foolish as to waste the prime of life in foolish idleness."

Although Hook was "a host in himself," he had, for the *John Bull*, of course, valuable contributors. I name some of them. Haynes Bayly was a graceful and prolific song-writer, the pet of the boudoir, and the patroniser of the hurdy-gurdy, some of whose songs, especially "I'd be a Butterfly" and "O no, we never mention her," are yet sung in antiquated drawing-rooms: he was a tall, slight, and gentlemanly man. His opposite was the Rev. John Barham, a burly man, large-headed but small-featured, whose little eyes seemed always sparkling with unclerical humour—with difficulty suppressed. Tom Hill—who is said not only to have given a "character" to Hook, but to have been the original "Paul Pry" (which, by the way, Poole denied)—was at the age of eighty a sort of venerable Cupid; he was a little square man whose full rosy cheeks were always laughing. It was of him that James Smith said no one could ever tell his age, for his baptismal register was lost in the Fire of London. Hook, improving upon the jest, said, "Oh, much older than that; he is one of the little Hills that skipp'd in the Bible." His knowledge of "public" affairs was derived from the back-stairs of great houses; and it was no rare thing to see him gossiping with a crossing-sweeper before he paid his halfpenny, or loitering about the area-gate of some aristocratic acquaintance to ascertain what he had in preparation for his dinner. Horace Twiss was also a contributor to the *John Bull* in its prime; at least he was commonly thought to be one. His long and wearisome, though always ready, speeches in Parliament are forgotten, and he is remembered chiefly as the inventor of those digested paragraph-

summaries that now precede the leaders in most newspapers.*

There is no doubt that one of the most frequent and valued contributors to the *John Bull* was John Wilson Croker, long Secretary to the Admiralty. Lady Morgan, who hated him as intensely as he hated her, pictured him, as I have elsewhere stated, in "The O'Flahertys" as Crawley Junior. It is a frightful picture of servility, deception, dishonesty, and treachery; certainly overdrawn, yet not greatly so, if the opinion of his contemporaries is to be accepted, confirmed as it has been by posterity. He had the dagger and the poison ever ready for friend or foe.

Some years previous to my connection with the *John Bull* I tried the experiment of a weekly paper on my own account. That was the *Town*, a weekly concern, which the proprietors thought I could revive. I shared their opinion, and was its editor for one year, receiving a thousand pounds by instalments, and agreeing to pay all expenses in excess of that sum. I lost much by the experiment, and was glad to surrender it when the year of my contract was up; yet I obtained the co-operation of Chitty, the renowned special pleader, who wrote copious notes on the several law and police cases of the week; of Gilbert à Beckett, who contributed jokes and facetiæ

* There are many who remember Twiss as a member in the body of the House, and subsequently as an aid in the gallery. He was a son of the Irish traveller who, early in the present century, gave great offence to Irish ladies; it was asserted of him that one of the passages in his work was this—"If you look at an Irish lady, she'll bow and say, 'Port, if you plase.'" I could find no such passage in his book.

weekly; and of Lytton Bulwer, and his brother Henry, the late Lord Dalling, who gave me frequent "leaders."

I called the *Town* a "Conservative Whig" newspaper.* It supported the policy of Sir Robert Peel, and certainly contained much that ought to have made an impression—which it did not make. But in those days of sevenpence in price, of fourpence duty on each paper, and of three shillings and sixpence tax on each advertisement, it was a hard push to make a newspaper pay. The publication was abandoned not long after I surrendered it to its proprietors. It certainly passed out of my hands in a better, and not a worse, condition than that in which I found it.

It was an easier and safer position than my proprietor-editorship of the *Town*, that I occupied when—in 1839—I undertook the general management of the *Britannia*, started by Mr. Coulton, and furnished with sufficient capital by an eminent distiller.

Mr. Coulton was then undistinguished in letters—indeed, he was in no way an author, and had written nothing up to that time; yet he developed eventually into one of the very best of political writers and one of the soundest of literary critics, becoming subsequently editor of the *Press*, with which the *Britannia* was incor-

* The originator of the *Town* was Mansel Reynolds, some time editor of the "Keepsake," and an occasional writer of indifferent *vers de société*. He was known to fame chiefly in connection with a strange travelling companion. Having been prescribed goat's milk, he thought it necessary, to have wherever he went, the companionship of the animal by which the milk was furnished; and when travelling by mail-coach would take an outside place for the goat.

porated, and gaining the respect, esteem, and regard of all who knew him, for he was an upright and conscientious gentleman. The powerful contributor of "leaders" was the Rev. Dr. Croly, but the hard work of the paper fell on me. I have frequently written for it twenty columns of matter during the week—reviews, dramatic criticisms, literary and political notes, and leading articles; and Mrs. Hall was a large contributor of sketches and visits to the homes of great men and women, afterwards collected and published as "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." Robert Bell also aided, and there were other helpers, though none of note.

For a few months I wrote the leading articles for the *Watchman*—the newspaper of the Wesleyan Methodists. I was merely engaged to do that work while the appointed editor, Dr. Sandwith, was taking his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh. He not being on the spot, a *locum tenens* became a necessity. The principles of the new paper (then a novelty among the great Dissenting body), as well as its private arrangements, were governed by "a Board;" and the Rev. Dr. Bunting has more than once told me how puzzled its members were when they found that, contrary to the wishes of some of them, I was giving it a tone in politics far too closely bordering on Toryism. I did give, however, a Conservative tone to this important journal; and, although it lost that tone in a degree when my aid ceased to be needed, I know it was useful to the party at that time; and I received the following letter from Sir Robert Peel in acknowledgment. It

is one of the few letters I have preserved, and I print it.*

THE "BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS."—They were brilliant evenings when so many young artists—all of rare promise—assembled at the Rosery, Old Brompton, as aids to illustrate the "Book of British Ballads." Each was then commencing a career in which he has since achieved renown: several hold now the highest places in art, and nearly all of them have acquired fortune as well as fame by the exercise of their profession. I must content myself with little more than a bare enumeration of their names.

It was my custom to read the ballad I had determined on selecting, and allot it to one of the artists; supplying each with the wood blocks on which he was to draw the head and tail pieces and the side slips,—these side slips sometimes numbering eight or ten. And in every instance they were not only designed but drawn on the wood by the artists, some of them being thus employed for the first time, and, I believe, the last; for it has always been difficult to induce the adoption of the material by British artists—as artists do in France.

Ward had but recently returned from Italy, unspoiled by study of the old masters, and retaining his early

* "Whitehall, *January* 12, 1835.

"SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th January; and although you kindly release me from any obligation to notice the communication which I have received from you, yet allow me to assure you that the purport of your letter and the general tenor and spirit of the publication which accompanies it have given me great satisfaction.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"S. C. Hall, Esq." "ROBERT PEEL.

inclination to perpetuate great men and leading incidents in English history. He was then unmarried, but not long afterwards was wedded to the accomplished lady who was, in a measure, his pupil—Henrietta Ward, his namesake, but not a relative—herself the descendant of a race of artists, James Ward having been her grandfather, George Raphael Ward her father; while Jackson, the great portrait painter, and Morland were related to her. She is now the mother of artists, for her own son and daughter are treading worthily in the steps of their parents.

Poor Dadd was one of the set. His fate was a sad one. He was tried for the murder of his father, and acquitted on the ground of insanity.* I believe he still lives. For many years he was in the insane asylum then at Lambeth, and painted there several remarkable pictures, all of them containing, however, some passage that indicated the fell disease. It was hereditary, but augmented by a sun-stroke received during travels in the East of Europe. He was a young man of genius, and the works he produced were rapidly making their way to fame when the terrible visitation came upon him. One of the most remarkable of his pictures—"Come unto these yellow sands"—has been engraved for the *Art Journal*. I sometimes visited him at his residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. I could never tell why, but, although I liked him much, I had always in his presence a sense of apprehension. One evening, at my house, he was more than usually gloomy, spoke little,

* He stabbed his father in a wood near Gravesend. Not only had there been no quarrel, but no cause of any kind, for he was a dutiful and affectionate son.

but his eyes seemed to roll about the assembled group. It was whispered by more than one, "What is the matter with Dadd?" After his arrest a paper was found containing outline portraits of all the artists then present, with a dash of red paint across the throat of each. That was not many weeks before the fatal deed. His personal appearance was in his favour. He was somewhat tall, with good and expressive features, and gentlemanly demeanour. His career afforded sure promise of a great future—suddenly blighted by a terrible fate! Poor fellow! he had conceived an idea that he was perpetually haunted by an evil spirit that had taken the form of his father. The fatal stab was given, and death was instantaneous. With the shrewdness so common in cases of insanity, he escaped, and was eventually taken on board one of the packet-boats that voyaged to France. He illustrated but one of the ballads, "Robin Goodfellow."

Frith was then on the threshold of a career in which he has since achieved the highest distinction. It was easy and safe to predict his fame. So of Tenniel, whose first work, or nearly his first, honoured that book.

Noel Paton, I suppose I may say, began his career in art by his very admirable contributions to the volume, illustrating two of the ballads by his masterly pencil.* Paton was then little more than a youth—a student in the art of which he has since become the great master. He was, so to speak, brimful of genius. His mind was of

* My happiest intercourse with Noel Paton (afterwards Sir Noel Paton) was during a visit to the Burns Festival, when the birthday of the Scottish poet was commemorated in the town of Ayr. To that interesting event I shall have other occasion to refer.

a high order; and if he had chosen to be a poet instead of a painter, he would have attained with the pen as lofty a prominence as he achieved by his pencil. Moreover, he was naturally amiable and upright; moral power combined with intellectual vigour formed the groundwork of his character, while both were strengthened by a pure religious tone that has led to an advocacy of virtue in all the productions that have issued from his easel. It is justifiable pride to have known him in his youth and to honour him in his vigorous manhood.

If among the earliest of my fellow-workers I have the honour to class Noel Paton, it is a source of earnest gratification to me to make record of the fact that one of my latest books, "The Trial of Sir Jasper," 1875—has the advantage of containing a drawing from his pencil—a most wonderful bit of art—a partially draped skeleton quaffing a poison-cup of alcohol: "For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny." I cannot, in common gratitude, pass without notice the aid the artist rendered in 1843 to Mrs. Hall in illustrating her story (published in the *Art Journal*, and subsequently as a volume), "Midsummer Eve; a Fairy Tale of Loving and Being Loved." I think there is no book of the kind that contains so many exquisite art gems. That was mainly the result of Noel Paton's generous labour to sustain me in my attempt to create a periodical devoted to art.

But the story—I may say, by way of parenthesis—was largely indebted to another young man of genius, Huskisson, who slipped out of the world, no one knew when or how—at least I have never been able to learn. For the illustrations to "Midsummer Eve" I had also the

aid of Stanfield, Creswick, Goodall, Maclise, Elmore, Frost, Topham, Franklin, Hulme, and Kenny Meadows, the greater number of these contributors working for no other reward than the gratification of aiding me in my undertaking. Yet, beautiful as the book is, it was by no means a pecuniary success. Two editions, published "on my own account," have not been productive. It is "out of print" now, and I suppose will always remain so. Yet I repeat, as far as the illustrations (numbering nearly two hundred) go—regarded as either drawings or engravings—no work so perfect has issued from the Press during the century.

It is said that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. But what shall be said of the author who is his own publisher? What a full volume of Recollections—with illustrative anecdotes—I might write, taking that text for my theme!

Among the most able and zealous of my aids, in the "Book of British Ballads," was John (now Sir John) Gilbert. He was then little more than feeling his way as a book-illustrator by drawing on wood, an art in which he attained a degree of excellence that has never been surpassed—never, indeed, "approachingly" equalled. It is pleasant to record that this great artist contributed to my later works, "The Trial of Sir Jasper," and "An Old Story," and did it so gracefully and generously as greatly to augment the value of the work.

I may say exactly the same of Tenniel, another master-spirit of the age. If the "Book of Ballads," in 1842, was graced by him, so were "The Old Story" and "The Trial of Sir Jasper," in 1874 and 1876.

But my "sheet anchor" in the "Book of Ballads" was John Franklin, an artist of prodigious capability, who never gave himself fair play, frittering away his marvellous talent in comparatively small things, and avoiding the great works in which he would undoubtedly have excelled. Some of his illustrations of the Ballads may be classed among the very best productions of their order.

These memories of some of the artists who wrought at illustrating the "Book of British Ballads" can hardly fail to interest my readers. There are others whom I must content myself with merely naming. Fairholt (of whom I shall write hereafter) here first essayed a higher task than that to which he had previously limited himself—delineating coins and mere antiquities. McIan, whose designs were of some of the Scottish legends, and his accomplished and most estimable wife, then mistress of the National School of Art, illustrated two of them; so aided me Redgrave and Herbert, then "associates" of the Royal Academy. Edward Corbould illustrated three. For the illustrations to more than one of the series I was indebted to the eminent Art scholar, W. B. Scott.

It is hardly necessary to say that I strove to make the evening gatherings agreeable to the artists. They met there on several occasions the authors who were heading the epoch, as well as those who have since become famous; I cannot doubt that these "Evenings" have prominent places in the recollections of some who may, perhaps, associate with them the earliest draughts they drank of the Pierian Spring, of which they have since quaffed so liberally.

The engravings were of great excellence. The book, I believe, still ranks high in public favour. It long ago passed out of my hands. I am told that a new edition has been recently published, but *I have never seen a copy of it.* The edition which preceded the last, and succeeded the first, showed a fearful falling off as to the minor excellences of print and paper; and so I suppose it is with regard to the last issued. The first edition is eagerly sought after, brings a large price whenever offered for sale, and will be hereafter accepted as one of the Art books of the century. The idea of the work was suggested to me by the publication in Germany of a very beautiful edition of the "Niebelungen-lied." It was on that ground I dedicated the book to Louis, King of Bavaria, who had done so much for Art at Munich, and whose reign is a glorious epoch in Art history. I believe the dedication was as respectful as any subject could have rendered to a sovereign, and as laudatory as any Art lover could have given to a loyal Art patron; but I neglected a formality—of the necessity for which I was ignorant—and when I sent a copy, through my honoured friend Dr. Ernst Forster, to the King, I was informed it could not be received, inasmuch as permission to present it had not been asked, but that it might be sent to the Public Library at Munich.

When some years afterwards I visited that city I was greeted with profound homage, and addressed as "Monseigneur" by the secretary-librarian, on his discovering me to be the creator of a book that had excited very general admiration.

I have other editorial labours to speak of in this chapter—in addition to my own. Mrs. Hall had conducted several periodical works. From 1826 to 1834 she edited the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," one of the annuals of that period. It contained contributions from many distinguished writers for the young; among them, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hofland, &c.

In 1852 she conducted, for one year, *Sharpe's London Magazine;* but Mr. Virtue, who had purchased it, sold it in 1853, and her direction of it terminated.

In 1862 she was applied to by Mr. John Maxwell to edit a new magazine, to which he gave the name of the *St. James's*. That connection ceased in 1863. We had many warnings that such would certainly be the result: but not until after the agreement was signed, when it was too late to withdraw from the connection. We knew very little of Mr. Maxwell; I think Mrs. Hall saw him but twice during their business intercourse.

In the *St. James's Magazine* our honoured and much-loved friend Mrs. Henry Wood published nearly the first of her valuable stories; so did Miss Braddon; there Robert Buchanan began to achieve fame, and was among its leading contributors.

I should occupy space that may be better filled if I were to give more than a bare list of the works we have edited, and the books we have written. They

exceed in number five hundred volumes. Among them are the "Book of Gems of British Poets," the "Book of British Ballads," the "Book of the Thames," the "Book of the Wye and South Wales," "Ireland, its Scenery and Character;" the ten novels of Mrs. S. C. Hall; her books for children; "The Amulet," eleven volumes; the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," seven volumes; "Pilgrimages to English Shrines;" "Midsummer Eve;" "Boons and Blessings;" "Tales of Woman's Trials;" "Sir Jasper" and "The Old Story" —Temperance Tales in verse; "A Book of Memories;" "Baronial Halls," with a very long *et-cetera.*

So long ago as 1823, I edited for one of the booksellers in "the Row" a weekly publication, entitled the *Literary Observer.* It lived for six months; and, on looking over it now, I have reason to believe I wrote every line of poetry, prose, and reviews of the sixteen pages of which it consisted. Some time afterwards—in 1826—I edited for a year a monthly magazine, the *Spirit and Manners of the Age;* in 1830 its title was changed to that of the *British Magazine.* That ceased in consequence of the failure of the publishers, Westley and Davis; and in the following year, as I have stated, I was promoted to the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine.*

Social Notes.—In 1878, in an unfortunate hour, I yielded to the request of the Marquis Townshend that

I would edit a work on which he had set his heart. He was liberal in his resolve to spend money as a first step to success; he placed unlimited confidence in me. My editorship continued for nearly a year; his mistake was that when he received the work from my hands he gave it to others less capable than I was. That is all I will venture to say. I had undertaken the trust for a year, of which fifty weeks had elapsed, and I was glad to resign it into his lordship's hands. I had discharged a sub-editor whom I had engaged. The reasons for such discharge were subsequently made sufficiently notorious by three trials—Pepperell *v.* the Marquis Townshend, for dismissal without sufficient cause; and Pepperell *v.* Hall, for alleged libel in commenting on the case in the journal I conducted. In the first, a verdict was given for the plaintiff; in the second, no verdict was returned, the matter being settled out of court. It would be imprudent and unsafe for me to say more on that head; if I were to say what I know, it would be to risk another action. The judge (Justice Field), in summing up the case, stated from the bench that my character was far too well established to dread that it could suffer from my consenting to judgment without demanding a verdict; and my counsel, Mr. Matthews, Q.C., echoed that opinion to the Court. The case was tried a third time in 1881—an action, Pepperell *v.* Simpkin and Marshall, for selling the book containing the "libel" that had not been pronounced a libel. In that case, the jury gave their verdict for the defendants—for me, in fact, as far as character was concerned.

So much I feel it necessary to say as regards my disastrous connection with *Social Notes*. No single incident during that connection compels me to take on myself an atom of blame. I did my best to discharge my duty faithfully and honourably. I procured the aid of some sixty of the best thinkers and writers of the age on all social subjects.

In No. 48 of *Social Notes* I bade farewell to its subscribers, and recorded my grateful sense of the aid I had received from many men and women of great ability, of lofty positions, and of earnest zeal to advance and promote social progress, to exhibit and explain social requirements, and to advocate social reforms.*

The work had made its mark, with a prospect of occupying a very prominent position among the more useful of the periodicals of the day, and, to say the least, fulfilled the word of promise pledged at the outset.

* I print the names of a few of the many who were writers for this publication:—

Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D.	Ernest Hart, M.D.
Robert Rawlinson, C.B.	B. W. Richardson, M.D.
Florence Nightingale.	Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.
Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B.	The Recorder of Dublin.
Campbell Foster, Q.C.	Charles Mackay, LL.D.
Sir Julius Vogel.	James Macaulay, M.D.
Lady Verney.	Martin F. Tupper.
Thomas Hughes, Q.C.	Prof. D. T. Ansted, F.R.S.
William Hoyle.	Percy Fitzgerald.
Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.	Mrs. S. C. Hall.
William Howitt.	Prebendary Irons, D.D.

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RECOLLECTIONS.

ART JOURNAL: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

In December, 1838, I dined with the print publisher, Mr. Hodgson, of the then firm of Hodgson and Graves, the successors of Moon, Boys, and Graves, who had followed Hurst and Robinson, the proximate, but not immediate, successors of Alderman Boydell, the renowned publisher of the folio Shakspere, which contained engravings from the most famous painters of the epoch.

Moon, not long after joining it, separated from the firm, and, continuing business on his own account in Threadneedle Street, became Lord Mayor of London; was created a baronet; and died a prosperous gentleman. The firm is now carried on by Henry Graves and Co., and the premises are where Hurst and Robinson held them, in Pall Mall, adjoining the old Opera House. Moon was a liberal and judicious publisher, who treated artists well, and to whom they were attached. The engravings he issued are numerous, including the best works of the artists of the age; but the publication on which his fame mainly rests is the "Holy Land"—a work in lithography, from sketches by David Roberts; by which Roberts got little: the publisher much.

At the dinner referred to, as given by Hodgson, several

Royal Academicians were present; one of them, Charles Landseer, in responding to his health, expressed regret that there was no periodical publication to represent the Arts, and referred to me as an author capable of remedying the deficiency. Hodgson said that if I would edit such a work, he would supply capital. I declined the proposal. I was working hard for the Bar, resolved to labour for it as my profession.

It cannot be arrogance to say it was a misfortune that led me from it; for had I toiled at Law as I have done for Letters, year after year, all these years, I could not have failed to attain eminence.

Subsequently, Hodgson a second time pressed this task upon me, and after much hesitation I consented to undertake it, provided he would give me a written promise not to interfere in any way with my duties as editor, and never to require from me the insertion of a single line of which I did not approve. He gave the written guarantee. I took as much care as I could—by prudent foresight—to prevent a publisher or producer of engravings, in any degree, directing or influencing a journal that was to be a just representative of the interests of artists and Art.

There was then no such representative in any country of Europe: one or two works, issued in Paris, did, indeed, deal with the subject, but included acting, music, and dancing in their monthly programme.

During one of my absences in Ireland Mr. Hodgson directed the printer to substitute, in lieu of a review I had written regarding the "Roberts" collection of drawings in the "Holy Land," some deprecatory remarks. The

circumstance led to a separation between us; and at the end of the first year I paid him the sum of £200 to recoup his alleged loss, and so became "proprietor" of the publication.

Such was the origin of the *Art Journal*, which for ten years bore as its title the *Art Union*. The first part was issued on the 15th February, 1839: stamped to go by post, and priced at eightpence. The number printed was seven hundred and fifty.

Nothing could have been less encouraging than its prospects at starting: there were few or no writers on Art, while the condition of British art was not only discouraging but disheartening. The greater artists of the century "flourished," indeed, but Art was, with scarcely an exception, to them only a bare means of subsistence. Several of those who have since become famous "for all time" obtained sufficient incomes by giving lessons: a hundred pounds was rarely obtained by any one of them for a picture. I have since seen at public sales paintings sold for thousands of pounds for which the artist received less than a hundred.

Even portrait painters were hardly exceptions to this rule: Lawrence did, indeed, get large prices for Court pictures of great men, and in other ways found his art productive. But I have seen Jackson hard at work on a portrait—and he produced many such—for which he received ten guineas; they were for engravings in the *Evangelical Magazine*—works of a high order of art.

Sculpture was in a still more deplorable condition:

Chantrey had many commissions for busts, and a few for portrait statues, and he and Baily and Westmacott some patronage for monumental tributes; but Foley was working for one of them—receiving a mason's wages per diem—and great Flaxman, not long before that time, had been rewarded by a few shillings apiece for his immortal designs. So little was the grand art understood that, when I ventured on the issue of "statue plates," I had numerous warnings that I was ruining the publication; and not once, but several times, a plate of a semi-nude figure, torn through, was sent to me by post, with protests against such attempts to introduce "indecencies" into families. Of late years the statue plates have been the most popular of the three monthly engravings.*

There is nothing in my past, connected with Art, from which I derive so much happiness as I do from this—that I have been the means of aiding British sculpture. Somewhere about 1828, a volume of examples of the art—edited by T. K. Hervey, a poet of some eminence, and for several years editor of the *Athenæum*—was published. It was a failure. I purchased the plates in 1843, and commenced their re-issue in the *Art Journal*, following them up by engravings of original productions by the most renowned sculptors of the world—giving natural preference to those that were British. I believed—and

* I remember condoling with John Foley as regarded the position of the sculptor's art at that time in England. I did so over the model of his great work, Bacchus and Ino, which lay covered with dust in a corner of his "studio," in the Hampstead Road.

He as little expected to obtain a commission to produce it in marble as he did an order to rebuild St. Paul's. For some time previously he had been working for a somewhat more prosperous professor, his "wages" being eight shillings a day. It was much the same with Joseph Durham and no doubt with all the sculptors of the period.

continue to believe—that God's most perfect work, when represented in sculpture, contributes to the loftier and nobler sentiments, and not to the baser sensations, of humankind. But I carefully put aside such productions as those of Pradier and others—sensual copyists of beauty of features and grace of form.

The difference between French and Greek art seems to me simply this—the Frenchman pictures a woman as if she had taken off her clothes to be looked at; the Greek represents one who has never known clothes at all, who is naked but not ashamed, and who thinks it no more wrong to let her whole form be seen than she does to show ungloved hands. I consider British sculptors have followed the examples of the Greek, and not the French, professors of the art.

In the days to which I go back it was not unusual, at stately mansions, to cover up statues on reception nights; I can call to mind one case in which each statue of marble was gifted with an apron. Ladies then were rarely seen in the sculpture-room of the British Museum. I strove to teach that an artist who copied from the nude was no more necessarily impure than is a surgeon who enters a room to visit a patient into whose case he must inquire; and it is to me a happy conviction that I overcame a prejudice then almost universal in England.

It seemed a visionary scheme to issue a periodical that should be *only* a representative of Art—depending for success on the support of artists, Art patrons, and Art lovers. But that such a publication was needed there

could be no question. The newspapers that now print many columns of elaborate and judicious criticisms on every exhibition and every Art work, then seldom devoted to the subject more than a few lines. *I had to create a public for Art:* by which my project might be sustained; yet, for a long time, it was a wild experiment: progress was so slow that for the first nine years the work did not meet its expenses in any one year. I persevered, loving my task, having not only hope for it, but faith in it. My duty was to make the work respected as well as popular: so to blend information and instruction with interesting and useful intelligence, as to give it rank among the higher and better periodicals of the time and country. It is needless to say that in my efforts to "achieve fortune" I had many obstacles to encounter, and serious difficulties to surmount.

There was literally no "patronage" for British Art. Collectors—wealthy merchants and manufacturers—did indeed buy pictures as befitting household adornments, but they were "old masters" with familiar names; canvases that had never been seen by the artists to whom they were attributed; copies or imitations by "'prentice hands," that were made to seem *old* by processes which I persistently exposed—printing, month after month, the Custom-house returns of pictures imported, and showing that a larger number of Titians, Raphaels, and Rubenses paid duty in a year than those masters had produced during their lives. On the other hand, I made manifest the policy of buying only such pictures as could be

readily identified—certified by the artists who were living; urging the probability that they would increase and not decrease in value, while it was almost certain that so-called "old masters" would ultimately be worth little more than the value of the panels and frames.

I convinced those who desired to purchase pictures. I destroyed, by conclusive evidence and continual exposures, the extensive and nefarious trade in "old masters." I have lived to see such "old masters" valued according to their worthlessness, and a thorough transfer of patronage to modern Art.

It is desirable that I maintain my assertion by proofs, from public documents as well as from my own personal experience.

In 1863 there was a sale at Christie's of the collection of Mr. Bicknell, whose son had married the daughter of David Roberts. Father and son are now both dead: they were merchants at Southwark, but resided somewhere about Clapham. I published a list of the comparative sums paid for his paintings and drawings by Mr. Bicknell and the sums they brought at the sale. I extract some of them from that report:—

ITEMS.—"Street in Cairo" (£50), 505 gs.; "Melrose Abbey" (£40), 260 gs.; "Interior of St. Gomar, Lieri" (£300), 1,370 gs.; "Ruins of Baalbec" (£250), 750 gs.: these were by D. Roberts. "The Syrens," W. E. Frost (£54), 294 gs.; "The Heiress," Leslie (£300), 1,260 gs.; "The Village of Gillingham," Müller (60 gs.), 390 gs.; "The Impenitent," T. Webster (£100), 350 gs. "Shipping Coast near St. Malo" (150 gs.), 1,230 gs.; "Lago di Garda" (150 gs.), 820 gs.; "Beilstein" (250 gs.), 1,500 gs.; "Pic du Midi d'Ossau (700 gs.), 2,550 gs.: these four were by Stanfield.

"Early Morning on the Sussex Coast" (320 gs.), 960 gs.; "Selling Fish" (400 gs.), 1,170 gs.: both by Collins. "The Stepping Stones," T. Creswick (70 gs.), 250 gs. "The Prize Calf" (400 gs.), 1,800 gs.; "The Two Dogs" (£300), 2,300 gs.; "The Highland Shepherd" (£350), 2,230 gs.: three pictures by Landseer. "Raising the Maypole," F. Goodall (£295), 600 gs. "Antwerp" (300 gs.), 2,510 gs.; "Helvoetsluys" (270 gs.), 1,600 gs.; "Wreckers" (275 gs.), 1,890 gs.; "Venice: the Campo Santo" (250 gs.), £2,000; "Venice: the Giudecca" (252 gs.), 1,650 gs.; "Ehrenbreitstein" (£401), 1,800 gs.; "Port Ruysdael" (300 gs.), 1,900 gs.: all by Turner. In the water-colour drawings there was a notable increase in value. "A Bunch of Grapes, two Peaches, and Rose Hips," W. Hunt (25 gs.), 112 gs. "Amiens" (8 gs.), 110 gs.; "Interior of a Cathedral" (6 gs.), 106 gs.; "Porch of Chartres Cathedral" (6 gs.), 120 gs.: by Prout. "Bridlington Harbour" (36 gs.) 530 gs.; "Rivaulx Abbey" (50 gs.) 460 gs.; "Rivaulx Abbey—Evening" (42 gs.), 600 gs.; "Traeth Mawr" (25 gs.), 420 gs.; "Crowborough Hill" (25 gs.), 760 gs.: all by Copley Fielding.*

Müller sold his "Chess Players" for £100 or less (he himself told me he had never received more than that sum for any picture he ever painted). Mr. Bolckow bought it in 1864 for £4,200. In 1844 I edited (for the engravers, Messrs. Finden) a book published in periodical form, "The Beauties of the Poet Moore." I gave commissions to several of the young and rising artists—among them, Frith, Elmore, Ward, paying for each painting the sum of 10 guineas. When the work was completed, the proprietors desired to dispose of the collection together or separately, and with that view

* Mr. J. B. Cumming, of King Street, Cheapside, some years later sent this statement to the newspapers:—"Thirteen years since my father bought three drawings of Mr. Vokins, the dealer, for which he gave 110 guineas. They were by David Cox, viz. 'The Valley of Clwyd,' 'Green Lanes in Staffordshire,' and 'The Hayfield.' After enjoying them for so many years, I regret to say my father was induced to part with them to Mr. Quilter, the accountant, for 1,250 guineas, and they were resold at Christie's in 1875 for the fabulous sum of £5,984 10s. The 'Green Lanes' fetched £1,407; 'The Valley of Clwyd,' £1,627 10s.; and 'The Hayfield' was knocked down at £2,950."

they exhibited them at the publishers', Chapman and Hall, in the Strand, only requiring to get back their cost. I do not believe there were buyers for a half-dozen of them at the price of 10 guineas each. The average price they would now bring is probably 150 guineas.*

I remember visiting a Mr. Meigh, one of the leading Staffordshire manufacturers. Among other works and pictures I noticed a Rubens, for which he had paid £500; and a joint production of Webster and Creswick, which he had bought for 60 guineas. He was somewhat startled when I said, "I value the latter at much more than the former, and you will find I am right if ever you sell your collection." He afterwards sold them. The Webster and Creswick sold for £300, and the Rubens was bought in for £80!

I might very largely extend this division of my work, for I have facts enough at my command to fill pages; but mere extension is needless.

I may wind it up, however, by again stating that not once, but many times, I have been present at a private view of the Royal Academy in its old rooms in Somerset House, where, excepting portraits of men and women, of horses and of dogs, there was *not a single picture sold by any artist throughout the day*, or the price of any picture inquired about.† Well I remember the excitement that was produced in the great room when a buzz of astonish-

* In 1878, I found four of the series at a dealer's in Brighton, and purchased them. They were by the second and not the first class artists.

† The private view of 1880, at which I attended, was the fifty-fourth private view at which I had been present. I believe I did not from accident, or illness, or any other cause, miss one private view in fifty-four years.

ment passed through it—"Lord Lansdowne has bought Turner's picture for £200!"

I commenced the *Art Journal* with a resolve that if I could not induce people to patronise British Art, I would at all events prevent their buying "old masters"—pictures not one in one hundred of which had ever been seen by the artist to whom it was attributed. The Comptroller of the Customs of that time—about 1842—was a personal friend. Confidentially, he supplied me with the returns of imported pictures, then liable to duty; and I was soon able to show that, month after month, a vast number of paintings, professedly by the great masters of all times and countries, passed through the London Custom-house.

Again, I obtained the co-operation of a man who had been a picture-dealer and "trader." He revealed to me all the secrets of "the trade:" how modern imitations were prepared for "the market," in some cases giving the names of the artists who forged them. He showed me a house in Richmond where, to his knowledge, eighty "Canalettis" had been "baked." It acquired the name of the "Canaletti Manufactory." Thus armed, I commenced a crusade against the picture-dealers.

The extent to which the sale of imported pictures was carried on will scarcely be credited now. From 1833 to 1838, inclusive, there were imported 45,642 pictures, paying, at the rate of five shillings on each picture, and, further, one shilling per square foot, a duty

of £11,870. The duties had been diminished in 1826.* Previous to that date imported pictures, measuring under four feet, paid each a duty of £3 8s., and those of over four feet and over a duty of £10 4s. Out of 81,000 pictures brought over, the number painted by masters to whom they were attributed possibly reached 200. Importation was not, however, the sole channel that inundated the country with these forgeries. Large numbers were of home manufacture, and owed their production to the dishonesty of needy English artists and the manufactory of "old masters" established at Richmond, and elsewhere. It was high time that something should be done.

The greater number of these frauds were copies by "'prentice hands," and had to be made to look aged. This was easily effected by experts in the nefarious trade. At Richmond there was an oven where they were usually baked, and dirt was easily produced that a wetted handkerchief could not rub off. Many of them were placed in old frames, or in frames made to look old.

And so the vilest daubs were sent into the market. Large sums as to value were placed upon them; they cost shillings where shillings were expected *to bring pounds*, and did very often bring pounds from the ignorant or unwary who believed the stories that were never lacking—first, as to the renowned galleries out of which they were secured; next, as to the difficulties of "getting them out" of the countries of which they had been the

* "In reducing the duties from almost an exorbitant to a nominal charge, Government could not have contemplated the mischief that resulted from the change—an influx of worthless and injurious copies, which besides preventing sales of works by our own artists, cannot but have impaired the public taste."—*Art Union*, 1839.

treasures; and, lastly, as to the intrinsic evidence that always "spoke for itself." It is easy to imagine the tales the cheats poured into the listening ears of the dupes. In 1845, some years after the commencement of my attacks upon imposture, I wrote as follows (*Art Union*, vol. vii., pp. 121 and 122):—"Although we are in possession of a multitude of facts, and well know the persons implicated in this atrocious scheme of imposture —not only dealers, for, we shame to say, artists are their confederates—prudence must induce us to withhold the names of culprits in these scandalous proceedings." The labour was not without its dangers. I received several threatening letters, but went on boldly with the work, exposing the traffic and the traffickers, and at length was—caught! The traffickers had inundated every town of importance in England with these frauds, conveying them in vans from one place to another. Prominent among the nefarious dealers was a man named Hart. I had protested against his tricks on several occasions. At length he advertised a sale at Birmingham. I did not see it, but a printed catalogue was sent to me. I took it for granted that the collection resembled his previous collections; and, as it contained many eminent names, I treated it as I had treated all his former exhibitions, and proclaimed the sale to be a fraud. As the result of that article, he brought an action against me for libel, and it was tried at Warwick on the 28th of March, 1855.

I defended the action, and took some pains to trace out the history of the pictures exhibited at the Birmingham sale. The result was a verdict for the plaintiff,

damages forty shillings. Respecting the verdict, I wrote in the *Art Journal* at that time, "We say at once that with the verdict we were entirely satisfied. The jury could have given no other."

The plaintiff laid the venue in Warwickshire, a privilege to which he was entitled, and the action was tried at the Warwick Assizes by Baron Alderson and a special jury. Mr. Macaulay (Q.C.) and Mr. Hayes were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. John Smith, of Birmingham, was his attorney. For the defendant Mr. Mellor (Q.C.) and Mr. Field were counsel;* his attorneys were Baxter, Rose, and Norton, of London.

The damages were laid at *one thousand pounds.*

I put in four pleas in justification: first, the technical plea "Not guilty," respecting which I wrote in the *Art Journal* of the time—"Our readers are no doubt aware that this general plea of 'Not guilty' is merely a form of law; the authorship of the articles was from the first admitted by the defendant, but it did not follow that they were 'libels' until so pronounced by a jury." My second plea was, in brief, that as regarded "divers of the pictures sold at the same sale of pictures at Birmingham," the allegations made were true. The third plea touched upon the reputation of the defendant as a dealer in pictures, showing that he had repeatedly offered for sale and sold forged pictures, purporting to be the productions of renowned artists; and when through such

* Both these eminent lawyers became judges—Baron Field is happily living; in 1881 he tried the only other case of libel in which I was defendant, the case of Pepperell *v.* Hall, and when some insinuation against my character was made, his Lordship took occasion to say "that character stood too high to be prejudiced by any opponent. He had himself known me for forty years, and could testify to my integrity and moral worth."

practices his name had fallen into general disrepute, he had disposed of the forgeries under the shelter of an *alias*. And for a fourth plea, being to so much of the second count "as alleges or imputes that the plaintiff, before the said sale at Birmingham, had been guilty of knowingly and deceitfully selling, as genuine productions of artists of celebrity, pictures which he then well knew were not the productions of such artists; the defendant says that the said allegations were and are true, and that the said plaintiff was thereby guilty of fraud and dishonesty as a picture-dealer."

Whilst his character was being assailed and defended, the plaintiff did not venture to "show" in court. I had endeavoured to subpœna him: he was nowhere to be found; he dared not meet a cross-examination.

Before I went into court I was warned that the Judge would be "dead against me." It was notorious that he was severely hostile to the freedom of comments by the Press, and treated every editor as a personal foe.

This passage is from the *Times*' report of the trial:—"The learned judge, in summing up, spoke with severity of the offence of publishing in newspapers imputations upon the character of individuals without sufficient grounds, and expressed his opinion that, if people would assume to themselves functions which nobody expected them to discharge, and, under a sense of what they chose to call duty, inflict serious injury upon others, they ought to be compelled to make a full compensation for the wrong so inflicted."

The jury retired to consider their verdict. After an absence of ten minutes they returned into court, and

found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages forty shillings, the lowest sum that carried costs.

No one in court was more astonished, and surely no one more gratified, than I was by the result, for the judge had almost commanded the jury to mulct me in heavy damages.*

The trial was reported in every newspaper of the Kingdom; the natural result followed: merchants and manufacturers who were bent on adorning their mansions with paintings, thus warned, would purchase no more Raphaels and Titians; they bought modern pictures instead. The trial was well worth what it cost. I had not then, and have not had since, the slightest doubt that to the case Hart *v.* Hall may be traced a commencement of the career of prosperity that has since awaited the productions of "British artists." †

* I had promised my counsel, Mr. Mellor and Mr. Field, who were apprehensive of my committing myself and injuring my cause by eagerness in self-defence, that I would not say a word *during the trial*. But I was released from my promise when the trial was over. When the verdict was given in, the judge had retired, leaving his representative to take it. When I heard it, I bowed to the jury and said, "Thank you, gentlemen: I have received from the jury more justice than I have from the judge." "Sir," exclaimed the angry judge's substitute, "that is another libel!" "Sir," I answered, "I know it is; but I will say more than that: though I am in this court convicted of a libel, I shall leave the court a prouder man than I entered it!" I bowed again and retired. No doubt if the judge had been present I should have been committed for contempt; his presence would not have deterred me from giving vent to my feelings: a more unfair and one-sided charge was never delivered. Luckily for me, a majority of the jury knew the plaintiff and had had dealings with him.

† Very soon after the trial this letter was printed—signed by Stanfield, Ward, Frost, Foley, Goodall, Cooke, Harding, and twenty-four other British artists:—

"London, *June*, 1855. Sir,—The undersigned beg to call your attention to a subject in which they are of opinion that the honour and interests of British artists are, to some extent, involved. You are probably aware that Mr. S. C. Hall has had to sustain an action for libel at the suit of Mr. Louis Hart, a picture-dealer, and that the costs of the action have been very heavy. We believe you will agree with us that the course Mr. Hall has pursued for a series of years as editor of the *Art Journal*, has been of great service to art and artists; and we trust you

The Report for 1877 of the Art Union of London thus sums up the result of the war that for many years I had waged, almost single-handed, and under circumstances of much discouragement:—

"Ample evidence of the great advance in matters of design will be found in the engravings of objects of Art manufacture given, from time to time, in the *Art Journal*, whose able conductor has devoted so much energy, judgment, and zeal to the improvement of the Arts of this country, and who more especially, by persevering attacks, succeeded in driving from the market those spurious imitations of old masters which alone found purchasers amongst our Art collectors thirty years ago; in place of which fabulous prices are now paid for the works of British artists, both of present and past times, and for this, if it were the only good thing he had done, Mr. Carter Hall deserves a large amount of gratitude from the artists of this country."

I resumed and continued the crusade against fraudulent dealers in old masters, my task becoming more safe and comparatively easy: not against those who practise honestly a legitimate branch of British commerce, but

will also coincide with us in thinking it would be only just and right in the artists and Art lovers generally to manifest their sympathy with him, more especially as he has been advocating not his own cause, but that of the profession and the public. We desire, therefore, in order to meet the views of the general body of artists, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, to obtain subscriptions for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Hall some suitable testimonial, as an indication of our sense of his services in this respect."

The costs were, therefore, in a great measure (but not entirely) met by the subscriptions of these artists. They were very heavy: I had of course to pay those of the plaintiff and about thirty witnesses on both sides, including their expenses in going to and from Warwick, and their hotel bills there.

against those who conduct it upon principles disastrous to Art, very prejudicial to the artist, and dishonest as regards the public. At that time I, moreover, exposed the evils of certain picture auctions, and the true nature of the pictures usually sold at such auctions, giving occasionally the actual histories of "rare originals," where they were manufactured, what they really cost, and the several processes through which they had passed to make them appear genuine.

I must be content to give one or two cases of the prices brought for "old masters," soon after this trial:—

An article in the *Art Union* for February, 1846, contained what follows:—"It is quite farcical to note the shabby prices obtained at these sales. At Messrs. Christie's, on the 10th of January, lot 89, named 'Correggio,' was knocked down at 13s., and lot 82, with the same great name, got no bidder at all, but was joined to the succeeding lot, called 'Bramver,' and the two united brought 24s. Again, at Phillip's, on the 17th, lot 16, 'Murillo,' sold for half-a-guinea; lot 20, 'Guercino,' the same amount; lot 100, an historical subject, 'Tintoretto,' 9s." A *bonâ-fide* sale took place in the city by a respectable auctioneer, not a professed "picture-rigger." The pictures were the property of an unlucky enthusiast, who assigned them and other valuable property for the benefit of his creditors, to trustees, in satisfaction of his debts. "The Madonna," Sasso Ferrato (cost £60), sold for £6; "Venice," Canaletti (£20), £5; "Dido," A. Kauffman (£20), £3 5s.; "Christ and the Centurion," Le Brun (£20), £4 15s.; "Landscape," Zuccarelli (£88), £9 10s.; "Cupid bound," A. Kauffman (£15), £2 15s.; "St.

Catherine," Correggio (£20), £4; "Venice," Canaletti (£20), £6 6s.; "Holy Family," Raphael (£60), £7; "Idem," Raphael (£160), £28 17s. 6d. All the pictures were handsomely framed. At another auction, in the city, the following were "sold":—A Titian, described as "a splendid specimen of the master," sold for £3 16s.; a Murillo, a capital picture, for £4 6s.; a Raffaelle, portrait of himself, £3 15s.; a Guido, "a splendid picture," for £4 4s., and so forth.

In brief, the nefarious trade expired from the day the report of the trial Hart *v.* Hall was promulgated. No merchant or manufacturer would look at a "Raphael" or a "Rubens," and dealers were compelled to dispose of their stock at little more than the cost of the frames.

The result may be readily foreseen: from that day the harvests of British artists commenced to be gathered in.

I have thus given an outline—it can be nothing more—of the progress of the *Art Journal*, from its commencement in 1839 to the termination of my editorship in December, 1880.*

I have stated that my difficulties were many, serious, and heavy. They grew. Among them were such as arose

* I had in type a list of artists—British and foreign painters and sculptors—whose works have been engraved for the *Art Journal* from the commencement to the close of my editorship. But to publish it is needless. There is not a single artist who obtained renown during the first half of the century whose name would not be found in the list. By far the major part of them are *line* engravings—an art that is now all but departed in England, and, indeed, in Germany and France.

from insufficient capital. They will be enough indicated by one fact: during the first ten years I paid the stationer 52s. a ream for the same paper that was subsequently supplied at 39s. a ream. I was informed by the accountant that in forty months that stationer received £70,000 in payment for paper; these months included those of the double numbers incident to the Exhibition of 1851.

I had little to fear from opposition: inducements to rivalry were not strong; for nearly forty of its forty-two years I claimed for the *Art Journal* that it was "the only journal in Europe that adequately represented the fine arts and the arts of manufacture;" and surely I might have added "in America." In that great country of the present and the future, the *Journal* was a powerful auxiliary to the artists and manufacturers who sought to attain excellence: it always had a large circulation there. A few years back, however, an enterprising publisher issued the *American Art Journal.* A considerable portion of it was printed from the stereotyped pages of the English work; but gradually large original additions of letterpress and engravings were added to it in New York: these additions were of the very highest character, enabling it to claim the rank of a rival entitled to all respect. America is now in that way not a whit behind England.

Some rivals, but none to dread, I had during my earlier struggles for a position. In March, 1843, an artist and an Art scholar (E. V. Rippingille) commenced the *Artists' and Amateurs' Magazine.* In February, 1844,

he printed his "farewell address;" it contained these ominous words, "as regards the success of my project, it is a failure"—his was "but the fate of all who have attempted to interest or instruct people on the subject of Art." Not long afterwards a like effort was made, and with a like result, by Mr. John Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin. His venture was called *The Probe;* the title indicated its prevailing character. They were both artists, and artists are seldom generous critics.

Several auspicious circumstances had combined to aid me in my hopeful task. First, the growing wealth and intelligence of British merchants and manufacturers. Next, the influence of some of the picture-dealers in the manufacturing districts, who created a desire, if not a *taste* (that was the gradual result of persevering zeal), in prosperous Manchester and its rich locality. Next, by the always admirable working of the Art Union of London, under the judicious direction of George Godwin, F.R.S., and Lewis Pocock, F.S.A., and its secretary, Mr. Watson. Next, the great increase of provincial Schools of Art in association with the Department of Science and Art, of which in 1840 there were three; in 1880 there were one hundred and fifty, hardly a provincial town of note being now without this valued auxiliary to Art knowledge, Art study, and Art practice. Next, in 1849, came the invaluable co-operation of Mr. Vernon, who, before he presented his great gift to the Nation, gave to me the right to engrave and publish the whole of his collected pictures. The *Journal* then became a success;

it was largely augmented when, in 1854, her Majesty and the "Good Prince" Consort accorded to me the privilege of engraving and publishing one hundred and fifty selected pictures from their private collections;* and it was greatly aided by my illustrated "Report of the first Great International Exhibition, 1851," the public paying for the *Journal*, during that memorable year and part of the year succeeding, no less a sum than £72,000.

Especially, and above all, I must attribute the prosperity of the *Art Journal* to the generous help I received from very many artists; to the aid given me by the rapidly increasing collectors of British pictures; to the co-operation of many—indeed, almost all—the able writers on Art subjects;† and certainly to a general belief that I was doing in a right spirit the work I had undertaken to do. Yet for several years the *Art Journal* continued to be the only journal in Europe by which the Fine Arts and the arts of manufacture were adequately "represented."

I make grateful record of the services during thirty-three years of my assistant-editor, Mr. JAMES DAFFORNE.

* In according that most beneficial grant, his Royal Highness was most graciously pleased to say he considered the *Art Journal* to be a work "extremely well conducted," as calculated to be of much service, "and his patronage of which it had given him much pleasure to afford." During fourteen years the *Art Journal* was annually dedicated to his Royal Highness. Since his lamented death it has been dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

† I had in type a list of one hundred renowned writers on Art who have been, from 1839 to 1880, contributors to the *Art Journal;* but subsequently considered the space thus occupied might be better filled. Let it suffice to say there is not, I think, a single writer on Art and kindred subjects whose name would not appear in that list.

Our long and intimate relations were brought to a close by his death so recently as June, 1879. We had laboured together in perfect harmony. He loved his work. The artists, so many of whose works he criticised, found in him a courteous, considerate, generous, and always sympathizing friend. Though for a long time in declining health, his energies were untiring; his zeal to do good was as much so; his abilities are proved by many publications—principally memoirs of British artists. He was industrious, able, and upright. I place on record this grateful memory. And surely I am bound to acknowledge the assistance of one who was, in the highest and holiest sense, my "helpmate" during fifty-six years of wedded life—my constant helper and adviser as regards the *Art Journal*, and who was ranked by public approval among its best contributors. From the very commencement, there was not a month in which she did nothing to help me, while some of the best of her productions—especially "Midsummer Eve" and "Pilgrimages to English Shrines"—appeared first in the *Art Journal*.

There are two other of my aids to whom I am especially bound to refer with gratitude: both, alas! dead. Mr. Henry Murray was a contributor to the second number; and, I think, more or less, to every number up to the sad time of his death. To high classical attainments and a thorough acquaintance with several foreign languages, Mr. Murray added knowledge of ancient and modern Art; the former he gained, in a very considerable degree,

by long and frequent visits to the Continent, where he studied the works of the great masters of old, while, at the same time, those of more recent date received due attention, respect, and honour.

Frederick William Fairholt, who was for more than thirty years my close, valuable, and valued ally in the *Art Journal*, is surely entitled to grateful remembrance in these pages. In that journal most of his best works first appeared; to be subsequently issued as books —text-books for Art students and Art lovers. He was of German extraction, and the fact that his father was a tobacconist in the Borough may account for one of his books—the most popular of them all, perhaps—being a history of the tobacco-plant from the days when Walter Raleigh puffed its smoke from his mouth, to the alarm of his servant, down to the present period of thousands of brands of tobacco and millions of smokers.*

It was not only that I was aided in the *Art Journal* by his ever-zealous co-operation: to him is owing much of the merit and worth of the more popular among the joint-productions of Mrs. Hall and myself—such as the "Baronial Halls," the "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," and the "Book of the Thames." He was our constant

* In a passage from the dedication chapter of his volume, addressed to his friend, Mr. C. Roach Smith, he thus alludes to the days of his boyhood:—"You who know my early history will feel no surprise at my choice of subject. Born in London, and never having been out of sight of St. Paul's until I reached my twenty-second year, the tobacco warehouse where my father worked became my playground, and my first remembrances are of rolling in the tobacco-leaf as country children would roll in a hay-field, and playing at hide-and-seek in the empty barrels."

companion during our visits to at least a hundred "show places," enlightening us with his knowledge and largely aiding us by his antiquarian notes. For he was a genuine antiquary to the heart's core, who loved the old far more than the new; and he was also a genuine Londoner, who, like Dr. Johnson, considered that earth supplied no scene of interest so great as that furnished by Fleet Street and its adjacent alleys and courts.

I remember his town-bred instincts manifesting themselves in an amusing fashion when he was my guest at Addlestone. The house was full, and I was obliged to allot him a bedroom in the gardener's lodge. In the morning, when he came in to breakfast, I asked him how he had slept. "Very badly," he answered; "I was kept awake all night by the nightingales." "Well," I said, "if you were destined to be sleepless, it was at least something to be made so by the sweet bird 'most musical, most melancholy.'" "In plain truth," he replied, "if you are to be kept awake, I don't see much difference between nightingales and cats!"

He travelled with me to Ireland; and many of the illustrations in the volumes of "Ireland: its Scenery and Character," are from drawings by him; especially those which picture the wild sea-coast of Achill and Connamara. It was "funny" to see the genuine Cockney mounted on one of the shaggy ponies of the wild west, holding on firmly by the mane, while his huge cloak was blown about his legs by the fierce breezes from the broad Atlantic, and to note his sigh of relief when he was permitted to dismount—a perilous undertaking. He was with me at Achill during one of its periodical

famines, and there he saw some three thousand men, women, and children, literally starving. The man of tender heart was in tears—as, indeed, so was I—from the time he entered the island until he quitted it. Our stock of shillings was soon exhausted, but they little helped to keep death in its most cruel form at bay—for there was neither bread nor food of any kind to be purchased. The sad impression it created was never obliterated from the sensitive mind of the artist.

Mr. Fairholt was in all ways a most pleasant and useful companion. Not only was it that the details of our descriptions gained in accuracy and value from his presence: his conversation, of an evening, on the work of the day at once showed how brimful he was of old-world knowledge, and gave delightful proof that the teachings of an antiquary may be rendered,

> "Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."

Brief as I am forced to make this summary of Fairholt's literary and artistic life, it may serve to indicate how very far removed he was, all his days, from being an idle man. His whole career was in truth one of diligent, useful, honourable labour; and while constantly adding to his own stock of knowledge, he was as constantly employed in communicating to others, through the medium of pen and pencil, what he had himself acquired. His mind was ardently set upon antiquarian pursuits, within a certain but by no means limited range; and he followed these out vigorously and to good purpose, for his own reputation and for the instruction of others.

During several years Fairholt was the Secretary of "the Society of Noviomagus," being elected to that honour in 1845. George Godwin, F.R.S., was his predecessor, and the meetings of the Society gained from the presence of either estimable gentleman a zest and brilliancy the loss of which may well be deplored by the few old members who yet remain.

In the *Art Journal* for December, 1880, I bade *farewell* to the public, to the artists, to my friends, and to the many helpers I had found during the forty-two years of my editorship. My boast was not that of the emperor who found Rome of brick and left it of marble; but I claimed—that I found Art depressed, and left it prosperous; that the promise I made at the commencement of my labours I had to the letter fulfilled; that I had *convinced* those who desired to possess pictures, as sources of never-ceasing home enjoyment, how safe and wise it was to obtain works by British artists, and eschew those that were termed "old masters." I did that by conclusive evidence and continual exposures of the extensive and nefarious trade in pictures imported. I repeat, I have lived to see such pictures valued accordingly, and a thorough transfer of patronage to modern Art.

If, in the year 1883, I review a long past, and contrast the high and palmy state of British Art with what it was in 1840, and find the Retrospect a source of thankfulness and happiness—I trust I shall be pardoned if I hoped and expected—at parting—from Art lovers, from artists, and from Art patrons, a responsive FAREWELL.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY ART-MANUFACTURE.

It is my duty to give details of the circumstances under which, in the *Art Journal*, I brought Art into association with Art-manufacture. Such association was commenced in the year 1842. Dr. Cooke Taylor, some time editor of the *Anti-Corn-Law League*, in one of several admirable papers he wrote for the *Art Union*, had used the expression, "Few understand the mercantile value of the Fine Arts." On that hint I acted.

In 1843, in order to obtain, that I might communicate, information, I visited all the manufacturing cities and towns of England. I found that by few or none of them was any consistent and persistent effort made to obtain aid from artists or from Art. A single example may suffice. When at Kidderminster, in that year, I ascertained there was not one artist resident within twenty miles of the town. I was at Kidderminster in 1876: there were then one hundred artists resident in the vicinity, and a sound, good, practical school of Art was established there. Every establishment had its artists' *atelier* and its staff of artists. It is so now in all the manufacturing cities and towns of England and Scotland. At that day, some enlightened

ceramic manufacturers had indeed striven, and successfully, to rival the Art produce of France; but for the most part there was entire dependence for patterns, in every class and order of Art, on borrowings, purchases, or thefts.

Now, British manufacturers thoroughly comprehend and estimate the value and the capabilities of Art, and honourably and successfully compete with the manufacturers of France and other nations. At that time dealing in foreign patterns was a regular trade that gave large gain to travellers employed to collect them.

In 1843 I commenced to associate the Industrial Arts with the Fine Arts proper; to show the commercial value of the Fine Arts, that "beauty is cheaper than deformity," that it is sound policy as well as true patriotism to resort to native artists for aid in all the productions of the workshop—in every branch of Art-manufacture. The proposal was new and startling—to illustrate the products of the manufacturer, as works in Literature had so long been illustrated. To do it effectually the costly aid of the engraver was absolutely necessary. It was not suggested to the manufacturer to pay any part of the cost; from that day to this, the expense of engraving Art objects has been entirely borne by the proprietors of the *Art Journal.*

There is, perhaps, not a single manufacturer of note in these Kingdoms who has not thus been represented in the columns of the *Art Journal;* while of the International Exhibitions that have taken place in all parts of the world, *fifteen* have been there reported and illustrated—each, upon an average, by nearly a thousand

engravings of the exhibited works of manufacturers—according to each manufacturer the honour and advantage of wholesome and profitable publicity. The first was that of Paris in 1844.

Objections to the plan were frequently urged, especially that such pictures would be suggestions to unscrupulous rivals.

I did not, however, find it very difficult to convince manufacturers that such fears as theirs were groundless. To copy a pattern from an engraving would, I showed them, be a theft as foolish as audacious; and would be like stealing a hat and retaining the owner's name inside, or making off with a book and omitting to remove from the cover the crest of the person to whom it belonged. An unprincipled person who desired to copy some production that was the property of another, could readily obtain a specimen by purchase; but to imitate a design which, by the art of the engraver, had been made known to thousands as the property of Mr. So-and-so, would be a theft too glaring to be often ventured upon. From that time to the present day, the *Art Journal* has been the representative, not only of the Fine Arts, in the severer acceptance of the term, but of those Arts as they enter into the labours of the manufacturer. Proofs of the salutary character of the influence so exercised are readily obtainable.

In 1877, addresses on the subject of Art and Art-manufacture were delivered by Earl Granville, and Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., then Art-Director of the South

Kensington Museum. The opinions of the two speakers by no means harmonised. Mr. Poynter spoke of things as he thought he found them; Earl Granville of things as they were and are—with experience as well as knowledge. The former based his arguments on his ideas of what *might be;* the latter grounded his on familiar acquaintance, not only with the present, but the past.

Mr. Poynter mourned over British Art-manufacture as being in a deplorable state. He considered that it had not advanced during the last twenty, thirty, or even forty years; and (as I wrote in the *Art Journal* at that time) "seemed to agree with the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, who, speaking at Oxford, expressed his belief that Art in England had rather retrograded than advanced."

Earl Granville dissented *in toto* from such views, and gave satisfactory reasons for so dissenting. He denied that with increasing wealth there had been an increase in bad taste. He "believed exactly the reverse." So did I: and in the pages of the *Art Journal* expressed my astonishment "that educated gentlemen, with the means of acquiring information daily in a hundred varied ways, should express opinions so directly at variance with evidence and fact."

I published, indeed, an article declaring my entire concurrence with the views of Earl Granville, and pointing out the sound reasons for accepting as authority a nobleman who had had the best opportunities for studying every branch of his subject, who was a ripe scholar and in many ways an eloquent teacher, and conspicuous for the high culture that added

lustre to dignity and rank. "Mr. Poynter," I wrote, "is a comparatively young man, so we presume is Mr. Pattison, and we believe we shall be doing them no injustice in crediting them with but slight acquaintance with English Art-manufacture as it was thirty or forty years ago."

Let those who are old enough recall to mind the deformities in Literature, and the abominations in Art, that children's books showed forty years ago, and compare them with those now issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society—those that are edited by Mr. T. B. Smithies—and, indeed, that are issued by nearly all our publishers; have we in this most important matter been "advancing backward?" Then again, the art of photography (undiscovered forty years ago) has made common all the best pictures of all ages—pictures of which the general public, the masses, used to hear and read little, and knew nothing. Further, the electrotype process has made familiar the finest achievements of the great masters of art in the precious metals, placing them upon the tables, not of club-houses only, but of hotels, and all private dwellings that aim at respectability. A considerable proportion of the vast increase of wealth in the manufacturing districts has been expended in Art luxuries of acknowledged excellence, by people who forty years ago would have thought such acquisitions absurdly extravagant.

But I might fill pages with facts—flatly, and most satisfactorily, contradicting the artist and Art critic who have pronounced *ex cathedrâ* that we have gone

backward instead of forward since these accumulated helps to advancement have been ours—available to every class and order of artisans, manufacturers, and artists, not only in London, but in the provinces.

And has the Art Union of London done nothing to improve public taste? Have its thousands of pictures and hundreds of thousands of engravings—every one of which has been hung as a home adornment in some household—only kept back the tide of progress? That institution has existed more than forty-five years; has it existed in vain?

Has the Science and Art Department, for which the country pays—and willingly pays—a large annual sum, done nothing, or less than nothing, to sustain Great Britain in its rivalry with France and the other nations of the Continent?

The state of things that my tour through the English manufacturing districts in 1843—referred to a few pages back—was the means of bringing to light, is a sufficient answer to the question, when taken in connection with the condition of Art-manufacture at the present time. The chief localities I visited were Birmingham, Sheffield, Kidderminster, Stourbridge, Wolverhampton, Manchester, Nottingham, the Staffordshire Potteries, Coalbrookdale, &c. I found no artist of any kind engaged at any one of the establishments in these great manufacturing towns. When any special work was undertaken, the temporary assistance of some artist was obtained; but an Art staff attached to the works was never thought of. If a new design was wanted—an infrequent occurrence—a bit

from one thing and a bit from another were put together, and a "novelty" was thus "got up," or, more commonly, something was imported from the Continent, and modified and adapted to suit the market. The accounts of the visits I made were illustrated by engravings, and the best subjects procurable were, of course, selected. Reference to the pages of the *Art Journal*—prior to 1851—will show that, as regards taste and artistic execution, they were, for the most part, deplorably bad.

The carpets of Kidderminster were disfigured by roses in size a foot square, temples, rock-work, and so forth. At the Staffordshire Potteries bad taste was the rule. The public preferred ugliness, and ugliness had to be provided for them. At Sheffield there had been little change for a century; the old types were invariably followed, and anything like a truly artistic design was seldom thought of. At Manchester there was rarely an attempt to produce in printing a new design of British origin. Every large house had its agent in Paris, who regularly transmitted the designs in silk or cotton that were produced in France before they were sent into circulation. For these "bits" large prices were paid, whether the design was used or not, but to employ an English artist was altogether out of the question.

There is now no large firm in Manchester or Kidderminster, or any other of the producing centres, that has not its artists' room, where a score (often more) of artists sit regularly at work to supply the artistic needs of the establishment. The crude, taste-pervert-

ing, ill-constructed designs of thirty or forty years back are as completely banished from the market as the flint, steel, and tinder-box of half a century ago: or the pattens on which our mothers walked through muddy streets to church. The authorities at South Kensington are annually called upon to adjudicate upon many thousands of original designs, awarding prizes to the most meritorious, *i.e.* the most practically useful. How many such were produced in this Kingdom thirty years ago? It is not uncommon at the present day for a manufacturer to pay sums varying from one guinea to fifty guineas for a single design.

A leading position in bringing about these improvements in Art-manufacture I claim for the *Art Journal.*

"We have strenuously endeavoured," I said in that journal, as long ago as 1846, "to impress on the minds of our readers, that to give British productions mercantile value by the agency of the Fine Arts is a national object which requires for its attainment combined national efforts. Every one branch of industry is interested and implicated in the artistic, as well as in the mercantile, improvement of all the rest. Perversity of taste remaining anywhere works out long results of injury; while a beautiful invention in any form of production suggests conceptions of beauty for a vast variety of other productions."

The following extract from an article by Dr. Cooke Taylor in the *Art Union* of 1848, describes briefly, but graphically, the relations I toiled to establish between manufacturer and artist:—

"There appears to us, then, a natural and early connection between the pursuits of the artist and the manufacturer. In the primary ages both were combined in one person; through periods of progress they advanced concurrently; and, to insure the perfection of both, the bonds by which they are united, instead of being relaxed, should be drawn closer together in mutual alliance. The artist offers to the manufacturer the conception which is sure to command the homage of the public; the manufacturer enables the artist to give his conception, not merely a local habitation in material reality, but an existence which admits of its being known, appreciated, admired, and applauded. We have abundant evidence that the greatest artists of their day furnished designs for the vases and bronzes of Greece, Etruria, and Southern Italy. The cartoons of Raffaelle testify that the greatest of painters did not disdain to become a designer for the workers of the loom and the embroidery-frame. Benvenuto Cellini developed the purest conceptions of statuary with the chasing tool; and the revolution which our Wedgwood worked in the English potteries was most effectually aided by Flaxman. . . . There is, then, nothing derogatory to the highest Art in lending its aid to decorate objects of utility. The sculptor does not lower his position when he supplies a model for the moulder in iron, brass, statuary-porcelain, or any other substance in which casts may be taken. The painter no way derogates from his dignity when he furnishes beautiful patterns to the manufacturer of furniture-cottons, of muslins, of chintzes, or of paper-hangings. Artists are public teachers, and it is their duty, as well as their interest, to aim at giving the greatest possible extent and publicity to their instructions."

It will be seen that the two truths I endeavoured to impress on the minds of manufacturers were, that "beauty is cheaper than deformity," and that "publicity is more beneficial than concealment," as regards meritorious work. I was, as I have already stated, successful in showing them that only beneficial consequences could result from engraving their designs in the *Art Journal;* but I did not bring about this change of

opinion in a day. The number of the *Art Journal* for December, 1849, found me writing as follows :—

"The attempt was at first opposed in some quarters, scorned in others, and deemed perilous by our best friends. We had no precedent in Europe; and when we commenced to describe, and to illustrate by engravings, the works of manufacturers, we had little or no support, but much discouragement. The artist considered the space devoted to the Industrial Arts as so much useless matter, which deprived him of benefit; and the manufacturers on their part were unable to comprehend and appreciate a novelty to which they were so entirely unaccustomed. They shrank from that publicity which they now eagerly covet. The artists, too, have learned that by this association their best interests are upheld and advanced."

The years during which the *Art Journal* laboured most to bring artist and manufacturer into closer relationship, were those of the infancy of exhibitions in England.

In 1844, a great Exposition of Art Industry was held at Paris. Our French neighbours had been beforehand with us in appreciating the advantages of such "shows." In August, 1844, I published two supplementary numbers of the *Art Union*, describing the exhibition in question; illustrating it by two hundred engraved examples. I gave a history of previous exhibitions held at Paris, the first of which took place in 1798, to be succeeded by similar displays at intervals of five years. No work of the kind had been previously attempted—not even in France. The remarks that introduced it thus shadowed forth the great display of the world's produce in 1851 :—

"Here is a plan devised by a great nation, and executed on a great scale, for the purpose of advancing the industrial arts;

assuredly it is the interest of a nation, which is so dependent for its continued prosperity on its manufactures as Great Britain, to inquire how far the French experiment has been successful; whether its results indicate an example to be imitated, or a failure to be avoided, and whether—should it appear worthy of imitation—the same means and appliances are available to render it as successful in London as it has been in Paris."

In the second supplementary number to which I have alluded, the scheme thus outlined was enlarged upon as follows :—

"Three means suggest themselves, by which a national exposition could be attained in Great Britain: the task might be undertaken by the Government, by associated manufacturers, or by some independent body as a matter of speculation."

Thus was shadowed forth the Great Exhibition that seven years later astonished the whole world, and gave birth to advantages that cannot be over-estimated.

For the moment no such attempt was made. There did, indeed, take place in 1845 something that was really, what I described it, "an Exposition of the products of British Art-Industry." That was the Bazaar held at Covent Garden under the auspices of the Anti-Corn Law League, the object being to raise a fund of £20,000 required by its promoters. Nearly all the leading manufacturers of Great Britain were contributors; and every town of the manufacturing districts was represented by a stall at which ladies presided. I was naturally quick to avail myself of so favourable an opportunity, both for noticing the then existing state of British Art-industry, and for reiterating former suggestions regarding a National Exhibition. [The bazaar

opened on the 8th of May, 1845.] The *Art Union* for June furnished proof of this assertion. Of the forty-four pages that constituted the number, twenty were devoted to an article headed, "The Mercantile Value of the Fine Arts. The Bazaar at Covent Garden, and Exposition of the Products of British Art-Industry," in which the display of May, 1845, was described and criticized, illustrated by a large number of engravings from works contributed by all the manufacturing towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Of the articles exhibited, I gave about sixty engravings representing the designs most strikingly characterized by artistic merit. Concerning the bazaar as a whole, its lessons and value, the *Art Union* thus summed up :—

"We have bestowed much pains on the illustration of the first attempt—though confessedly an imperfect one—to get up a National Exposition of the products of British Art-Industry, because its very imperfections afford conclusive evidence that if a *National Exposition* should be undertaken by the Government, or by any association of eminent men combined for that purpose, and having no connection with any political object, it would be certain of success.

* * * * *

"A National Exposition in London would attract visitors from every quarter of the globe. The Temple-palace of British Industry would surpass anything the world has yet witnessed."

That Temple-palace remained, however, nothing more than a vision. As I have elsewhere shown, men sanguine regarding the future of British Art-industry considered the project incapable of realisation.

In 1846 was held the Exhibition of Art and Art-Industry at Manchester. I fully reported, and largely illustrated, in the *Art Union*, that display, publishing

the number as a separate part. That was the first attempt in England to copy the example of France. It was successful—not, I believe in a monetary sense, but in stimulating trade, more especially that which constituted the great staple of the district.

The opinion of the *Art Union*, as expressed regarding the Manchester Exposition, was contained in the paragraph I extract:—

"The first pure Exposition of Industrial Art, exclusively for its own sake, which has ever been held in England, will mark an epoch not only in the history of Manchester, but also in the history of the Empire. The example will not be lost; but the honour of leading the way can never be dissevered from the city-town of Manchester."

Towards the close of 1847, there were many reasons for believing that the time was approaching when the project of *a Great Exhibition of Industrial Art* might be carried out with effect and success. It was in the January of 1848 that I addressed my letter to Lord Carlisle. The *Art Union* for the same month and year contained an article headed "Proposed Exposition of British Manufactures." The first part of this article was written, at my suggestion and request, by my friend, Dr. Cooke Taylor; the latter portion—that which had more direct reference to *the plan*—I myself furnished. From an article in which was contained the germ of the Great Exhibition of 1851, I may be permitted to extract:—

"We want AN EXPOSITION of BRITISH MANUFACTURES; the efforts made in various directions to supply this want are at once proofs that it is felt, and that by private enterprise it cannot be supplied.

The Society of Arts has done something; our own Office is doing some service in increasing the knowledge of industrial art and diffusing a taste for its production.*

"Yet we are not without hopes that such a person may be found; . . . that he will have no difficulty in finding able and willing coadjutors; that the co-operation of Government may be calculated upon (money in aid not being required); and that we shall *ere long have to announce an Exposition of British Industrial Art* . . . worthy of the British nation.

"From Government nothing need be required but, first, its SANCTION—direct and emphatic; next, *the allotment of ground in one of the parks upon which to erect a temporary building;* and next, the AWARD OF HONORARY MEDALS in gold and silver to those manufacturers who exhibit greatest enterprise and ability, or both combined; or whose productions are calculated to be practically useful to their country.

"We believe a proposal for such an Exposition would be well received in the highest quarters; *Prince Albert is known to take a deep personal interest in all matters that relate to the Industrial Arts of England, and to cherish an earnest desire for their advancement.* We cannot doubt his willingness to place himself at the head of a *duly authorised, and properly arranged,* committee of management." †

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* At that time, the office of the *Art Union* was in the Strand. In the window I placed a large number of original and beautiful productions of industrial art, which I had collected in England and in various cities of the Continent. It was a source of some inconvenience, inasmuch as many passers-by desired to *purchase* the objects which were there only *shown*. Not long afterwards several dealers in Art objects followed the example I had set them, and exhibited, in their shop windows, beautiful and "tempting" examples of manufactured Art—notably Mr. Cundall of New Bond Street (a tradesman to whom, in such matters, England owes a large debt that does not seem to have been recognised). I therefore abandoned my plan of showing such things in my office window as no longer necessary. The idea "took," however, and hence arose the now almost universal practice of decorating shop windows.

† I find that as often as sixteen times before the year 1851, I strove to impress on the public mind the vital truth that a time was at hand when there might be, if not a certainty, a reasonable expectation that an exhibition similar to those that had so benefited France might be held in London, in one of the parks—with the good Prince Albert at its head; and early in 1850, I handed to Mr. Cole, afterwards Sir Henry Cole, several letters I had received from Lord Carlisle, Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, and Sir Thomas Wise, one of the Lords of the Treasury.

In 1850, I undertook to prepare an illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition announced to take place in the following year. It was to be published monthly in the *Art Journal*—as an extra number, doubling the size of the work.

The project was one involving many great difficulties in its accomplishment, although in these days—when the assistance of photography can everywhere be called in—it could be carried out with comparative ease. As I had resolved to issue the first part on May 1st, 1851—the day on which the Exhibition was to open—there was no time to lose. The display was to be "International;" it was, therefore, essential that foreign manufacturers should be represented in a British *Art Journal*. To effect this, it was essential that they should be seen.

Great Britain I was able to manage by correspondence. The London manufacturers I went to in person, and they readily gave me the requisite aid. I had an efficient agent in Paris, another in Brussels, and was personally acquainted with most of the intending contributors there to the forthcoming English Exhibition; having reported in the *Art Journal* the Paris Exhibition of 1847. They all knew me. Germany, however, was entirely new ground. In the autumn of 1850 I visited Berlin, Munich, Hanover, and Dresden, my object being to obtain *drawings* of works of Art-industry which German manufacturers intended to contribute to the British Exhibition of 1851.

The result was that on May 1st, 1851, I issued thirty-two pages of the *Art Journal*, containing engravings of articles then actually in the Exhibition, or on their way

to it; for it will be remembered that the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was not completed until more than a month after the grand ceremony of its inauguration. I continued to publish the same quantity of engravings on the first of each following month, to December inclusive; and there appeared, in these various monthly parts, illustrations of the Art-manufactures of nearly every country that contributed to the Exhibition.

Not long after my announcement of the Illustrated Catalogue I contemplated issuing with the *Art Journal*, the "executive" of the Exhibition advertised for a rival to it; that is to say, they sought to obtain a sum of money for the privilege of publishing an officially recognised catalogue, and accordingly issued proposals for tenders. I declined to be among the applicants, and the right that I had reason to hope would have been secured to me in acknowledgment of my past labours was purchased by Messrs. Spicer and Clowes, for the sum of £2,000.* Their Illustrated Catalogue was, however, badly done; for they could bring to the work neither the experience nor the resources that I possessed.

Had the sole right of issuing an Illustrated Catalogue remained in my hands, it is my belief that the venture I embarked upon would have "paid." As it was, I was confined to the receipts arising from the increase

* It was understood that they lost £2,000 by the speculation, and the £2,000 they had paid for the privilege was in consequence returned to them out of the surplus that remained when the doors of the Exhibition had been finally closed, and all expenses met.

of price consequent on the thirty-two pages of engravings added to the *Art Journal.* No part of the cost was charged to the manufacturer for the benefit he received from so novel and valuable a form of advertisement. It was expected that the public would defray the cost of the undertaking, and the sale of the work was certainly large.* From May to December, 1851, double numbers of the *Art Journal* were issued, price five shillings each, and the public paid that year for the *Art Journal* a sum exceeding £72,000. Large, however, as were the receipts, the expenses were still larger. I was then the principal proprietor of the work; but the consequence of a "loss" arising out of the publication of the Art Journal Illustrated Catalogue was the sale of my shares to my co-proprietors—men of business and calculating habits—and I became, from 1851, only the paid Editor of the work, but under an arrangement that secured to me a life-recompense and entire editorial control.

There is a theme upon which—with its concomitants—I could say much; but my readers would little care to read what I might write: it had better be abrogated altogether.

* The portions relating to the Exhibition were subsequently published in a separate volume, at the price of one guinea. It contained four hundred pages, and more than one thousand engravings, and was preceded by five essays—(1.) "On the Science of the Exhibition," by Professor Robert Hunt; (2.) "On the Harmony of Colours, as exemplified in the Exhibition," by Mrs. Merrifield; (3.) "On the Vegetable Kingdom, as Illustrated in the Exhibition," by Professor Forbes, F.R.S.; (4.) "On the Machinery of the Exhibition as applicable to Manufacture," by Professor Gordon; and (5.) "On the Exhibition as a Lesson in Taste," by R. N. Wornum. The latter was a prize essay for which the proprietors of the *Art Journal* had paid the sum of £100, in fulfilment of an offer made by them. The volume was dedicated to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Did space permit, and I could count on the patience of my readers, I might occupy many pages with details of "the World's Fair"—the Great Exhibition of 1851. Perhaps the following details may prove of interest—and suffice.

It was in January, 1850, that Mr. Henry Cole and Mr. Francis Fuller made a report "to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, as to the opinions of leading manufacturers throughout the Kingdom," to obtain which they had visited the manufacturing districts. The subject was popular. Considerable sums were subscribed as a guarantee fund, contracts were entered into, and the great work was commenced.

For the proposed building two hundred and twenty-nine designs were submitted to the Prince, thirty-four of which designs were contributed by foreigners. The difficulty had been foreseen of erecting a huge structure of brick and mortar, that should be *dry* by the beginning of the next year; when a lucky thought occurred to Mr. Joseph Paxton, the head-gardener of the Duke of Devonshire. The huge conservatory of glass at Chatsworth was in his "mind's eye" while journeying by railway from London to Derbyshire: he conceived the idea of imitating it on a gigantic scale —as an Exhibition-building. He traced his plan on a large sheet of blotting-paper that he chanced to have with him in his travelling-bag. The scheme was like the method of making an egg stand on end, adopted by Columbus. Once made public, every one immediately exclaimed, "How easy!" and, in fact, when conceived the undertaking was as good as completed. I saw the

sheet of paper before it became a plan, and said that it was just the thing required. The "happy thought" of Sir Joseph Paxton was in fact happy, not only for himself, but also for the Prince, the Commissioners, and above all the executive, who—confronted with the impossibility of getting ready a brick-and-mortar structure in the time at their disposal—saw themselves on the threshold of an imbroglio from which they feared there would be no method of escape.

It is amusing now, and so indeed it was thirty-two years ago, to note the many prophecies of financial failure. The *Times* anticipated a loss of £35,000—"a balance for the consideration of the House of Commons." As a matter of fact, the financial returns altogether surpassed the most sanguine expectations; but the greatest results of the Exhibition were not those that could be summed up in pounds, shillings, and pence. It led the way to other International Exhibitions, not only in Europe, but in the United States, and it gave a powerful impetus to British Art-manufacture. Had there been a monetary loss, instead of a gain as large as unexpected, the country would still have profited greatly by the undertaking.

I should occupy space that may be better filled if I entered into details concerning the exhibitions that succeeded the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is needless to say that each and all were represented by engravings in the *Art Journal*, where I do not think I am exaggerating, if I say from 40,000 to 50,000 were published

between the earliest illustrated catalogue and the latest, the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

My remarks on Art, as considered in its relations to manufactures, are drawing to a close. I have tried to show what my efforts were in the past, and how, during many years, I laboured to awaken artists and manufacturers to a sense of their mutual interests, and to secure for Great Britain exhibitions of Art-industry that might truly be termed national, and worthy of the foremost manufacturing nation in the world. Speaking in the name of the *Art Journal*, I thus expressed in December 1871, my sentiments regarding the Great Exhibition of 1851; and the years that preceded and followed that great and successful attempt to carry out the theories I had so long been advocating:—

"The efforts made by us, which undoubtedly led to the introduction of such exhibitions into England in 1851, we have seen crowned with a success that few were sanguine enough to anticipate twenty years ago. British advance in Art-manufacture is evident in every branch of it. We are justified in believing that the thousands of models engraved in this journal from the best designs of the best manufacturers of the world, have largely influenced the manufacturers and artisans of these kingdoms; and that the examples thus supplied have had their natural effect in stimulating effort and promoting excellence."

Here my remarks must close. In spite of Messrs. Poynter, Pattison, and other pessimists of their school, I maintain that during the last forty years British Art

has not retrograded, but advanced; that throughout our manufacturing districts good taste is now the rule where it was formerly the exception; and that, in every department of British Art-industry, "Progress" has for nearly half a century been the watchword.

A large share in accomplishing this work I claim for the *Art Journal.*

There is no question that the firm resolution of his Royal Highness Prince Albert made the Exhibition what it became: he gave to it dignity and importance, augmented its popularity, and made it a thorough success. But the conviction that England ought to do something of the kind became so general, that an Exhibition of Art and Art-industry on a grand scale there certainly would have been under any circumstances. It is to the far-seeing mind of the Prince that we owe its International character, and that constituted its principal feature; but it was a daring act thus to challenge the whole world: the nations and people among which and whom Art had grown into vigour, while among us it was yet comparatively in its infancy.

Elsewhere I have shown the state of "British Art-industry" in 1840, or thereabouts. In 1850 that state was not much better. At best it seemed a visionary scheme to invite to witness the competition—Great Britain, against Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The eventual result has a prominent place in the history of the century—the second half of it, that is to say, which commenced with the year 1851.

The good Prince lived to see arise out of that event much of the good he anticipated from it; but those who

shared with him the glory and the gain, many of whom yet live to count their triumphs, will bear witness that the Great International Exhibition of 1851—the forerunner of many competitors—was the foundation of so much advancement in every branch of Art-manufacture that the benefits thence derived are incalculable. From the day it opened, improvements were commenced that eventually became common. Every manufacturer, nay, every artisan, became a thoughtful, inquiring, and considerate student: he learned to know his deficiencies; to see how others had removed theirs; at every turn he obtained a lesson taught by comparison, and acquired more information in an hour than books would have given him in a year.

If the good Prince can, in what is termed his "grave," be conscious of the enormous good done to his country, —shared moreover by all countries—he will be largely rewarded for his anxious labour to render the Exhibition of 1851 a great and grand success.

There were collateral advantages: it brought many thousands of foreign citizens as visitors to England—removing prejudices, aiding to promote peace — for, although the almost universal expectation that Peace would be the dictator, whose mandates of goodwill to earth would be in future issued from the *ateliers*, was grievously annulled by the frightful wars subsequently waged in Europe, Asia, and America, there came universal conviction that the policy of Concord had its most powerful upholder in the Exhibition, at which, in 1851, a lamp was lit that has enlightened the whole world, and all humanity for all time.

Surely, to Prince Albert mainly belongs the glory of giving to Great Britain the advantages that have arisen to the Arts and to Art-manufactures since the memorable 1st of May, 1851, when the Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park, on the space now marked by the gorgeous Memorial to his Royal Highness.

If my efforts have been great, my rewards have been many—such as to make my Retrospect very pleasant and very happy.

This chapter has necessarily contained much—perhaps too much—matter that has mainly reference to myself. There is one other, although it extends to some length, that, I hope, no one of my readers would call upon me to omit. Among "recognitions" of which I am greatly and rightly proud, in 1867, on my birthday (the 9th of May), a very beautiful Dessert service (the manufacture of Messrs. Elkington, and perhaps one of the most perfect examples of their art) was presented to me by the Mayor of Birmingham (George Dixon, Esq.), and a large number of the magnates of that renowned town of Art-manufacture. An address to the Editor of the *Art Journal* was thus worded:—

"We offer for your acceptance the gift now before you, not as a reward for your labours, or as an adequate acknowledgment of them, but as a sincere though modest testimony of the sense we entertain of your services in the advocacy and development of Industrial Art.

"Thirty years ago, in the foundation of the *Art Journal*, you enunciated the principle that, next to the excellence of workmanship, the success of all manufactures susceptible of ornament must depend upon the full employment of the advantages and resources of Art.

You taught the doctrine that usefulness gains a double strength when united with beauty. You stimulated the Manufacturers of England to compete with their Continental rivals, not only in the quality, but in the taste of their productions. To this teaching you have ever since been constant; and you have now, after thirty years of labour, the proud satisfaction of witnessing the general adoption and the unvarying success of those counsels which were at first regarded with indifference or with distrust.

"While recalling those efforts we remember also that to you we owe in a great measure the succession of Industrial Exhibitions, which have conferred so many and enduring benefits upon the Manufacturers of this Country. At a very early period you pointed out the value of these periodical competitions, and showed that they served a purpose far wider and higher than the gratification of individual or national vanity. Twenty-three years ago you indicated, both by pen and pencil, the lessons which the Paris Exhibition of 1844 conveyed to the Manufacturers of Great Britain. In 1849 you heralded and recorded the success of the Birmingham Exhibition—the first really Industrial Exhibition held in England. You earnestly advocated the International Exhibition of 1851; and the Illustrated Catalogue of that collection—due solely to your exertions—will ever remain a monument of your persevering industry and taste. You performed similar services in connection with the Dublin Exhibition of 1853, the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the Second Great International Exhibition of 1862; and now, with unabated ardour, you propose to crown these labours by illustrating and recording the contents of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

"We have recounted these labours as landmarks, so to speak, of your exertions in the cause to which your life has been devoted, and of which we, in common with others, have shared the benefit. We might speak of other labours not less important, though not strictly within our purpose, of your services to the higher arts of design, of your successful efforts to cultivate the taste of the English public, of your independence in exposing fraud and trickery in the Picture Market, and of your contributions to literature, both singly and in conjunction with one whose name will always be affectionately linked with your own.

"That you may long be spared to continue these services, and to reap from them the advantages and the pleasures you deserve and merit, is the earnest desire of the contributors to this slight acknowledgment of your prolonged, persevering, and unceasing labours."

From my reply to this address, I need extract only a single paragraph:—

"I have been an Editor only. The knowledge I communicated was the knowledge that others had acquired; the taste I disseminated was the taste that others inculcated and taught."

That gift, and this communication, I class among the highest and best rewards I have received during my long life of labour. Although the greatest, it was not the only one. From manufacturers generally throughout the kingdom, and not of this kingdom alone, I have obtained acknowledgments surpassing even those my gracious Sovereign could have conferred—such as those accorded to so many of my competitors in the race for distinction and glory.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF PARIS IN 1831: OF GERMANY IN 1850.

In February, 1831, I visited Paris for the first time. I had not long been editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and was unprepared for the honours I found awaiting me. In France, at all times, the conductor of a public journal is assumed to be "a great man!" I had taken but few letters of introduction; and when I found the cards of several leading politicians, authors, and artists left at the hotel where we lodged, in the Rue Vivienne—among others, one from the then Prime Minister, Casimir Perier, placing at our disposal his box at the Opera—I thought there must be some singular mistake, and could not decide what to do, until the enlightenment of a little information relieved me of my perplexity. The *New Monthly* was recognised as a leading periodical work in England, which had recently been under the editorship of one of the most famous of English poets, and I was supposed to be a worthy successor, to whom respect approaching reverence ought to be accorded. [I imagine the editor of a French magazine arriving in London, and finding Earl Grey and the Marquis of Lansdowne among the earliest of his callers!] I certainly had not formed a high estimate of my position, and had hesitation in

accepting the courtesies so unexpectedly thrust upon me.

I do not mean to occupy much space with details as to the various persons and societies thus opened up to us during our residence of a few weeks in the French capital; but there are some celebrities of the period concerning whom observations may be desirable.

Paris was at that time but slowly recovering from the effects of the "three glorious days"—the last days of the month of July, 1830. Many of the houses retained marks of dilapidation: cannon balls, in a few instances, remained imbedded in the brickwork; traces of the barricades were easily found; and the boulevards were denuded of trees. It was high-day and holiday yet, however, with the majority of the population, who had, not many months previously, crowned their Citizen-King. The blood that was shed had been removed from the pavements of the streets, but the civil war of three days had left many houses desolate, and had decimated the heroic Swiss, who, true to their bond, defended the monarchy to the last. The very children fought, and fought desperately; instances are on record where boys so young that they could barely reach the boot of the mounted Cuirassier, stole under the belly of the horse, stabbed him with a snatched-up cutlass, and perished with him as he fell. The barricades had been garrisoned by more women than men, and the slaughter among them was terrific.

We had a pleasant and very useful acquaintance in Mr. Conway, the correspondent of the *Times*. He described to me an occurrence which, I believe, he witnessed. Early in the struggle a woman was shot: a gigantic

chiffonnier, who saw her fall, seized the still-bleeding body, raised it in his arms above his head, and bore it thus, with solemn step, along the boulevard, exclaiming, in a deep hollow tone, "Vengeance! Vengeance!" which he repeated again and again while blood was dripping from the senseless form. The effect on the mob was like that of an electric shock: the throng of discouraged combatants rallied; and that simple yet terrible incident largely aided to determine the issue of the "three glorious days."

Our first, and perhaps the most fertile of our visits, was paid to General Lafayette.

He was born in 1757, and was a very young man when, in 1777, he brought his enthusiasm — he had little else to bring—to the aid of that INDEPENDENCE which the American colonists so bravely fought for and so gloriously achieved. In 1830 he was not so very old, but he looked older than his seventy-three years—was feeble, and "lacked moisture."

What a space both of years and events separated him from his memorable career in 1789, when the Reign of Terror commenced in France!

Famous when so many of his compeers were infamous, he did his best, at no small personal peril, to staunch the blood-flow during that terrific time of misery and guilt.

His was not an uneventful life, between that period and the "three days" of July, 1830. Much of it, however, had been passed in comparative quiet: the Empire had none of his service, and as little had the predoomed House of Bourbon after the Restoration in 1816.

As a consequence of the "three days," the Duke of Orleans was made King; and for a time, but for a time only, Lafayette was "Viceroy over him." He had resolutely refused to become the president of a republic; and when it was proposed to him to wear a crown, had answered, quoting a sentence of Marshal Saxe, "That it would sit as well upon him as a ring upon a cat's paw." Lafayette had the sovereignty of the National Guards, and even that was in a measure forced upon him. He did not retain that shadow of power long: so early as 1831 he had "retired into private life;" and in 1834 he died. Consistent as well as upright, he resisted all the blandishments so abundantly lavished upon him, and continued to the last a citizen without a force—a general who, if he had an army, distrusted rather than commanded it. Unselfish, generous, just, he was a man of whom not only France may be proud, but in whom humanity may glory.

He never could have been a man of large intelligence: his was a poor head—deficient, as are the heads of nearly all Frenchmen, in the organ of benevolence—the foreheads almost invariably receding; there was little back, not much of the animal, and the organ of destructiveness was absent: it was, in short, not the head of a man predestined to be a leader in two bloody revolutions. I am sure he would have been among the last to have wilfully heaped upon his soul—as so many of his comrades did—the curses of slaughtered enemies or friends slain as stepping-stones for ambition. Yet he lived and strove among the ferocious wolves of the first Revolution. Probably it was owing to him that the second Revolution was,

by comparison, bloodless; at least, that there was no indiscriminate massacre in the name of Liberty. Assuredly, he was a man of tender nature—one who would far rather have signed a reprieve than a death-warrant. His features were finely outlined—the nose large, the lips easily compressed; but sternness was not his characteristic: he was courteously amiable, and, though a republican, had little pride. It was not difficult to think of him as attractive in youth, probably handsome, and that personally he must have been very acceptable to the sons and daughters of Young America, for whose freedom he fought—and bled also, for he was wounded in his first fight.*

He spoke English well, and did me the honour to converse with me: the topic could not have been of importance, for I cannot recall the conversation.

Of the group around there was one who left an impression on my memory—Fenimore Cooper. He "stalked" about the *salon*—a tall, stalwart man, with the unmistakable air of self-confidence I have noticed in many Americans; as if it were a prime thought that independence was to be maintained by a seeming indifference to the opinions of on-lookers—a sensation that vanishes, however, when the demeanour that has given rise to it is found but the rough shell of a sweet kernel; for Americans are among the most socially generous of humankind. I had other and better opportunities of seeing

* A writer in the *New Monthly*, in 1834, describes him:—"I thought him the most finished gentleman I had ever seen. . . . Every word he spoke, in his deep almost guttural but still melodious voice, was kind or forcible. His motions and actions were perfectly graceful. In his early days he must have been—taking face and figure and everything else into consideration—a very fine-looking animal."

Fenimore Cooper afterwards; but in that salon, jostled by *petits maîtres*, he was out of place—as much so as an Indian cross-bow would have been among a collection of Minié rifles. Proctor, in 1828, wrote of him: "He has a dogged, discontented look, and seems ready to affront or be affronted. His eye is rather deepset, dull, and with little motion." He describes Cooper as rude even to coarseness in English society. That is not my experience of the author of "The Spy"—the originator of the class of sea-fictions—to whom the reading world owes a large debt. He was certainly the opposite of "genial," and seemed to think it good taste and sound judgment to be condescending to his equals.

On one or two evenings that I passed at the General's, he gave us a cordial invitation to his country-house (we always regretted we could not accept it), where, I have been told, he was positively "delicious."

On the evening I am describing a singular and impressive ceremony took place. A revolution had broken out in Poland, and a number of young Poles of family and position were assembled at the General's reception. They had come to bid him farewell, and to ask his blessing. They advanced one by one, and as each passed he received a kiss from the venerable hero, who placed a hand upon his head, and gave the blessing asked for. They were remarkably fine and handsome men, most of them in early youth. Within a month after the memorable ceremony every one of that large number was dead.*

I recall another incident in that salon. We suddenly

* Before their departure, these young Poles sang a few stanzas of what must have been a war song, in which several joined, and which drew tears from tender hearts and bright eyes. We little thought it was their funeral hymn.

heard a whisper, of which the words *sœur de charité* were distinct, and saw walking up the room with stately step, leaning on the arm of a tall Irishman—who had made himself conspicuous by a large shirt front and absence of waistcoat—a lady, stout and short, clad in a dress which, though very strange in that assembly, was familiar to us, for it was the simple habit of a Quakeress—bonnet and all. To our astonishment, we recognised Amelia Opie. Her cavalier was O'Gorman Mahon, who looked what he really was—a wild Irishman. A bird of paradise suddenly descending to pick up crumbs in an English farmyard could scarcely have created more astonishment among Dame Partlet's brood than did this pea-hen among the superbly dressed and jewelled dames of the Parisian salon. The good General seemed to know her well, and rose and greeted her with the grace of the days he had so largely helped to spoil—when a French gentleman was understood to be the gentleman *par excellence*. Dear Mrs. Opie: she seemed utterly indifferent to the murmurs of inquiry and surprise that would have confounded any one less self-possessed, and turned to us with that sweet *naïveté* which was at all periods of her life her especial charm. She was more at home the next evening when we met her at the Baron Cuvier's, where we chatted over the somewhat ludicrous incident of the preceding night.

And what a memory is that I have to give of the Baron Cuvier! His brain (weighed after his death) was said to be the largest ever known to be allotted to any human being. Certainly his head was the "biggest" I

have ever seen. It was the skull that was so, for his features were not above the ordinary size, while his form was rather under the usual height; it was thick and clumsy, and he seemed to move about as if motion were an inconvenience. His wife was a charming woman, and his step-daughter a lady most gentle, genial, and lovable. On the two evenings we passed at his modest dwelling in the Jardin des Plantes, we met many of the *savans* of France, but they sank into insignificance beside the venerable man who had so long been one of the lights of the world. He died the year following—in 1832. Cuvier was, as regards the inner and the outer man, more German than French, and perhaps more Swiss than either. His father was a Swiss officer, and he was born at Montbeliard, one of the towns of the Duchy of Wurtemberg.

I first made at Cuvier's the acquaintance of the sculptor "David," a namesake of, but not related to, the painter; although himself a republican of the deepest dye, yet an ardent lover of England and of English institutions. To distinguish him from his branded predecessor, he was known as "David d'Angers," Angers being the place of his youthhood, though not of his nativity—in 1789.

Early in this century he made his way to Paris, and rapidly rose to fame—taking high rank among artists, but refusing all professional honours because of his extreme and never-hidden republican principles. For these opinions he was exiled in 1851, during the Presidency of the third Napoleon; but, permitted to return to France, he died at Paris in 1856.

I seldom visited Paris without spending an hour in the *atelier* of the fierce little man. He would have followed, had he dared, the footsteps of his namesake. I like best to remember him by his medallions—bas-reliefs of distinguished women and men, many of whom were English; and I have never ceased to regret that I did not yield to his frequent request that I and also Mrs. Hall should sit to him, that we might be included in the very long list of "celebrities."

I met there, from time to time, some of the most eminent men of France; among them, I recall the renowned *chansonnier*, Béranger, whose last appearance in public was at the funeral of David. He was an aged man and very bald when I saw him, stooped much, and seemed enfeebled by the weight of years. Evidently he was a kindly and gentle man, who would not have followed where the sculptor would have led. His expression was calm, his manner gracious. Obviously, he was of a simple, generous, and sympathetic nature; and if he loved Liberty, it was as the true poet ought to love her—as the inspiration and incitement to universal good! He could speak no English, and I but little French—insufficient for conversation; my scrutiny was therefore confined to looks, and he did not appear at all offended at my prolonged stare. I could read his poems, however, and had read many of them, and—in the best way I was able—thanked him for the delight he had given me. No doubt his *chansons* forwarded the revolution of 1830, which placed Louis-Philippe on the throne of France: to perpetuate monarchy, however, was not the purpose of the writer, who was an avowed republican. Many of his

songs for freedom are among the most popular compositions of any age, while his touching and pathetic love-ditties have cheered the hearts of the young, and gladdened those of the old, for the better part of a century.

But another visitor, of a far opposite character, I met at David's—a man of whom I should have taken more note if I had known who and what he was; but I did not learn so much until after he had gone, when the sculptor whispered to me he was one of the Regicides who at the trial of Louis XVI. had voted "Death." I regret that I forget his name. He was an aged man, with a withered countenance, down-looking, and low-hearted, probably (I hope it was so) the outcome of remorse. Forty years had passed since his evil act. He had seen the issue of another struggle between the masses and arbitrary power forty years after the first; had seen bloody streams again running along the gutters of Paris, and had learned how little is added by revolution to the happiness of humankind and the natural Rights of Man. He did not, I imagine, live to see that of 1848, followed by the *coup d'état* of 1851, which terminated a war in a day, though he did witness that of the "three glorious days," and had acted his loathsome part in that which marked with infamy for ever the years of massacre that followed 1789.

I wrote this passage concerning David in the *Art Union*, 1845:—"Eighteen years of age, nine francs in his pocket, David entered Paris. Is there a pen could tell

the sufferings in body and spirit of the young enthusiast when, his little sum expended, he is glad to chip out ornaments on the Louvre at tenpence a day to keep the life-lamp barely burning? With a will unwearied, unconquered by daily difficulties and toil, he wrought on his studies at night in his narrow chamber, wakening himself up sometimes with a page of Atala or Homer, which were all his library, and sleeping for a few hours on the softest board; it was all his bed. Faith and Hope kept him up, and the angel tenderness of his mother, that stretched over all distance to hover round and bless her struggling son."

I have often been in Paris since 1831, but there is little connected with my several visits that I care to recall.* The several Exhibitions that have been held

* After the reception in 1853, and the grand banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, the President gave a *déjeûner* at St. Cloud. There was a very large number of representatives of all nations present. As the afternoon drew on, people began to get hungry, then very hungry; but to get anything in the shape of refreshment was impossible. At length the doors of the Orangery were thrown open, and in rushed a ravenous crowd. The tables were speedily lined three deep; the inner line consisting chiefly of French officers, who, with the usual absence of politeness in France—if politeness be as Lord Shaftesbury defines it, "benevolence in trifles"—effectually kept away all strangers from the chances of refreshment. Seeing this, and feeling very wroth at such inhospitable dealing, I advanced to one of the tables, behind which there were huge masses of "eatables and drinkables" of all kinds. I cried out in a loud voice, "Make way for the Lord Mayor;" way was made instantly. I then called out, "Are there any English who want refreshment?" A score of replies obtained a score of supplies. Dish after dish I handed over the heads of an environing crowd of French officers and their ladies, followed by bottle after bottle of champagne, answering all English applicants until there were no more to answer. I then bowed, and retired to seek out the Lord Mayor, and explain what I had done. The great man of the day thanked me, many of his constituents thus, by my help, received the refreshment they grievously needed. Somewhat apprehensive that a wrong construction might be put on my act, I myself took neither "bit nor sup" in that place that day, but dined at my own cost at a restaurant outside the garden walls.

there it was my business to describe and illustrate by engravings. These have been prominent features in the volumes of the *Art Journal*. When, in 1867, the last Exhibition of the Imperial *régime* was in progress, the Emperor was in the zenith of his glory. He gave me a gracious audience; and I recalled him as I had seen him often, when a lonely and neglected man, he trod the streets of London, none foreseeing the greatness of his "hereafter"—none excepting himself. He had faith in his star, and knew it was his destiny to rule over the country of his birth. At the Evenings of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place and at Gore Lodge, he was a frequent guest; but the "Prince Napoleon" usually took a side seat, spoke to few, was morose rather than social, and seemed absorbed in his own, and not cheerful, thoughts. He would exchange a few words with any one who approached him, but to those who were not initiated, or not of his "order," he seemed to think the less said the better. He saw the finger that beckoned him on, but not the hand that warned him back; and if he dreamed of an Empire over which he was to rule, he little reck'd of the dwelling at Chislehurst that was to be his last home, and of the small village church that was destined to become his sepulchre—an exile with little sympathy and no applause!

Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay were his friend-allies when those who upheld him were in number very limited indeed. It is said he treated them ungratefully; perhaps he did; but ingratitude was not, as a rule, one of his crimes. It was reported that Lady Blessington, when a mournful destiny compelled her to become an exile in

Paris, as the Prince had been in London, insisting on being an invited guest at the *private* as well as the public parties of the "President of the Republic," the lady of the British ambassador intimated that on such occasions she should be absent. Lady Blessington was indignant at being left out in the cold, and the old friendship terminated.* She herself, poor lady, died in 1849, and Count D'Orsay in 1852, before their powerful friend, exchanged the title of President for that of Emperor. They did not live to witness his coronation.

What would have been their feelings had they beheld him when, after fifteen years of rule over France, his still young and beautiful wife by his side, and near her the heir-apparent of his power, Napoleon III. closed in 1867 the Paris Exposition?

That august ceremony took place in the grand and spacious Hall of the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs-Elysées. There were present, it was said, between twenty and twenty-five thousand persons. The Emperor expressed, in a clear, strong, "metallic" voice, audible throughout the large building, his "belief in the great principles of morality and justice, which, in satisfying all legitimate aspirations, can alone consolidate thrones, exalt nations, and ennoble humanity!"

The voices of twelve hundred singers, three hundred of whom were ladies clad in white with blue sashes (bleu de

* I have heard that after Louis Napoleon had given Lady Blessington the "cut dead," they chanced to meet, each in a carriage, coming from opposite directions, in a narrow street of Paris. The President could not pass the lady by with a mere bow; so, after exchanging a word or two on commonplace topics, he said, "Do you make a long stay in Paris?" "No," said my lady; "*do you?*" The point of the repartee is, of course, to be found in the fact that the position of the President was, at that moment, precarious.

France) across the bosom, chanted hymns of peace, and Rossini presided at the organ! Every nation of the world contributed to swell the throng. France was represented by its noblest and its best. It was a day of glory for the second Empire—its greatest and its last.*

Yes; that memorable day of October, 1867, when the Exhibition prizes were distributed among the merchants and manufacturers who had gathered from all nations to win them, was indeed a glorious sight—by far the most glorious of its kind ever seen. At no hour of the Emperor's eventful life was his power so firmly rooted. The Exhibition had been a "great success;" war neither loomed near at hand nor in the distance; the ruler seemed constitutionally vigorous, the representatives of the people suppressed, if they felt, discontent; the prospect of founding a dynasty and transferring a throne to his descendants seemed as certain as that the day would have an end. Triumphs of the future may have floated before his mental vision—such triumphs as Solferino and Magenta had been in the past—but no awful portent of a falling empire was there. He did not see the poor inn at Sedan!

Did he revert in fancy to those memorable summer and autumn days of 1867, when pacing his denuded drawing-room at Chislehurst?

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* The Sultan, who conducted the Empress in the courtly promenades of crowned heads and the nobility of nations, had even a worse fate than that of his host. Before many years were past, the French potentate had died in exile; the Turkish by his own hand.

I pass to a pleasanter theme. Few artists are better known in England than Paul Delaroche.* Several of the themes of his pictures are selected from English history, yet he never was in England; indeed, I do not think he was ever out of France. He was essentially a Frenchman, at least according to English ideas of Frenchmen: his form rather graceful, small, and active; his features handsome, but not expressing benevolence, and somewhat fierce. It was not difficult to imagine that his passions were not always under his control. His eyes were remarkably bright, black, and piercing, with much of the fire that indicates a restless brain. In short, you knew at once, when you saw him, that you saw a man of genius. My visits were paid to him in his *atelier*, where he was "at home," and where two or three of his pupils were generally at work with him. He had established a "school," where he taught the young men who were to be his successors. I have understood, however, that the privilege inferred little more than permission to paint there, and that positive instructions from the artist were not to be expected.

* "For our own part, we regard our personal knowledge of Delaroche, limited though it has necessarily been to a few visits, and those of brief duration—as an honour and privilege second to none of which we can boast during a long intercourse or intimacy with the great men of our time. We never encountered one who so completely realised our notions of high genius: his eloquent countenance, so full of rapid thought and expression, his exceeding and somewhat restless energy of manner, conveyed to our minds the only just idea we ever received of what we understand, or desire to understand, by the term SOUL—as characteristic of a nature far superior to the great mass of humankind. The feeling of respect, not unmingled with affection, with which we regard the great painter of France, is enhanced by the knowledge that his high position is sustained not alone by that intellectual power which commands reverence from all, but by the continual exercise of the more 'private and personal virtues'—the perpetual manifestation of a generosity truly catholic, and the almost daily proof supplied by his life that true greatness may exist without a particle of selfishness, vanity, or envy."—S. C. H., *Art Union*, 1846.

Certainly, pupils must have profited greatly, for they saw how and with what materials he worked, and had before them the great example whose followers they were.

On my first visit to him, after some time passed in conversation, he was so good as to say he would like to make a drawing of me and "present it to madame." I was, of course, gratified, and expressed my thanks; but I left Paris without giving him the sitting. I ought to have considered the request as imperative as a Royal invitation that is a command. He wrote to me to London, reminding me that I had not kept my word, and, as a matter of course, the year following I presented myself at his *atelier*, having previously made an appointment. When I entered and removed my hat, I saw he was ready, and I said, "Now, how will you pose me?" He replied, "Exactly as you are," and proceeded at once with the work. Although it is but a pencil drawing, it is a production of marvellous power. He seemed resolved that it should satisfy my English artist-friends. I sat to him thrice, and each sitting occupied about three hours. It *has* satisfied English artists; as a likeness it is good, and as a picture perfect, although on a small scale and but the production of a lead pencil.* I believe it is the only

* I may here mention that although I have known artists all my life, and have been very frequently honoured by requests to sit for a portrait, that to which I here refer is the only one that exists of me. I have not sat to any other painter —at all events, not sufficiently often to have one finished.

The drawing by M. Delaroche, and that of Mrs. S. C. Hall by Maclise, R.A., are engraved (and are published with this work) by Lumb Stocks, R.A. I may mention that, in 1827, I saw a young man, then articled to the eminent engraver, Charles Rolls, working at his desk. After watching his progress, I said, "Young man, you promise to rise in your profession. When you are out of your time, come to me and I will give you a plate to do." He did call upon me, and I did give him a plate—his first plate. The youth was Mr. Lumb Stocks, now a member of the Royal Academy. Very recently I was fortunate in finding a proof of it, which I presented to the artist.

portrait of an Englishman he ever drew or painted. If report is to be credited, he did not love the country. At the time of which I write—1847—I think he was in the prime of life and the zenith of his fame. He died in 1856, and did not reach old age, having been born in 1797. He occupies, to my thinking, the foremost place among the painters of France. If essentially French in style, as I believe his mind was in education, he had wonderful power of imagination, conception, and all the higher qualities demanded by Art, while his finish was careful, elaborate, and refined; the "slap-dash," then becoming fashionable—notably in the works of Delacroix—he cordially detested.

ARY SCHEFFER.—The very opposite of Delaroche was his compatriot, Ary Scheffer. In all ways, he was a contrast to him: somewhat heavy of aspect and also of form, with a manner by no means lively: his expression grave, movements sedate, and features certainly not handsome. Yet he had a graciousness, if not a grace, of demeanour, that insensibly won its way, and perhaps it was easier to give to him respect and affection than it would have been to have given them to Paul Delaroche.

He was but two years older than his "rival," and died in 1858, two years after him. He is classed as a French artist, but he is French in nothing; if born in France he was of German parentage, and inherited from German ancestors not only the Reformed faith, but the slow yet full brain, the constitutional "deliberateness," the ponderous head and form, and the

persevering industry—rather than sudden and impulsive energy—that mark the Teutonic race.

The most interesting morning I spent with him was in his *atelier*, when, with a great deal of mournful pride, he showed me a retired closet-room, not often entered by visitors, in which were collected a series of clay sketches, bequeathed to him by his pupil, the Princess Marie of France, the deceased daughter of Louis-Philippe, whose statue of Joan of Arc obtained renown over half the world. The great artist literally wept while giving me their history: but it was easy to see that his heart was tender as that of a loving child. His pictures carry conviction of that: and it is not difficult of belief that in his household he was adored.

I again extract from the *Art Union*, 1846:—

"Not long ago, we spent an hour in the *atelier* of this excellent and truly great man; we found in him almost the simplicity of a child, mingled with vast knowledge of human life and the infinite ramifications of human character. We shall, at no distant time, procure such materials as will enable our readers to become more thoroughly acquainted with one of the great masters of Art of the modern world—a master whose productions may be ranked with the more glorious bequests of genius in gone-by times; but we cannot introduce examples of his art without expressing the exceeding satisfaction we feel at finding the man so completely the representative of his works—lofty in mind, amiable in disposition, gentle, even to humility, in manner, while profound in knowledge and deep in the purest and best philosophy. Scheffer is not yet past the meridian of life: great things, even things greater than he has yet produced, are no doubt destined to issue from his pencil; he is the artist for artists—but none the less the painter for universal man: while his creations bear the sternest tests of criticism and are faultless as works of Art, they are of the class which touch all hearts and satisfy all understandings."

Ary Scheffer was unmistakably that which one would

have expected him to be from his pictures—a religious man, a man of high and holy aspirations, who considered Art best employed when it advocates and inculcates virtue. That he was a man of the loftiest genius, need not be said; the world knows his worth, and all nations have accepted him as one of their very foremost teachers who delight while they instruct.

Although, from time to time, I made acquaintance with other leading artists of France, these are the only three over whose names I need detain my readers.

There is one other memory to which, however, I will ask permission to refer. It is that of the King, Louis-Philippe, who at the time of which I mainly write in this chapter—1831—had so very recently ascended the throne of France. I was not presented to him, though I might have been, and regretted I was not, for it was then, as it is now, notorious that he received English men of letters with more than courtesy, indeed with cordial welcome, and that his remembrances of England were those of affection and gratitude. In 1830 he was fifty-seven years old; he died in 1850. In 1848 he abdicated, and passed the brief residue of his chequered and eventful life at Claremont.

It was some years afterwards—in 1849—when he was an exile, residing in the borrowed house of his son-in-law, Leopold, King of the Belgians, that I had the privilege of an interview with the ex-King of the French.

I was at that time a resident at Addlestone, the pretty

village in Surrey, to which I may have occasion hereafter to refer. Some question as to the value of a picture by a renowned French artist had arisen; I was consulted, and the King expressed a wish that I should wait upon him. I did so. I was shown into the library at Claremont, and after a short time an equerry entered and said, "Le Roi s'approche." I was not till then aware that he retained the title after his abdication. I rose and bowed with respect approaching homage; he received me with great courtesy, but spoke somewhat rapidly. I was, of course, standing; after a pause he said, "Sit, sir," in a tone that showed me he was to be obeyed, and I at once complied. The audience with which his Majesty honoured me continued for more than an hour; he asked me many questions, and made several comments on the answers I gave. There was only one sentence, however, that it was material to keep in memory. Speaking of the France of the moment, he said, "I gave them my grandson, and they threw him from them like a dirty rag."

The King Louis-Philippe left on my mind an impression of the very happiest nature. I felt for him respect nearing regard, as much as it could be, remembering the space that separated one so high from one so humble; and I am very sure that the stories we have heard of his lovable nature, of his habits and occupations and enjoyments when away from the cares and ceremonies of state, were founded on strict truth. There have been many to tell us this, but I desire to add myself to the long list of those who, having been suffered to approach Louis-Philippe in the privacy of domestic life, regarded him with a sentiment akin to affection.

It was my only visit to Claremont; but two or three years afterwards, when the gracious and good man was at rest in the plain mausoleum at Weybridge, Mrs. Hall, who had written in the *Art Journal* a memory of which the Queen Marie-Amélie approved, received an intimation that she would be permitted to be present at a commemorative Mass in the chapel. There she saw the Queen. Previously she had received from her a beautiful and valuable *souvenir* brooch.

Although apparently departing from a plan, I will in this chapter add to my memories of Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, and David, those of Kaulbach, Cornelius, Rauch, and Moritz Retzsch. My acquaintance was made with them, not in France, but in Germany, when visiting that country in 1850 to collect materials for the 1851 *Art Journal* Catalogue of the Great Exhibition.

I consider Kaulbach* the greatest and noblest painter

* "William Kaulbach.—Kaulbach's *atelier* is situated in one of the suburbs of Munich, quite sequestered from the bustle of the main body of the city and the rich dwellings of the fashionable world, in a garden near the river and the great park: thus forming a perfect country residence. He is excessively fond of nature, and therefore surrounds himself with various animals, whose figures and gambols he is delighted with, and allows at the same time the plants a free and unrestrained growth, the green vine leaves clustering about the door of his dwelling almost barring the entrance. Besides, his *atelier* abounds with ancient arms and costumes, stuffed birds, sculptures, drawings, prints of various masters, books on various subjects: he is also very fond of music. His person is very pleasing, he only speaks his native language, but speaks it with euphony and grace. He is sociable, friendly, full of complacency and affability, but against rudeness, presumption, folly, and baseness—severe to the extreme, which nobody will find fault with. He is endowed with an extraordinary skill and facility of drawing: which fits him in the highest degree for becoming a ready adviser of others, thus being enabled quickly to illustrate his opinions and views in a most scientific and artistic way. He is not averse to discussion on his own works with the intelligent—displaying a quality so rarely met with in distinguished artists, that of tranquilly and patiently listening to contradiction or blame, or even reading it when printed."—*Art Union*, 1846.

of the century. Some may have excelled him in refined grace and others in minuteness of finish; but as regards the higher aims of mind that constitute genius, he, I think, surpasses them all. I saw the great painter first in his comparatively small studio at Munich, and subsequently in his grand *atelier*—the staircase of the New Museum at Berlin.

Kaulbach was under rather than above the middle height, agile of frame, rather handsome, with small features, a broad and high forehead, and singularly sparkling eyes. It was impossible not to note in him, at once, the man of genius; he was rapid in speaking as well as in motion, and carried in his whole man that which immediately indicates rare intellectual power. At Berlin, when I again saw him, he was working on a scaffold at his great frescoes on the walls of the New Museum. He descended to receive us, and chatted with us for some time. I asked him for the crayon he held in his hand, which he gave me, and seemed pleased when, as we turned to retire, I said, "We have robbed the world of half an hour!"

Cornelius, on the other hand, was deliberate and slow; but he was aged while Kaulbach was in his prime. His face was not expressive—it was gentle rather than strong—but full of contemplative thought. He seemed to us one who, having done his duty, was satisfied to be an onlooker rather than a continuous worker, in the business of life. From him, also, I asked, and received, a crayon that had been nearly expended in labour.

RAUCH appeared to be—what I believe he was—a man of business in Art. He resembled rather a self-contented English squire than a man who had hewed mighty marvels out of stone, created grand achievements in clay, and erected monuments to great men that added the perpetuation of memory to enduring fame. He gave me one of his smaller models, which I still have.

I knew other leading German artists of the time, but none to whom attention need be directed. Unfortunately, when I visited *their* city, Düsseldorf, it "was out of season," and they were all away.

But at Nuremberg I made the acquaintance of PROFESSOR HEIDELOFF, a most renowned artist, whose works, more especially in mediæval architecture, had made him famous. He undertook to write and illustrate for the *Art Journal* a series of papers on the knights of the Middle Ages; and they were published in that journal during the year 1852. We found him a most serviceable guide to the antiquities of venerable Nuremberg.

MORITZ RETZSCH.—While at Dresden, in 1850, I passed a memorable day at the dwelling of the great artist, who has high fame in England—obtained chiefly by his "outlines" to illustrate Shakspere. He had a pretty cottage, in the midst of vineyards, not far from the city, and seemed mightily to enjoy the retirement that supplied him with pure air, quiet, and the means of enjoying healthful exercise. I had induced him to furnish me with original

designs to be engraved on wood for the *Art Journal:* twelve of them were published. To select them, with that view, from his full portfolio formed the ostensible motive of my visit; but our language was that of the eyes, for I did not understand German, and no word of English could he speak. I was, however, usually accompanied by my secretary, Mr. Henry Murray, who acted as a competent interpreter; without whom, indeed, I must have moved about in shackles.

Mrs. Hall wrote, in January, 1851, for the *Art Journal*, "A Morning with Moritz Retzsch," from which I shall borrow a few passages:—"His figure was somewhat short and massive, and his dress not of the most modern fashion. His head was magnificent. His whole appearance recalled Cuvier to us so forcibly, that we at once named the name of the great naturalist; but when his clear blue eyes beamed their welcome, and his lips parted into a smile to give it words, we were even more strongly reminded of Professor Wilson: in each a large, well-developed head, masculine features, a broad and high forehead, a mouth strongly expressive of generosity and force; and in both, the hair, sable-silvered, seemed to have been left to the wild luxuriance of nature.

"When he closed the gate, it seemed as if he had shut from us an old friend, instead of one seen for so brief a space, and never to be met again in this world. But one of the dreams of our life had been realised: we had paid Moritz Retzsch the involuntary compliment of forgetting the artist in the warmth of our admiration for the man."

Our visit to Moritz Retzsch, fertile as it was, had one peculiar interest, which, at this distance of time, I recall with exceeding delight. It is thus expressed in Mrs. Hall's paper:—

"Some gallant husbands pen a sonnet to a wife on her birthday or the anniversary of marriage; but Moritz Retzsch *sketches* his birthday ode—in which the beauty and worth of his cherished wife, his own tenderness and happiness, their mingled hopes and prayers are pencilled—in forms the most impressive and poetic. From year to year (I think they numbered forty) these designs have enriched the album of Madame Retzsch. Never was a more noble tribute laid at the feet of a lady-love, aged or young, even in the time of old romance. I shall never forget the holy pride with which she turned them over, one after another, explaining briefly the nature, incident, and object of each.

"The allegories of Moritz Retzsch are not of the 'hieroglyphic caste,' such as roused the indignation of Horace Walpole; there were no sentimental Hopes supported by anchors; no fat-cheeked Fames puffing noiseless trumpets. They were triumphs of pure Art, conveying a poetical idea—a moral or religious truth—a brilliant satire, brilliant and sharp as a cutting diamond, by 'graphical representation;' each subject was a bit of the choicest lyric poetry, or an epigram in which a single idea or sentiment had been illustrated or embodied, giving a 'local habitation'—a name, a history—in the smallest compass, and in the most intelligible and attractive form."

It is needless to add that I became acquainted, during eight visits to Paris, with many of the leading artists of France, who accorded much praise to the *Art Journal*. Indeed, on this subject I might very greatly enlarge, but I believe the space at my command may be better occupied. Also, I obtained the aid of several first-class French line-engravers: their productions are among the very best the work contains.

In like manner, I must pass over in silence my visits, in 1850, to Munich, Berlin, Düsseldorf, Hanover, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, the Hague, and a score of other cities; indeed, possibly, these sources might furnish me with material for a hundred pages, instead of a single paragraph. My business was mainly with Art-manufacturers, whose works, designed for the Great Exhibition, I desired to engrave. They readily fell into my view, when they understood clearly they had nothing to pay for that which they naturally coveted—honourable and profitable publicity in England—and gladly supplied me with drawings; for, it must be remembered, there were, in 1850, no photographers to be obtained.

The labour in collecting such material will, as I have said elsewhere, be readily understood to have been very great. Subsequent catalogues were far more easily arranged, when, in nearly all cases where I desired specimens, it was only necessary for me to procure photographic copies of the works entered for contribution to an Exhibition.

Few persons living or dead have been more indebted than I am to the art of photography: an art that enables the poorest Art-lover to obtain instruction

and enjoyment from the works of all writers and of all ages.

ROSA BONHEUR.—I began this chapter with France, and with France I will end it. There still remains a renowned artist of that nation whose name I cannot pass over in silence—"though last not least." I refer to Rosa Bonheur, whom I have the honour to rank among my acquaintances—who, I rejoice to know, is, in 1882, not in the decay, if not in the zenith, of fame.

During a visit to London—her only one, I believe—she spent an evening at my house. She was then in the prime of life and in the full vigour of her genius. Her expressive countenance indicated keen intelligence and vivid perception; her glance was rapid and observant, and her dark and penetrating eyes reminded me strongly of those of Paul Delaroche. Hair cut short and straight before and behind, gave her somewhat of a boyish look. She was *petite* in person, and not perhaps handsome in face, for her features were sharp and thin, and she had the self-possession that is not always a grace in woman.

On the evening she passed with us I had invited chiefly artists to meet her, but there was among the guests a Chinese mandarin of high rank. He spoke no word of English, and was in charge of an American gentleman, who acted as his interpreter. The Chinese volunteered to entertain the company with a song. It was so excessively odd, so comically novel were the sounds, so strong the nasal intonations, so extremely ridiculous to our English eyes and ears the whole affair, that, in spite of a stern desire to be polite, there was no restraining

a burst of laughter. After a vain attempt to stop herself by thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth, Mdlle. Bonheur led off; others followed suit, and the room was speedily in a roar. The Chinese gentleman did not seem at all put out, but explained to us, through his interpreter, that what we laughed at was a tale of a dismally tragic nature, which, had we understood it, would have moved us all to tears.

Rosa Bonheur left with us a very pleasant memory, as I am certain she did with all who on the evening to which I allude had the gratification of meeting her.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—I have through this book limited my recollections to such as have been, but are not now, among the *living* worthies of the age. There is one, however, whose name I would fain add to that of Rosa Bonheur—who has pursued a course in Art far loftier than those of the accomplished lady, and who is happily still enjoying the highest honours that Art, his country, and England, can confer upon him. There is no painter of ancient or modern times so popular—deservedly popular—in England. There has never been an exhibition of Art-works in London so delightful as that—"The Doré Gallery"—which for many years has been so largely attractive, so surpassingly delightful, or so profoundly instructive.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE ORIGIN OF SOME PUBLIC CHARITIES.

I CANNOT but think I may contribute to the pleasure of my readers by supplying information concerning the origin and early progress of some of the Charitable Institutions that now occupy prominent places among the best of those that dignify and bless the Metropolis—all of which are entirely "supported by voluntary contributions." Year after year, those who were present at the birth of any one of them become, in number, less and less: even now there are few witnesses remaining; and the future, if not the present, may thank me for the facts I shall furnish to aid the historian who will hereafter be their chronicler.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

I need not accord much space to this subject—deeply interesting though it be. It had long been a reproach to these Kingdoms, that although they sustained so many charitable institutions to which persons afflicted with almost any disease might resort for alleviation or cure, there was one sad exception. For men and women threatened with, or stricken by, the fell disease that has been long known as, specially, the disease most fatal in

England, there was no hospital to which *they* could resort.* The gates of all institutions were closed to them: applications for admission at any, were, by the "rules," rejected; and the thus afflicted were doomed to despair and die.

In 1840, there met at the house of Mr. Philip Rose,† now Sir Philip Rose, Bart., five gentlemen, of whom it is my happiness to have been one. Mr. Rose was a solicitor, young in the profession and in life; he had little power, except that which was given to him by a sagacious mind, large intelligence, thorough integrity, and a nature purely philanthropic. He had a clerk who suffered under premonitory symptoms of consumption; "it could be arrested if taken in time"—an opinion very often expressed or recorded. But that was of no avail. Where was the insidious and terrible disease to be "taken in time?" Not in places where squalid misery augmented it; not in houses where hungry children were perpetual reminders that necessaries were hard to be obtained, and where strengthening luxuries were as far off as the goldfields of Ballarat. Mr. Rose had resolved to procure the admission of his clerk into one of the hospitals; but he was met, on the threshold of every one

* "To provide him with an asylum, to surround him with the comforts of which he stands so much in need, to ensure him relief from the sufferings entailed by his disease, to afford him spiritual consolation, at a period when the mind is perhaps best adapted to receive with benefit the divine truths of religion, and to enable those who depend upon him to earn their own subsistence, are the great objects proposed to be accomplished by this new hospital."—*Report of the Committee*, 1845.

† At 22, Hans Place: let the house be remembered as one of the Homes of England, whence issued a holy and blessed influence, that has since restored thousands to life and health, and brought under comparative subjection the chief home-curse of England.

of them, with a refusal of entrance.* Dismayed but not defeated, with the indomitable energy that subsequently placed him among the foremost men of the age, he determined that his clerk should have a hospital of his own. Under these circumstances were "the two or three gathered together" in Hans Place. Scarcely a week passed before Mr. Rose had taken a house in Smith Street, Chelsea, appointed a matron, obtained the aids of willing doctors, and ultimately the co-operation of an influential committee, Mr. Rose becoming the honorary secretary, and working day and night with an astonishing amount of vigour—which he exhibits to-day as he did so long ago. The institution was made a success. The Hospital for Consumption has been ever since one of the chiefest blessings of the Metropolis; and not of the Metropolis only, for patients have been received at the hospital from all parts of the Kingdom. Branches were established at Bournemouth and other places; while similar institutions have been formed at the East End of London, and in the Isle of Wight.†

Invalids have journeyed, specially, from France, Spain, and other parts of the Continent, from America (and

* "The plea on which the consumptive patient is refused admission into other institutions is, the lingering nature and almost certain fatality of the disease. But these very peculiarities give him the strongest claim on our sympathy. For when the poor man falls ill, the very sources of his subsistence are dried up; acute diseases impoverish and embarrass him, but chronic diseases ruin him; those who are dependent upon his exertions share his destitution, and are prevented from earning their own livelihood by the necessity of ministering to his wants."—*Report of the Committee*, 1845.

† A "National Sanatorium" at Bournemouth was established in 1855 by the Brompton Hospital Committee; but after a brief experience of the difficulty of carrying on a second establishment so far off, a separate committee of residents in the neighbourhood was formed, including a few members of the Hospital Board, and thenceforward the Bournemouth sanatorium—an admirable resort for consumptive convalescents—became an entirely distinct institution.

even, I believe, from Australia), in order to obtain admission and treatment in England. I need not say we had greatly at heart the welfare of this most valuable institution. We had been present at its birth, witnessed its growth, and rejoiced at its vigour: until it ranked among the most powerful organizations for charity in the Kingdom. From the very beginning, it has been well and honestly managed, receiving and meriting public confidence and approval. Sir Philip Rose, its honorary secretary, has guarded and guided it throughout, and the two acting secretaries (there have been but two from the commencement) have been upright, active, and zealous officers. He who now holds that position, Mr. Henry Dobbin, is as admirable an officer as could be found in any institution, devoting to it great ability and continual zeal: as well as tenderness and sympathy.

So early as the summer of 1844, a bazaar held in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital largely augmented the funds. The friends of Mrs. Hall had so liberally supplied her stall that it contributed to the hospital fund more than £450.* Among her contributions was a large easy-chair, given to her by the then eminent papier-mâché manufacturers, Jennens and Bettridge. It was raffled for: among those who "put in" was Mrs. Hall. Suddenly, a few hours afterwards, a loud huzza was heard throughout the grounds: a procession bearing the chair advanced to her stall and presented it to her—her ticket

* Mrs. S. C. Hall wrote and printed, with many illustrations, and sold largely at the Bazaar, a thin quarto book, entitled "The Forlorn Hope, a Story of Old Chelsea."

had won the prize. She kept it many years as a pleasant memento; but in 1880 presented it to the hospital, which it now graces. The circumstance was made interesting by the fact that her aides-de-camp were the estimable and afterwards distinguished brothers, Charles and Henry Kingsley, the sons of the then rector of Chelsea. It was another agreeable incident, that Jenny Lind sang two songs to the old pensioners assembled in their Palace Hospital. We have since seen and assisted at many bazaars, but at none so brilliant as that. The sum received was very considerable. The money was raised to augment the building fund: the dwelling in Smith Street was far too small for both the requirements and the revenue. The centre and left wing of the large and grand buildings in the Fulham Road were first erected, but not long afterwards it became necessary to extend them. Among other plans to raise the requisite money was a concert. The circumstances connected with that concert are somewhat peculiar and interesting. Our neighbour was "Jenny Lind;" when leaving London, after her first visit, she had promised Mrs. Hall to sing for the benefit of the hospital, the towers of which she could see from her dwelling, as we could see them from ours—the Rosery at Old Brompton. On her return to London she expressed her willingness to redeem her pledge. I soon got a committee formed, and, as its honorary secretary, I set to work to obtain important results. The programme announced that reserved seats would be two guineas, and unreserved seats one guinea, but that no unreserved tickets would be issued until it was ascer-

tained what number of reserved tickets would be required. When I showed the programme to Miss Lind, she was angry. To her German, or Swedish, experience, it seemed incredible that a large number of persons would each give such a sum to hear her sing; she protested, therefore, against my act as dooming her to sing to empty benches, and in no way to aid the charity. I knew better: she had never sung in public except on the stage; there were many who greatly desired to hear her, who would not enter a theatre; moreover, if the ticket was an extravagance, it was an outlay to assist a most valuable institution, and not a speculation for private gain. In the result, the concert-room at Her Majesty's Theatre was allotted to us free; it was capable of seating nine hundred persons. I sold nine hundred tickets, not a single ticket through any agent; there was consequently no deduction: the only expenses were advertisements, hire of chairs, and gratuities to the attendants. I paid in upwards of £1,750 to the account of the hospital—the largest sum up to that time ever realised by a concert.* The proceeds formed the nucleus of the fund for building the second wing of the hospital. It is known as the "Nightingale wing," and it contains a ward named after Mrs. S. C. Hall.†

* Among the audience was the Duke of Wellington, who handed Miss Lind to the platform. Every seat was occupied by the purchaser of a *reserved* ticket; and I sold fifty unreserved tickets with an understanding that, as every seat was filled, the party buying must take his chance of standing room. There were several boxes, for each of which ten guineas were paid; twenty guineas were paid for the two passages to the boxes, in which chairs were to be placed, but not until after the boxes on either side were filled.

† Copy of Minute, *Weekly Board, 4th August*, 1848.

"The Lind Concert Committee report that the sum of £1,766 15s. has been realised by Mademoiselle Lind's concert, and that, as the concert has been en-

Mrs. Hall has bequeathed—to be placed in this ward—a large photograph and two lithographs of the Queen and the Prince Consort, presented to her, with an autograph letter, from her Majesty, in 1878. At no distant date they will be there as Mrs. Hall's most cherished record of gratitude and devoted affection for the Queen she loved so much—to whom she owed so much.

There came to me an application from a young German composer expressing a desire to play for the charity. I submitted the letter, with other letters of the kind, to Miss Lind; she selected it as one I might answer in the affirmative. She had never until then heard his name; the selection was a mere chance (we too often use the word in lieu of that Providence which "shapes our ends"), but the applicant was Otto Goldschmidt, who not long afterwards became the husband of Jenny Lind. A better husband, father, friend—a truer gentleman of

tirely free of all ordinary charges, nearly the whole of that sum will be appropriated to the Charity. Whereupon it was unanimously Resolved:

"That the deep and earnest gratitude of the Committee be tendered to Mademoiselle Lind for her noble act of kindness in behalf of the Charity accompanied by their cordial and heartfelt wishes for her future happiness and prosperity.

"That Mademoiselle Lind be requested to allow the Committee the honour of adding her name to the list of life governors.

"That the Honorary Secretary be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to Mademoiselle Lind, and at the same time to convey to her the desire of the Committee to retain a lasting record of her generous conduct by calling the first ward that shall be opened after her name.

"That the Committee cannot forbear from again expressing to Mrs. S. C. Hall their deep gratitude for her continued and repeated interest manifested on behalf of this Charity, and most particularly for the valuable assistance she has recently rendered it in connection with the concert of Mademoiselle Lind, from which has proceeded so large an accession to the funds of the Hospital.

"That the Honorary Secretary be requested to communicate the foregoing resolution to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and at the same time to inform her of the wish of the Committee to retain within the building a lasting record of Mrs. S. C. Hall's services in the cause of the Charity by calling one of the wards in the new wing after her name."

more entire probity, in all the relations of life—does not live. In common parlance, it was a lucky day for Jenny Lind when she agreed to sing for the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and surely a lucky day it was for Otto Goldschmidt.

It is not necessary to comment on the immense amount of good produced by this hospital, since its foundation in 1841—from its infancy in Smith Street, Chelsea, when it received twelve patients, to its present high and palmy state in its palace at Brompton, where nearly four hundred patients are "accommodated."

There are few, even now, who are cognisant of the admirable plan on which the hospital is conducted—a committee indefatigable in its zealous service, the best medical attendance such as no amount of wealth could readily procure, a scientific management of atmosphere, food skilfully adjusted to the patients' condition and needs, cheerful apartments, and light and healthful occupations and amusements. In a word, the loftiest and richest family in the Kingdom could not call power and wealth more effectually to their aid than can the very poorest of the people, whose beloved are inmates of this hospital, "supported by voluntary contributions." *

* "But though the original object contemplated in its establishment has been to afford an ASYLUM to the consumptive patient, it is by no means the only one. By bringing a large number of such patients under the same roof, an opportunity will be afforded of more carefully studying the nature of this destructive malady; and assuredly there is some ground of hope, that He who has given man much power over nature, who has provided him, in the works of his own hands, with many powerful and effective remedies, and has so often crowned his well-directed efforts towards the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures with success, may yet vouchsafe to guide him to some means by which this, His greatest scourge, may be stripped of its terrors. At least the Committee feel that they

It added much to my pleasure, when seated on the platform where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was laying the first stone of the new building (on the 17th July, 1879), to know that it stood on the site of a row of houses—York Place—in one of which the poet Moore had lived. It was, I believe, No. 5. Sitting by the side of Moore and his admirable wife one evening at Sloperton, I said, "By the way, sir, will you tell me where you wrote the lines on the meeting of the waters?—

'Sweet Vale of Avoca!'

Some say one place and some another. There are, as you know, two 'sweet vales' in which the waters 'meet;' a spot is pointed out under one umbrageous tree where the 'neighbours' say you wrote them. I should much like to know." The poet shook his head, and with a solemn look and tone, said, "Ah! that is a secret I never tell to any one!" Mrs. Moore bent her head towards me, and audibly whispered, "It was in an attic at Brompton!" I visited the "attic" not long afterwards, and fancied I saw the poet penning one of the sweetest of all the Melodies. And again I visited, in imagination, the lovely spot in the county of Wicklow, where the rivers Avon and Avoca "meet." It was visited by the poet in 1807, when the poem was suggested; and when—

"Friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear."

are fully justified in pointing out to the attention of the public, that if medical science be ever destined to achieve the great triumph of removing this fatal malady, or to effect the humbler good of arresting its progress with *certainty*, the hour of such improvements must surely be hastened by the establishment of an institution which will afford ample means for deep and sustained investigation of the disease."—*Report of the Committee*, 1845.

It will not lessen the pleasure patients will receive, nor diminish their chances of health, if they hear in fancy (as I did, in reality, more than once) the poet sing these lines, on the very spot where they were written.

There are few who could supply better evidence than I could as to the blessing this valuable institution has been to the community: averting or removing, often partially, sometimes effectually, the most mournful of all the diseases "that flesh is heir to."

It has not been the lot of many to witness the fructifying of sanguine hopes — to find them, indeed, exceeded by reality. It has been that of Sir Philip Rose. God has given him the reward, while on earth, that so often awaits well-doing. For centuries to come the name of the founder of this—one of the very best of all the Charities—will be heard with honour, affection, and gratitude.

On the 13th of June, 1882, I had the happiness to attend the opening of the new extension building at Brompton; prepared to receive one hundred and thirty-seven in-patients, to be added to the two hundred previously placed in the older hospital directly opposite. It is needless to say, all improvements that science, thought, increase of means, and, above all, experience, suggested, have been carried into operation in order to make the hospital as perfect as it can be. The Earl of Derby, president of the corporation, delivered a suitable

address. He told the audience that since the commencement of the institution, in 1841, it had accommodated twenty-nine thousand six hundred in-patients, and two hundred and eighty thousand out-patients!

If *my* feelings were of happiness and gratitude, what must have been those of Sir Philip Rose and his honoured and estimable lady when half-a-dozen well-chosen words fell from the lips of Lord Derby, in acknowledgment of the debt, "owing, yet paid," to these active servants of God and man who planted the small seed in Smith Street, forty-two years before that day of its latest triumph!

GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The founders of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution were the Rev. David Laing and his estimable lady. For so long as seventeen years, Mr. Laing was the honorary secretary. In 1860 he was called away from earth-work: but in the onerous office his widow succeeded him; its duties she still discharges, to her own honour, and to the great advantage of one of the best and most useful of all the charitable societies of the Kingdom. It is a society of which the motto should be "Gratitude." There are no recipients of bounty who have a better right to it; in every case, it is a reward for a past—a past of hard, continuous, and ill-paid work—work upon which so much of the habits, characters, and usefulness, of many women depend; for governesses are guides from the nursery, through girlhood to womanhood, and by them are, in a great measure, moulded the characters of the wives

and mothers on whose training depends so much of the virtue, piety, and rectitude, which make the happiness of every household. Next to the mother, it is the governess who creates the after-life. On this subject I borrow a passage from an article by Mrs. Hall, written for the *Art Union* in 1846.

"In England, it would be difficult to ascertain her position—charged with the sole care of the 'precious jewels,' perhaps, of an illustrious house: considered competent to cultivate their minds, to form their manners, to enlarge their views, that they may keep their positions and become all that is desired in English gentlewomen; the person who does this, if admitted into society at all, is often thrust unintroduced into a corner, and expected to retire when the younger children are sent to bed, slighted by the servants, who consider her a servant, and looked upon as a person to be dismissed as soon as done with by the mistress! For one governess who receives a pension for past services—services that can never be adequately recompensed—there are, protected and prosperous, a hundred ladies' maids. It is not at all uncommon to meet with pensioned servants; but a pensioned governess is a *rara avis*. We find them in hospitals and workhouses, when they are overtaken by ill health, or have faded into old age."

To Mr. and Mrs. Laing, then (but to her chiefly, for the woman is ever the fountain-head of good work), is accorded the glory of founding the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; but the honour of originating the idea was not theirs—that belongs to a poor worn-out and poverty-encumbered governess, Miss Jane Tucker, who, some years previously, conceived the notion of such a society—perhaps mainly to have her own wants relieved: she was certainly somewhat clamorous as regarded them, and did not suffer in dignified silence. She, however, aroused public attention to the theme; the matter was zealously taken up by Mr. and Mrs.

Laing, a competent committee was formed, and a great charity has been the result. The small stream has become a grand river. The institution is too well known to need description in this book. Suffice it to say, there are now two hundred and fifty-two annuitants; twelve housed in the asylum at Chislehurst; and that happily the excellent lady who has been its main prop from the commencement, is the honorary secretary, which she became on the death of her husband (Rector of St. Olave's, in the City of London) in 1860.

The original committee was guilty of an error at the outset. The lady whose claim to an annuity was indubitable, and which should have been the very first for acknowledgment, made a public appeal, and a meeting was held, at which James Silk Buckingham, M.P., presided; the result was a large expression of sympathy, and aid sufficiently liberal to secure for her the annuity which the committee had declined to grant.*

But Miss Tucker was not the first to promulgate the idea that the nation owed a debt to the aged governess. Several years previously a society had been established called the "Governesses' Mutual Assurance Society," formed on the plan of Benefit Societies. It did not last long, and its advantages were limited. The present

* "Experienced in all the difficulties incident to the life of a governess, having entered on its duties in a clergyman's family at Taunton, at the age of sixteen, Miss Tucker long meditated the idea of rescuing her class—perhaps the most useful and important of all classes—from their humiliating and precarious position. A severe illness of seven years' duration, following upon forty years' labour as a governess, gave her additional reason to elaborate this idea. On her recovery, in the year 1838, she threw together the thoughts that had thus occurred to her, and drew out a plan so clear in all its details, and so harmonious as a whole, that it has since been carried out to the very letter by the Committee of the Institution."—*Extract from an advertisement for an annuity for Miss Tucker.*

Institution was commenced in 1841, but languished, did little, and would assuredly have died out, but that Providence brought to its rescue the clergyman and his lady to whom I have here accorded due honour. Its prosperity may be dated from 1843; in that year, on the 25th of May, a public meeting was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge presided, and from that day the Institution became a "grand success."

The objects of the society are well known, and do not demand descriptive details; they are briefly these—

1. The relief of governesses in temporary difficulties.
2. The granting of annuities to aged governesses.
3. The securing of deferred annuities to governesses upon their own payments.
4. A home for the disengaged.
5. Free registration.
6. A college with classes and certificates of qualification.
7. An asylum for the aged.

When Mr. Laing commenced his work the committee had a hundred pounds in the bank, "for the relief of governesses in temporary difficulties." In 1881, the ladies' committee had the power to dispense £50 every fortnight, when they met; in that way alone they have investigated 3,679 cases, and made grants to the amount of £46,457.

Of its several branches, the granting of annuities to aged governesses is perhaps the most popular. There are

half-yearly elections, when annuities, varying in amount (some of them have been given by the munificence of individual donors), but none less than £25, are awarded, the recipients of which now number two hundred and fifty-two, besides two hundred and fifty-six who have held them and are now "gone to their rest." The sum of £154,703, besides various stocks according to the wills of the donors, now stand in the name of the Fund.

The third, the Provident Fund for the savings of those still working, which are placed in government securities (till the time arrives for a well-earned income of their own providing), reaches an amount—and the amount is somewhat startling—rather more than £400,000.

The fourth, the Home for ladies seeking situations, supplies a centre where they may meet with ladies seeking governesses, and in the meantime rest and have the companionship of others similarly circumstanced. Some idea of the work done may be formed from the fact that in one year the number of visitors to the home and free registrations (in the same house) was 25,419.

The fifth, free registration, supplies a list to the advantages of which all who bring proofs of respectability are admitted without any fee. Fifty-three thousand have, from time to time, entered their names.

The sixth, the college, when fairly launched, and after some years of prosperity as a branch of the Institution, was separately incorporated in 1853 as "Queen's College, London," and continues the work of higher female education, now become national.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the branches of the Institution is the "Asylum for the Aged." It was first

established at Kentish Town, but it was found that to associate so many aged ladies in one building with a common sitting-room was objectionable. Tempers did not agree; superintendents had delicate and difficult duties to discharge; and generally a lack of harmony existed. On one side, perhaps, too much was expected; on the other, it may be, too little sympathy was given; at any rate, the committee resolved on the removal of the Homes some distance from London: on all accounts such a step was desirable, especially as it was part of the plan, not only that each lady should have a separate dwelling, but that accommodation should be afforded to give to her the companionship of any relative or friend. The land at Kentish Town was advantageously sold, and land purchased at Chislehurst.

At Chislehurst, when you have passed the mansion in which died the ex-Emperor of the French—the third Napoleon—and over the breezy common, past the carefully kept churchyard, you will come to some pretty cottages, with one rather more pretentious in the centre. They are the nucleus of the asylum of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, which will, as funds come in, consist of three sides of a handsome square, with the garden and its beautiful old trees in the middle, and giving homes (twelve in all, for the present) to some who will enjoy the rest and repose of their evening of life all the more gratefully after having borne the burden and heat of the day! Such is the great tree that rose out of the small seed planted in 1843.

For this admirable Institution we laboured from the first; the Home for Aged Governesses was the department of it we liked most.

Mrs. Hall had for many years the right of presentation to one of the homes at Chislehurst. She had given it to three; one of the ladies thus aided was the sister of the artist Sass, who established, and for a long period conducted, the best and most useful of the Art classes in the Metropolis; and one of them (the first) was a countrywoman of her own, the descendant of an almost regal family—a Miss Fitzgerald.*

Mr. Laing, and especially Mrs. Laing, were—I believe from the commencement—greatly aided by the zealous co-operation of a gentleman who is still the secretary of the Governesses' Institution—Mr. G. W. Klugh. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of his services. To great ability he has added large experience;

* Mrs. Hall wrote and published, for the benefit of the Institution, a story entitled "The Old Governess." In the report for 1848 I find this reference to it:—

"Especial thanks must be offered to one who worked, heart and hand and head, in the cause; and all who have read the tale of 'The Old Governess' will, it is believed, agree that never did that gifted head and most kindly heart put forth a stronger claim to public admiration and sympathy."

There can be no reason why I should not insert this copy of a resolution which I find among the cherished papers of Mrs. Hall.

"*Saturday, July 22nd*, 1848.

"Resolved,—That the Committee of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution desire to express their deep sense of the energetic benevolence of Mrs. S. C. Hal in the recent kindnesses bestowed upon this Society.

"That the realising so large a sum by Mrs. Hall's personal exertions at the Fancy Sale, more than £350, is alone evidence of the personal interest felt and taken; but 'The Old Governess,' expressly written for the occasion, amidst the multiplied avocations of a highly useful life, displays a warmth of feeling towards the Society which requires some marked token of gratitude from its supporters.

(Signed) "D. Laing, M.A.,
"*Honorary Secretary.*"

there can be no doubt that much of the prosperity enjoyed by the Institution, much of the public satisfaction it has given, and much of the good it has done, must be attributed to the unfailing energy, the devoted zeal, and the unwearied labours, of a gentleman who is the acting secretary in 1882, as he was in 1844.

Early Closing.

Although the project of "Early Closing" has been largely and widely "taken up" of late years, and is sustained by many of the greatest and best of British worthies, men as well as women—it was not always so. Writing now, nearly fifty years after the movement commenced, I cannot but review the past as giving conclusive evidence that it has been, on the whole, a "success." There can be no doubt that much has been done; as little, that there is much yet to do. Some notes concerning the alpha of the reform will be acceptable to my readers.

In the year 1835, there called upon us a young man who was an assistant at an extensive drapery establishment in Sloane Square. He did not find it hard to enlist our sympathies for a cause he advocated with earnest zeal as the result of sad experience. I placed myself at his disposal. He was arranging meetings in various parts of the Metropolis; it was understood that when he could get no better chairman he was to summon me. In one year—1836—I took the chair at such meetings eleven times, often under circumstances very discouraging; but a time came when Bishops of the

Established Church, peers of the realm, and ministers of State became the chairmen; and I was happy to take a subordinate place where I had been under the necessity of presiding.*

Mrs. Hall did much more than that: she saw that without the aid of her sex very little reform could be accomplished; and in that year, 1836, prepared the following pledge, which she induced her friends to sign, obtaining between four and five hundred signatures, some of her pledge-cards containing thirty names; among them being those of prominent authors whose writings had advocated love of God as manifested by efforts to advance and strengthen the cause of humanity. This is the pledge-card to which I refer:—

"THE LATE HOUR SYSTEM.

"The Late Hour Employment in Shops is proved, beyond controversy, to be needless for any beneficial purpose, either to buyer or seller.

"It is oppressive and cruel as well as unnecessary. It condemns many thousands of industrious persons to that 'excessive toil' which destroys health, and retards or prevents religious, moral, and social improvement.

"Out of it arise innumerable evils, and no single good: debilitated constitutions, impaired minds, absence of religious thoughts, ignorance of moral duties, or inability to perform them—are but some of those evils. Over-work is the sure passage to an early grave—for which there has been no preparation.

"Believing this—considering these evils to be capable of easy removal, and that it is our duty to God and our neighbour to aid in removing them:—

"WE, whose names are affixed—Ladies resident in London and its vicinity—resolve, under no circumstances, except in cases of

* Mr. Hall, at the meeting at Exeter Hall in 1856, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. John Lilwall, the able and indefatigable honorary secretary of the Association, "whose services to his class had never been surpassed, and rarely equalled."

absolute necessity, to make purchases, either ourselves or by our servants, at any Shop after six, or at the latest seven o'clock in the evening.

"And, further, that we will endeavour, as far as possible, to deal, and encourage dealing, at Shops which are closed at reasonable hours —and we desire to procure lists of such Shopkeepers as discountenance 'Late Hour Employment' in our respective localities."

So the good seed was planted, but it was long before it fructified.* In 1847, a great meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester; it was largely attended; upwards of fifteen hundred persons were present, but few or none of the magnates of the City; and the chairman was the poet Charles Swain—a most estimable gentleman and a true poet, but one who had not attained to high rank in letters, and who could not have been accepted as a popular substitute for either Thackeray or Douglas Jerrold, who had been announced to attend. Swain and I were the only representatives of Letters. Yes: the discouragements were many and strong. The progress of the Society was slow; "but"—I quote from one of its later reports—

"It had its seat in a few earnest hearts, strong in their consciousness of right, and in their hatred of injustice and wrong, and ever content to oppose fortitude to defeat, perseverance to opposition, and to rise unsubdued from every apparent overthrow to renewed exertions—well knowing that what they had resolved to accomplish was but a deed of righteousness towards God and their fellow-creatures."

I have by me one of the much earlier reports: the list

* I recall to memory one of the earlier meetings. It was held somewhere in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, in a miserable hole under a railway, the roll of trains over which necessitated frequent pauses in the proceedings, while the atmosphere was that of a city night-fog—damp, unwholesome, and disheartening. Yet the assembly was stirred to enthusiastic applause, and I had afterwards reason to know that out of that meeting great and good results had arisen.

of the committee contained sixty names. In it there was but one member of the aristocracy—the ever good Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury—and only three members of Parliament, James Emerson Tennant, Charles Handley, and John Pemberton Plumptre. But there were twenty clergymen of all denominations, ten physicians or surgeons, ten private individuals, and twenty heads or partners in various establishments, who certainly for the most part "having suffered tribulation, had learned mercy," but who were compelled by the exigencies of trade to do as others did, and not as they would have had others do. Of the sixty who formed that committee in 1843, there are but *two now living* —the Earl of Shaftesbury and S. C. Hall.

It was not until 1856 that the movement obtained a status. A great meeting in July of that year was held in Exeter Hall, at which Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P. for Middlesex, presided, and at which the Earl of Shaftesbury and Bishop Wilberforce eloquently spoke. It was a meeting primarily to bring before the public "the oppressed condition of the milliners' and dress-makers' assistants."

Some years previously, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, an eloquent and indefatigable writer for the cause, had obtained a prize offered by the "Metropolitan Drapers' Association." From the preface to that essay I extract this passage:—

"Young men, from sixteen years of age to twenty-five or thirty, are engaged in drapers' shops daily about fifteen hours, of which fourteen hours and a half are actually employed in business. During this time they are not permitted to sit down or to look into a book, but are standing or moving about from morning to night,

generally in an atmosphere exhausted by respiration and in rooms ill-ventilated. When night arrives, gaslights and closed doors complete the deterioration of the air, till at length it becomes almost pestiferous. Meanwhile their meals must be swallowed hastily, like the mouthful of water which impatient travellers afforded to a smoking post-horse in the middle of a long stage. No exercise is allowed in the open sunshine, their relaxation being to take a walk in the streets about ten o'clock at night, when the sober and virtuous part of the community have retired to their dwellings, or to smoke and drink away the last hour of their evening at a tavern, or to form pleasure parties for the Sabbath. From the company of their friends, from all cultivated and virtuous society, they are, by their circumstances, excluded; all scientific institutions are closed against them by the lateness of their hours; they are too tired to read after their work; and when they throw themselves upon their beds, it is too often to breathe in the close bedrooms, where numbers are packed together, an air more pestilential than that which poisoned them during the day."

With even greater eloquence and stronger force the Bishop of Oxford advocated the cause of the weaker sex. I extract a passage from the admirable speech of that prelate, the son of one of the grandest men that "ever livéd in the tide of time," who bore the almost consecrated name of Wilberforce and added to its glory; and the father of another Wilberforce of whom it is enough to say that he is worthy of the other two—his grandfather and his father.

"The remedy is to be found in the quickened moral feeling of the community of this nation, and bringing an intelligent public opinion to bear upon this great question. My Lord, do what we will, we must always have this evil springing up in one form or other, because it comes from the overflowing spring of selfishness in the human heart. I am convinced that this evil must recur as long as man continues to be swayed in his actions, as Scripture says with a marvellous accuracy of expression, by the 'mammon of unrighteousness.' It is the special attribute of a well-informed Christian public opinion, that it brings to bear forces which cannot be resisted, not only upon one or two of the emergent questions of

an evil system, which is all direct law can do, but it brings this to bear upon the root from which these evils spring. It is, as when the sun rises, the creatures of darkness fly away; it is as, when its rays penetrate into some deep cavern, the creatures of darkness depart, and creatures of light abound; and so I do believe that it may be here."

In this case, the remedy *was* found: the cruel system was suppressed; evidences were given that "religious sympathies" did *not* "waste themselves in the mere expression of good wishes to lessen the burden of the heavy laden and let the oppressed go free."

The heavy laden and oppressed of this class of workers are now, thank God, under the direct and effectual protection of the law. At that grand meeting I took part. I presume to quote passages from what I said—

"We did not, and do not now ask for the abolition of human labour, or even for an unreasonable lessening of it. We know that man is born to toil, and that labour augments enjoyment; but we ask that a voice be raised against evils which man should not sanction, and of which God declares His disapproval. We ask you to move now in this great matter. I am happy to see here many of the earliest friends of the Early Closing Association. Their efforts have not been without results—results which have alike benefited the employed and the employer; and which have been accompanied by none of the evils foretold or threatened by lukewarm supporters, or open and avowed adversaries. The Association has been, under Providence, the means of carrying conviction so widely as to be almost universal—that over-toil is as much opposed to sound policy as it is to true humanity: and that judiciously to ameliorate the condition of those who labour, is to carry out the will of God, as well as to advance the best interests of man.

"We have positive assurance and indisputable proof that, in a wealthy city, and among an enlightened and merciful population, tens of thousands of young girls, under the age of twenty, were worked daily and nightly during eighteen hours of the twenty-four, in small and ill-ventilated and over-crowded rooms, often miserably fed because always miserably paid, rarely hearing a word of kindness, or seeing a look of sympathy, but watched—only that as much

of profit as possible might be gained out of the inhuman toil to which they were subjected; I say every voice should be raised to deprecate a course so accursed, so utterly inhuman in the estimation of God and man. Yet it is of such a system we tell you, and of its existence we give you positive and indubitable proof.

"Yes, it is the cause of young women often well born, well nurtured, and frequently well educated, that we plead this evening. It is a trite observation that—

'Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

But the poet has another line, less known perhaps, but more emphatic—

'He who upholds oppression shares the crime!'"

I am writing in 1882, of matters as they existed in 1835 and long afterwards. The Early Closing Society still exists, and is still labouring to obtain for shop assistants more freedom from restraint. I assume the following statement from one of its latest reports, 1877-78, to be correct.

"There are upwards of 200,000 shop-assistants in London, many thousands of whom are employed from 80 *to* 90 *hours per week.* To say nothing of the evil results of long standing, impure atmosphere, &c., the simple fact of being employed so many hours is an effectual barrier to moral and social recreation. It has long been conceded that recreation for the mind is as essential to the welfare of an individual as food is to the body."

I earnestly hope, although not without some misgiving, that the boons which have been granted—the enormous difference that exists between the condition of shop-workers in 1835 and in 1882—may be *altogether for good.* I fear that we have gone to the other extreme, that the Saturday half-holiday and the leaving off work before sundown, considered now to be the condition under which labour is sold and bought, is an evil as great

as the overtoil of a period within the experience of many who are not old. Certainly, the first agitators of the Early Closing Movement did not contemplate so great a change; the demands of its originators and promoters by no means went the length of rendering the employer the servant rather than the master of the hands he employed. Whether the result of the early efforts of its friends, upholders, and patrons *has been altogether for good*, is a question upon which I am unable to enter. Some of the most extensive employers of labour have characterized the Saturday half-holiday as an evil, affirming that the young men and women who are released from work early do not spend their afternoons and evenings in healthful exercise and wholesome recreation, but that the half-holiday largely helps to swell the coffers of the public-house. If it be so, that is a greater evil than the evil that public opinion in a degree removed; better a mind ignorant, than a mind depraved; a body diseased by lack of air and exercise, than a body enfeebled by drink; a character unenlightened by lack of knowledge than a character degraded by habits and associations that are fertile sources of poverty, misery, and crime.

The Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society.

Those who meet in our streets men clad in dark uniforms, and know them to be members of a numerous body of useful servants of the public, will feel and express gratitude to Captain Edward Walter, who formed the corps —first, to add, as it greatly does, to the general comfort

and convenience, and next, to reward the wounded or discharged soldiers who have done good service to their country, and have a just right to such recognition and reward as the country can bestow on them.

The corps is admirably trained and disciplined: the men are made useful in many ways; their payments depend on their services; they are entitled to, and receive, confidence—very rarely indeed have they betrayed it, and I believe the appearance of any one of them at a police-office, charged with crime, has never yet occurred. Captain Walter and the officers associated with him may claim to rank as public benefactors. They have largely served the public without the smallest demand upon the public purse.

The "Corps of Commissionaires" in a measure arose out of the "Pensioners' Employment Society"—a society formed and established in July, 1855. It originated with Mr. William Jerdan, the author of many useful books, and for nearly forty years editor of the *Literary Gazette*. At that time he had retired from active labour as a man of letters. It occurred to him that some means of procuring employment for wounded soldiers who were returning from the Crimea ought to be, and might be, found. He had no difficulty in forming a committee to carry out his project. It was composed chiefly of his private friends, who lent him their names, but did little more to promote the work. There were, I think, fifteen members, but ten of the fifteen did not attend a single meeting, leaving the whole of the labour and all the responsibility to the three or four who were willing to accept both. In reality there were but

two members—Mr. W. E. D. Cumming and myself. Three were required to form a quorum; therefore a gentleman who daily left the City at five o'clock, on his way home to Lowndes Square, gave us a "look in," signed the book, and left us to do the work.

I did not grudge the reward to those who, at the eleventh hour, came into the vineyard to take the place of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

It was no wonder that things went wrong. Mr. Jerdan was called upon to retire from the position he held as "Registrar and Honorary Secretary" a very few weeks after his appointment to it, and in the then working secretary no confidence was placed.

Yet, as regards the purpose of the society, much good—even more than we anticipated—was effected.

The duty of the committee was to register all applicants whose good character was sustained by testimony furnished from their regiments (commanding officers), from places where they had been employed before enlisting, and the clergymen of the parishes in which they had been born or resided. The situations obtained were of all classes and orders—park-gatekeepers, messengers, bank porters, in fact half a hundred employments, for which they were still fitted, although in many cases minus a leg or an arm. They had pensions, to be sure, but their pensions varied from 7d. to 1s. 2d. a day. Frequently the applicants had no pensions at all—nothing to help them except their characters as dutiful soldiers and good men.

Mr. Cumming was earnest and zealous in the work. I did my best; but it will not be difficult to believe that

the affairs of the society became involved in inextricable confusion. A considerable debt was due; the creditors threatened legal proceedings against Mr. Cumming and myself, the only two members of the committee they knew, because the only two who did any work—without remuneration, of course, and at a large sacrifice of time. A sum of between £300 and £400 must be paid "somehow," and I was preparing an appeal,* with a sort of compulsory hint, to members of "the committee" when a fortunate incident occurred. Captain Walter had established the Corps of Commissionaires. He applied to us for names of deserving pensioners from our list into whose antecedents we had inquired: and, learning the involvements of the society, made the liberal proposal of taking it entirely off our hands, paying all debts owing, and—that which we most desired—continuing the society, then on the eve of disruption. It is needless to say that the generous proposal was at once closed with. There was but one condition attached—that each member of the

* On the 10th of June, 1857, the following circular was issued:—

"22, Parliament Street, *June 10th*, 1857.

"Permit us to ask your attention to the claims of the Pensioners' Employment Society, briefly, inasmuch as we enclose printed reports from which you will learn that the society was established two years ago in order to obtain employment for pensioners, many of whom have been wounded, and the majority of whom have pensions so small as to leave them hardly any resource but to beg. We have provided, directly and indirectly, situations for nearly 500 of these gallant and deserving men, but there remain upon our registry (augmenting daily) upwards of 1,600, able and willing to work and with good characters—facts we carefully inquire into and ascertain. We believe, if assisted, we can obtain useful and profitable employments for a very large proportion of them, especially if we procure the means of giving extensive *publicity* to our proceedings. We therefore respectfully but earnestly ask your aid and entreat your examination of the accompanying documents.

"S. C. Hall, F.S.A.,
"W. E. D. Cumming (Lloyd's),
"J. A. Moore (Major),
"James Hunt (Ph.D.)."

existing committee should send in a formal resignation, so that Captain Walter might receive the society freed from all incumbrances—except its debts.

The Pensioners' Employment Society is vigorously alive in 1882, after its twenty-seven years of existence, and, with its military organization is, I am sure, doing much good, infinitely more than our shackled committee of two or three could have done in 1857; and has been a fertile blessing to those soldiers and sailors who, in the simple language of the first appeal, "have deserved well of their country."*

I have little more to add to this statement. Mr. Cumming, an underwriter at Lloyd's, an excellent and estimable gentleman, had all his wealth in ventures on the sea—or thought he had. One night a terrific storm shook the house in which he lived. He awoke frightened, was haunted by a terror that all his ships were wrecks, that he was ruined (it was afterwards ascertained that his losses were trifling), and he was found in the morning under his garden hedge dead—having taken laudanum. Latterly he supplied the funds necessary for carrying on the society, as well as giving his time to its interests.

I had the satisfaction to receive from Captain Walter a letter thanking me for what I had done for the society,

* "Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, 44, Charing Cross, S.W. To employers requiring the services of trustworthy men to perform the duties of hall and door keepers to public and private establishments, messengers, attendants at asylums and schools, gate, office, time, and store keepers, grooms, helpers, porters, watchmen, charges of chambers or premises, drill instructors, constables, &c. It is notified for general information that a number of eligible men are available for any of the above situations, who can be strongly recommended. Apply, either personally or by letter, to the Secretary, at the above address. Office hours from ten till four. No fees or expenses to employers or the employed."

"appreciating my services very highly," and expressing a hope "that although I had expressed a wish to retire from it," I would "continue to take a warm interest in its future proceedings."

It was a happy event when that excellent gentleman took the matter in hand, removing it from the committee, relieving the two working members from a heavy burthen, and giving to the society a vigour and power it could not have obtained under our committeeship.

The Corps of Commissionaires (as I have shown, entirely the idea of Captain Walter) has now assumed gigantic proportions. If it be a pleasure to many to read the results as reported at one of the latest meetings of the governors of the corps, I hope I am not arrogant in saying it is a source of deep and earnest joy to me. As I have intimated, but for the auspicious resolve of Captain Walter, the Pensioners' Employment Society would in 1857 have collapsed, and not creditably, for there would have been considerable difficulty in paying its debts. How warmly, therefore, I must second the vote of thanks rendered to Captain Walter at the meeting to which I have referred:—

"'To Captain Walter,' the speaker (Captain Morley) said, 'the national gratitude was due—a fact which could not be sufficiently recognised—for his beneficent labours in establishing on a firm basis and carrying on almost unaided for a long time this institution for the advantage of well-conducted soldiers and sailors after the period of their service was ended. The prospect of obtaining situations by means of this corps encouraged men to persevere in good habits while in the army, and it made service in the army and navy in some way the stepping-stone to civil employment.'"

On that occasion Lord Napier of Magdala said:—

"Most of the great undertakings in England had arisen through private exertions, through private benevolence, and through the private energy of individuals. The Corps of Commissionaires had arisen through the exercise of these great qualities in one man combined—through the unrivalled perseverance, public spirit, and true philanthropy of Captain Edward Walter, who, in spite of the greatest difficulties, in spite of receiving but slight encouragement from either the public or the authorities, had established this corps, and had carried it on in a manner to make it an honour to the country."

It will be remembered that on their return from the Crimea the soldiers were received with an ovation in the streets of London. On that occasion I put forth an advertisement of which this is the opening passage:—

"When the Guards and other regiments march through the cities of London and Westminster, will it not occur to the admiring and grateful spectators to inquire, how a large number of those gallant fellows are to be provided for, discharged from the service, as they must be, from wounds or other ailments, with 6d. or 8d. a day?"

On that document I find this comment in one of the few papers I have kept:—

"Let it be known to all who require servants of good character, of approved fidelity, and of the most worthy antecedents, that 'The Pensioners' Employment Society' provides them; takes our soldiers as their names disappear from the muster-roll, tests their characters, and offers to employers none but those in whom courage is but the guarantee of other virtues. Such a Society, so benevolent in its objects, and so enlightened in the means it employs to carry them into effect, cannot but receive, as it so well deserves, a liberal amount of public support."

The Nightingale Fund.

Early in the year 1855, when the war in the Crimea had filled the hospitals of Eastern Europe with the

sick and wounded of our armies, those who had beloved friends there were startled into grateful admiration by the work that good women were doing to lessen the sufferings of the brave men who were fighting battles. "Sisters of Charity," though long and happily familiar in other countries, were comparatively unknown in the British islands; and when intelligence reached home that a number of highly born and richly endowed ladies were enduring hard and incessant labour in hastily constructed, inadequately furnished, and, until then, utterly neglected hospitals—doing, in short, the work of the coarsest menials—doubts were at first cast on the motives as well as the capabilities of these volunteer aids to the surgeons on the army staff. Prejudice, however, rapidly gave way. Conviction quickly followed as to the vast utility of the novel auxiliaries, and a foretaste of national gratitude was soon transmitted to the seat of war—to cheer, encourage, and, in a measure, reward, the admirable helpers there—gratuitous workers for their country and humanity.

Foremost among these admirable and holy workers was Florence Nightingale. The name rapidly became a household word throughout the British islands, and in all the colonial dependencies of the Crown; it was universally hailed with enthusiastic affection; the touching and beautiful lines of Longfellow, the "Lady of the Lamp," consecrated it. The heart of England beat warmly in response, and the feeling was universal that some means must be found, especially by women, to recompense one who was doing so much of woman's best

and holiest work in the plague-stricken battlefields of the East.

Happily, Florence Nightingale is living, and my pen cannot progress as otherwise it would surely do. I know her strong objection to publicity; that to "do good" must not be in her case to "find fame." Even what I have here written—tame and utterly insufficient as it is—she would erase, if she could. My apology to her must be for the little I have said, and not for the much I have left unsaid.

Some account of the origin and early progress of the Nightingale Fund will interest the reader. It was designed to give expression to a general feeling—

"That the noble exertions of Miss Nightingale and her associates in the hospitals of the East, and the invaluable services rendered by them to the sick and wounded of the British Forces, demand the grateful recognition of the British people."

The beautiful and touching lines of the poet Longfellow are so well known that I need not quote them. Not so is a poem of deep pathos by my friend Francis Bennoch, F.S.A., one of the committee of the Nightingale Fund. From that poem I borrow a stanza here:—

"When wounded sore in fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She gently called their spirit back,
And gave them life again.
Her cheering voice, her smiling face,
All suffering could dispel,
With grateful lips they kissed the place
On which her shadow fell."

The muse of the Seven Dials was also evoked. Broad sheet ballads were sung and sold in the streets. I have

some now before me; the following is an extract from one of them:—

"When sympathy first in thy fair breast did enter,
The world must confess 'twas a noble idea,
When through great danger you boldly did venture,
To soothe the afflicted in the dread Crimea.
No female on earth sure could ever be bolder;
When death and disease did you closely surround,
You administered comfort to the British soldier—
You soothed his sorrows and healed his wounds."

Great events often arise out of trivial causes. In the September of 1855 Mrs. S. C. Hall, earnestly feeling that the services of Miss Nightingale should receive the emphatic recognition of *women*, addressed to several women, letters asking for aid and co-operation to effect that object. They were almost exclusively to personal friends, her first idea being very limited as to design and cost. To all her applications she received approving answers, with tenders of pecuniary aid.

The sum offered so greatly exceeded the sum then required that she wrote to Miss Nightingale's personal friends, Lady Canning and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, inquiring what sort of testimonial would be most acceptable to the heroic woman. Both stated, in reply, that she would receive none. Mrs. Hall did not then know that Miss Nightingale was a high-born and, in a degree, wealthy, lady—at least, perfectly independent as regarded pecuniary resources. Further correspondence elicited that if it were possible to obtain a sum sufficient to establish and endow a hospital for the teaching and training of nurses, that was probably a "testimonial" she would accept: it was the cherished object of her life.

I was then called to council. I expressed my belief that such sum—for such a purpose—combining utility with gratitude, might be obtained. The result was a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge (the associates of Miss Nightingale in the mission of mercy), and a resolve to make an appeal for national aid. I readily consented to act as honorary secretary, and to do all the work—upon one condition, that the friends of the lady should obtain for me the co-operation of a gentleman high in position, who should share with me, not the labour, but the responsibility. The consent of the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert was accorded; it sufficed to make success certain.* I had no doubt of the issue from the day he conferred on me the honour of associating my name with his. I at once set to work. Three days afterwards I had fitted up chambers in Parliament Street, engaged the services of a clerk, and, what was of infinitely greater consequence, a financial secretary. Within a fortnight, a public meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge presided, and the work commenced, a committee having been selected and approved.

The financial secretary, to whose skill, judgment, and integrity I attributed much of the issue, was Mr. Henry Dobbin, who is now, as he has been for twenty-five years, the indefatigable secretary of the Hospital for Consumption. Every day in his presence I opened all letters, placed all offerings in a "strong box," and each

* "Mr. Herbert will have great pleasure in acting as your colleague as Honorary Secretary.

"From Mrs. Sidney Herbert to S. C. Hall.

"*November 4th*, 1855."

day he took the receipts of the day to Coutts's Bank. The careful regularity led to this: that although money came to the office in many odd ways—through the post, left at the door—cheques, notes, gold, and silver, I never found that a single contribution had gone astray. No one at any time wrote to me to ask why his contribution, much or little, had not been acknowledged in the advertisements.

I waited upon Mr. Herbert in Belgrave Square. His kindness and courtesy increased my desire to be associated with him; it was an honour, and it was also a happiness. I have never seen a man who gave me a better idea of what the knight *sans peur et sans reproche* may have been. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman, far removed from sternness, yet as far from familiarity. A beggar would have taken a chair in his presence if he had desired the beggar to be seated. He was gentle rather than genial, yet about all he said or did there was evidence that he must have been loved as well as respected, however he might have been circumstanced, in whatever position he might have been placed: and that position would, had he lived even into middle age, have been the very highest he could have derived from his sovereign and his country. He was not an orator, certainly—not perhaps even eloquent, but his language was persuasive and convincing; he always spoke to a purpose, and seemed to make friends of opponents without an effort at conversion. Add to this, rare personal advantages—tall, slight without being thin, handsome yet manly features, expressing ability rather than genius, but obtaining confidence, by a sort of instinctive faith in

his firmness, probity, and truth. It is thus I recall him when I had the privilege of waiting on him in Belgrave Square.*

I brought to the task—but only in common with millions—a grateful homage to the lady who had given to a terrible war its sole redeeming feature (always excepting the charge of the "six hundred," which was surely worth its terrible cost), and whose destiny seemed to be to lessen the sufferings to which humanity must be subjected as long as the primal curse endures and suffering is a penalty of earth-life; not only where armies meet in deadly combat, but in public hospitals, and in the private homes from which disease, and pain, and sorrow can never be quite shut out, and where trained intelligent and thoughtful nurses enter as blessings incalculable.

The first object was to form a committee. I presume to say it was judiciously formed: it was not easy to do so. The "High Church" proclivities of Mr. Sidney Herbert were well known. When he sent me a name to place on the list, it was generally that of one who, right or wrong, churchman or layman, had the same leaning. It was easy to foresee the danger thence arising. It had been more than insinuated that Miss Nightingale had similar views. The suspicion received strength

* Almost his first question was as to how much I expected to obtain by a public appeal; and when I answered "fifty thousand pounds," he received my assertion with an incredulous laugh, saying that fifteen thousand would be much nearer the mark. My comment was this: "Sir, I do not expect so large a sum—it will certainly be thirty thousand; but if we keep in our minds that lesser sum we shall never go beyond it: if we keep steadily in view the larger sum, our efforts will be to reach it, and the amount will, I am very sure, be between the one and the other."

from the fact that her aids in the hospitals were called "sisters," and wore—for the convenience of nursing—a dress that was described as a "nun's dress." Obviously there was peril here. I met it thus: when Mr. Herbert sent me a name which might have been that of a "suspect," I inserted it of course, but associated with it that of a clergyman or layman of opposite opinions. I presume to say that—looking at the matter after eight-and-twenty years—if I had not acted thus prudently the subscriptions to the Nightingale Fund would not have reached one half of the sum they did reach. The committee, headed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, comprised as far as possible every variety of "interest." There were three dukes, nine other noblemen, the Lord Mayor, two judges, five "Right Honourables," foremost naval and military officers, physicians, lawyers, London aldermen, clergymen, dignitaries of the Church, dignitaries of Nonconformist churches, twenty members of Parliament, and several eminent men of letters. While no State party was omitted, none was unduly prominent.*

It is needless to add that during the whole course of

* "The Committee was so constituted as 'to represent, as far as possible, all classes and professions, irrespective of religious or political opinions;' a Finance Committee was appointed, and the Honorary Secretaries, under the directions of the Committee, aided by a Secretary and Accountant, at once commenced their labours."—*Report*, June 20th, 1857.

"The Provisional Committee contains not only many eminent names, but names of eminence representing the various classes, professions, and opinions, the aggregate of which constitutes English society. It is a very fair specimen of what used to be called virtual representation—the object, in this instance, being to represent, not a party of sectional interest, but the entire nation; and true it is that the nation has a feeling—a deep and general feeling—about Florence Nightingale, which requires expression, and that in something more than mere words."—*Saturday Review*, November 30th, 1855.

the procedure it received the continual and warm support of the Press. The theme was one which suggested the eloquence it received. At the public meeting, after the Duke of Cambridge, the venerable Lord Lansdowne, Sir John Pakington (Lord Hampton), Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Lord Stanley (Earl of Derby), the Lord Mayor, Lord Goderich (Marquis of Ripon), the Rev. Dr. Cumming, and the Chaplain General (Dr. Gleig) spoke eloquently. But the most touching incident of the day was this: Mr. Sidney Herbert read a letter; it was a letter from a private soldier who lay wounded in one of the beds:—"She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content." That passage from that letter brought £10,000 to the fund.*

* "To afford further information to the Public of the particulars of this Subscription, the Honorary Secretaries furnish the following more detailed Statement:—

"GENERAL ABSTRACT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
"From Troops of all arms in various parts of the World, including the Militia	8,952	1	7
From the Officers and men of sixty-one ships of her Majesty's Navy	758	19	8
From the Officers and men of the Coast-Guard service, thirty-nine Stations	155	9	0
From the Officers and men of her Majesty's Dockyards at Woolwich and Pembroke	29	6	4
From East and West Indies, Australia, North America, and other British Possessions	4,495	15	6
From British Residents in Foreign Countries, transmitted through their respective Ambassadors, Consuls, &c.	1,647	16	10
From Provincial Cities and Towns, collected and forwarded by Local Committees or Hon. Secretaries	5,683	15	4
From Church or Parish Collections in other Towns and Villages, transmitted by the Clergy and Ministers of various denominations	1,162	4	9
Carried forward	£22,885	9	0

And so we set to work. Public meetings in aid were held in all the principal cities and towns of the Kingdom (the mayors in nearly all instances presiding), and in all the dependencies of the Crown, including the East Indies; including, also, China. Very many clergymen of the Established Church and Nonconformists made collections after sermons (I think the several published lists contain the names of a thousand such). Among the most cheering helps were the "one day's pay of the officers and men" of nearly every regiment in the service, and that of the greater number of her Majesty's ships.*

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward . .	22,885	9	0
From Merchants, Bankers, &c., connected with the City of London, through the City Auxiliary Committee .	3,511	13	6
From other General Subscriptions not included under the above heads, made up of separate sums, from one penny to £500 (yet to be received, £57 0s. 11d.) .	15,697	14	10
The Contribution of M. and Madame Goldschmidt, being the gross proceeds of a Concert given by them at Exeter Hall	1,872	6	0
(*The expenses of this Concert, £547, were defrayed by M. and Madame Goldschmidt.*)			
Proceeds of Sales of the "Nightingale Address" (*a Lithographic Print and Poem published at "one shilling"*), received from Mrs. F. P. B. Martin . . .	53	0	0
Proceeds of a Series of "Twelve Photographic Views in the Interior of Sebastopol," by G. Shaw-Lefevre, Esq.	18	18	0
Total . . .	£44,039	1	4

"It may be anticipated that the gross amount collected will exceed the sum of £46,000, including the amount of interest on Exchequer Bills purchased from time to time by the Finance Committee as the funds accumulated."

* The following passage occurs in a report of the Committee to the subscribers and the public; it is dated June 20th, 1857:—

"Subscriptions have been received from all classes of her Majesty's subjects, at home and abroad:—from members of the royal family; from the nobility and gentry; from the clergy, and ministers of various persuasions; and from the public generally. The merchants, bankers, and others connected with the City of London, through their auxiliary committee, contributed a sum of £3,511 13s. 6d.; and various provincial cities and towns have remitted £5,683 15s. 4d. Meetings have also been held in India, and in nearly all the Colonies, and subscriptions of £4,495 15s. 6d. have been collected from them;

Scarcely less gratifying were the "collecting-books" in which subscriptions of small sums were entered. I have before me one such book that contains forty names, yet the amount is under two pounds. These, in the aggregate, amounted to a large sum. Books were opened by many of the principal bankers throughout the kingdom. Amateur concerts were frequent, and mightiest of them all was the concert given at Exeter Hall on the 11th March, 1856, by M. and Madame Goldschmidt, which realised a sum approaching £2,000.*

The largest portion of the amount came directly—through none of these channels. I have never had the curiosity to count the number of subscribers; there were probably more than 80,000, counting those in the local lists, those enumerated in the army and navy lists, and the books of small subscribers. Twelve long lists were published from time to time in the daily papers, and it surprised few to learn that the sum total of the whole exceeded £48,000, approaching very nearly to that I

including £1,300 from Calcutta, £1,628 from Victoria, and £451 from New South Wales. Collections have also been made in churches and chapels; local committees were furnished with collecting-books, which have been returned with remittances amounting to £2,000, contributed chiefly by subscribers of very small sums, evincing that a deep and earnest feeling of 'appreciating gratitude' towards Miss Nightingale was as strongly felt by the working classes as by the higher orders."

* The expenses were heavy, but the gross receipts of the concert were paid into the fund—without any deduction whatever. The Committee protested against such liberality: but vainly strove to persuade M. and Madame Goldschmidt to deduct the large sum they had themselves to pay. Mr. Mitchell, the agent for "getting up" the concert, came, at their request, before the Committee and stated that he was positively forbidden to hold back a single shilling to pay the costs. The whole of the receipts of the concert were paid into the fund. The course they adopted (though by no means a solitary instance of their liberality) needs no comment from me. M. Goldschmidt did—yet even that was not managed without difficulty—accept a marble bust of the Queen, executed by Joseph Durham: but its cost was not suffered to come out of the fund. It was the result of a private subscription.

was sanguine enough to hope for, and indeed expect, when I had my first interview with Sidney Herbert. It would have been full that sum, but that, at the earnest entreaty of Miss Nightingale, the movement was suddenly brought to a close. Her reason for that (and the acquiescence of the Committee) was this: the frightful inundations in France in the year 1857 had excited deep and sad interest in this country, and to relieve the sufferers there was a strong movement in England—several cities and towns arranging meetings with that view. It was to aid this movement that Miss Nightingale desired a stop might be put to the continuation of the Nightingale Fund, and it was stopped accordingly. The Nightingale Fund is now working out much of what it was desired to do. In the seven palaces that grace the southern bank of the Thames, in full view of the Houses of Parliament, nurses are trained for the great work of mercy.

A committee still labours, the chairman being the honoured gentleman Sir Harry Verney, whose estimable lady (her works hold high rank in literature, and have been dictated by the guiding influence of love and mercy) is the sister of Florence Nightingale.

She, who is not long past the prime of life, directs the movement, controls the progress, and by the exercise of wise experience carries out the project originated and, in a degree, perfected, in 1855. God grant to her health and strength to continue the work she commenced twenty-eight years ago in the hospitals at Scutari and in the Crimea!

I have some of the many works published by Miss Nightingale—"Notes on Hospitals," "Notes on Nurs-

ing," &c., &c. They have added to the debt due to her on the part of all who are interested in the great cause of humanity.*

This subject has occupied, perhaps, too much space in my Recollections, but no history of the movement has hitherto appeared, and certainly none could appear except from me. I have, therefore, thought my memory might be a contribution to an interesting history; and I hope I need not apologize for its length. There is, however, one matter I think I am bound not to omit. I did not visit the Committee-room for the last time without receiving a very strong testimony to my services on the part of the Committee, expressed not only in words, but in writing, the spokesman being the chairman of the Financial Committee, Lord Monteagle. That of Mr. Sidney Herbert I received previously and subsequently. I think it is my right to add that when that most estimable gentleman died I lost a friend.

* I copy a passage from the latest report of the Nightingale Fund, 1881:—

"Good women are wanted for this work, but especially gentlewomen of sound health, firm purpose, cultivated minds; practical; apt to learn, willing to obey, to render to Cæsar his dues; when the time comes, able to organize and rule with an eye to the good of the cause, in sympathy with those over them as well as those under them—large-minded, large-hearted.

"We want gentlewomen who are conscious that they were sent into the world for something more than the pursuit of their own gratification, and who feel life is not worth living unless they strive to make the world something better for their having lived in it."

RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

FATHER MATHEW* was a Franciscan friar; he has been justly called "the Apostle of Temperance," and may be as truly termed its "Martyr." †

I loved the good man and I honour his memory.

Before I trace his career and convey an idea of the work he did, I desire to say something concerning Ireland, as I knew it so far back as 1816. My family was then located in Cork; and my father, Colonel Hall, was working copper mines (which indeed he discovered as well as worked) in the parish of Scull, about eight miles west of Skibbereen, and forty from "the beautiful city." [I shall have to return to this part of my theme.]

I believe I can make the subject interesting; those who are enabled from actual knowledge to do so, are daily becoming fewer and fewer. Very few indeed even now

* Few great men have been more fortunate than was Father Mathew in a biographer. His life, by John Francis Maguire, M.P. for Cork, who died a comparatively young man, is a work of rare excellence—charitable, discriminating, just; the author was a zealous Roman Catholic, but no trace of bigotry or intolerance is shown in his book. It is as if the spirit of the good priest had inspired the writer of his Life: considerate charity is its pervading principle.

† Father Mathew was a Capuchin. The Capuchins are a branch of the Franciscan order, and are so called from a little hood (*capucino*) they wear.

remain of the contemporaries of Father Mathew who were also his friends.

The priests of the early part of the century were liberal gentlemen; graduating, as most of them did, at St. Omer, prior to the French Revolution, they had mixed with enlightened *savants;* their profession inferred no exclusion from society in France; their habits and conversation were generally refined: they were, in a word, though for the most part peasant-born, educated gentlemen; shamefully and wickedly oppressed, even then, by the bad relics of the Penal Laws, which many of them lived to see erased from the Statute Books. They differed essentially from the present race of priests who are trained at Maynooth—the Roman Catholic University founded in 1795, and, for many years, aided by an annual grant from the Consolidated Fund.

It was an unhappy event when it was so founded—under the erroneous idea that Republican principles were propagated and "endowed" by intercourse with France. The young men, generally of low grade, and seldom of gentle birth, are nourished there in bigotry and intolerance—in intense hatred of Protestantism and England.* Consequently the priest of the parish is rarely met at tables of the gentry; not often, in truth, at the tables of Roman Catholic gentry: and is condemned to associate almost solely with his own caste. That this is to be deplored, none will doubt: it helps very largely to prevent the assimilation that cannot fail to benefit both castes, without which, indeed, amicable intercourse be-

* Theobald Mathew was educated at Maynooth—partly, that is to say, for he left the college in 1808. He had given a convivial party in his rooms: an unpardonable offence, and he resigned to avoid expulsion.

tween the two races is impossible. That it was not always so is certain. When the Roman Catholics of Ireland were really oppressed, excluded from civil rights, and treated rather as conquered slaves than a free people (as I shall elsewhere show), the priests were far less hostile to Protestants and Englishmen than they have been since the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829.

They were a pleasant, almost a "jolly," class—the priests of the old *régime*. Drunkenness was considered an institution; whisky was the "friend of the clergy," and the priest generally its patron: but so were, far too often, the clergymen of the Established—and then dominant—Church.

I might depict several such examples of the order. The parish of Ballydehob, for example, was gifted with one—Father O'Shea—who, I have no doubt, did his duty by his flock; but he loved "the drop" as well as they did; when he breakfasted with us, it was a thing well understood that the whisky bottle had a place beside the teapot.

On one occasion we lost a saddle. The fact was forthwith communicated to Father O'Shea. "I'll get back the saddle," he said, addressing my brother and me; "come to mass next Sunday, and I'll show ye how I'll get it." So to mass we went; when service was ended the priest addressed his congregation thus: "Boys, I've something to say to ye before ye go. There's a good man that's doing ye a dale of service, one Colonel Hall—ye know him. Well, he's lost a saddle; let it be at his door before he wakes to-morrow morning, or if it isn't, *the man that stole that saddle, before this day*

week, will be riding upon that same saddle through hell!" With the dawn of the morning the saddle was on the doorstep. The power of the priest in those days was much more absolute than it is at present. He did things then he would not now dare to do. I have seen the little weak *padre* of Ballydehob stand at the door of a shebeen shop, order out a lot of stalwart fellows who were making "bastes" of themselves inside, and horse-whip each, as he made a rush from the door into the roadway.*

Of at least as original a character was Father Mat Horgan, of Blarney. Many writers have had something to say concerning the good priest. He was a learned Irish scholar; a somewhat wild poem of his, in Irish, on the subject of "Round Towers," graces Mrs. Hall's album. Father Mat was proud of intercourse with conspicuous literary men and women, and so hospitable that he never saw an end to giving. During our visit to Cork in 1840, he arranged for us a reception in the "Groves of Blarney." After we had seen "the sweet purling brooks," the "statues gracing that noble place in," and "the stone that no one misses," we were entertained at supper. The good priest never had a shilling to spend: so his custom was, when strangers were his expected

* At a recent Tipperary election, the magistrate had given strict orders to the police not to allow a voter to pass a barrier "wid his stick in his fist." Much indignation was expressed; the men wanted to vote, but would not give up the shillalah. What was to be done? After a delay and debate, the priest was seen riding towards the hustings, so the grievance was told to him by a hundred voices. His reverence was puzzled. To advise the abandonment of their weapons was to insure unpopularity; yet it was dangerous to counsel his flock to defy the Law. After a reflective pause, he said, "Well, boys; don't give up your sticks, keep them by all manner o' manes; *but use them paceably*," and rode on, out of sight.

guests, to levy contributions on his neighbours. Whether on this occasion a spur was put on the heel of his intent, or our name was familiar, as "much associate" with Cork, I cannot say, but the call was entirely successful. On the supper-table were placed seven boiled legs of mutton, with a vast accumulation of *et cæteras*, and the whisky punch was ladled out of a milk-churn. A barn had been fitted up with tables to contain a hundred guests: the seats were full; the walls were hung with evergreens and flowers, and of course the "CEAD MILLE FEALTHA" ("a hundred thousand welcomes") stretched from one end to the other of the feasting-hall. Well, it is a pleasant memory, that which is linked with the genial, generous priest of Blarney, kindly Father Mat.

Mrs. Hall preserved a memory of another priest, whom she regarded, in her childhood, with respect and affection—good Father Murphy, of her native Bannow, in Wexford County. He was a rebel, perhaps—I will not quite say; and so he ought to have been at the close of the last century;* but in his parish, during the Rebellion, not a single drop of Protestant blood was shed, although it was not far from Ross on the one side, and Vinegar Hill on the other, and but a few miles distant from the barn of Scullabogue.

* It is said that Sir John Moore—he of Corunna—witnessing the oppression to which the Irish were subjected, exclaimed, "If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel!" It may not be forgotten that all the influential leaders in 1798 were Protestants, from Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the brothers Sheares in Dublin to the three unhappy gentlemen who died on the scaffold at Wexford; so it was with the brothers Emmet in 1805; so it was with those of 1848—O'Brien, Mitchell, and Martin were Protestants—and so it is to-day. The present "chief," who has a large "following," is a Protestant. It is undeniable—indeed it has never been denied—that with the burning at Scullabogue and the butcheries on the bridge at Wexford, the Protestants found it was to be a war not for Liberty but for, so-called, Religion.

I have said, the ostensible object in founding Maynooth College—on the part of those who acquired and those who accorded the privilege, for as such it was received and acknowledged—was to avert by home-education the evils likely to arise to Great Britain from committing the charge of instructing teachers of a large number of British subjects, to foreign enemies of the State. Thus, on the one side, ancient prejudices were abandoned, apprehensions were lulled, suspicion was relinquished, and public money to advance the project was granted. As a set-off against these sacrifices it was expected, and very reasonably, that the Roman Catholic clergymen, placed beyond the reach of influence prejudicial to the Kingdom, and grateful for that which, if it was a right, was also a boon (for there was power to withhold, and none to obtain it), would become with their flocks more attached to British government, more eager to advance British interests, and more entirely and emphatically of the British people.

This most desirable object has not been achieved. On the contrary, the race of young men who leave Maynooth to discharge their parochial duties throughout Ireland are more hostile to the British Government than were the priests of the old school, who received their education in France, Italy, and Spain. Before the Union, and, indeed, for some years after it, the parish priest was generally a well-informed, and frequently an accomplished gentleman; abroad he had enjoyed opportunities of cultivating intellectual and refined society, from which at home he would have been excluded; abroad, his humble birth and paucity of means had been no barriers

against his introduction among classes which, at home, would have rejected him; abroad, instead of his observations and experiences being limited to grades either on a par with or below him, his position and purpose elevated him to higher ranks, in whose habit of thinking and acting he, therefore, gradually and naturally, partook; and on his return to discharge his sacred duties in his own country he almost invariably brought with him a knowledge of the world, some acquaintance with all "universal" topics, a polished demeanour, a relish for "good society," an improved taste, and an appreciation of the refinements and delicacies of life. The natural consequence followed: he was often the friend, and usually the associate, of his Protestant neighbours, at whose houses it was a very common occurrence to place a knife and fork every day for the priest. I have personally known many such as I describe—benevolent, courteous, and charitable gentlemen whose society was an acquisition, whose counsel was frequently useful, and whose efforts were constantly exerted to maintain, for the advantage of both, the relations between the landlord and the tenant. The Maynooth priest is of another stamp. Generally, I may, perhaps, say almost invariably, he is of very humble birth and connections; his school fees and college expenses are liquidated by contributions among his relatives; being at his outset utterly ignorant of society of a better order than his native village supplied, and having, as matter of course, contracted the habits of those among whom his boyhood was passed, reading not to enlarge his mind, but to confirm his narrow views of mankind, he enters the college, where

he mixes exclusively with persons under precisely similar circumstances. Here, it is not unreasonable to believe, all that is objectionable in his previous habits and education is strengthened rather than removed. His intercourse with his fellow men is limited entirely to residents within the walls of his college; his studies extend no farther than to the books authorised by his Church; and during the annual recess (if, indeed, he avail himself of it) he returns to the locality from which he came, having seen no more of the great world, and the vast varieties of character that people it, than he had encountered between his native village and the College gates. The evil working of such a system must be obvious to all. Its effect is inevitably to contract the mind, to impede the current of human sympathy, to chill the sources of charity, to stimulate intolerance, to nourish ignorance and self-sufficiency, and to confirm, if not to produce, bigotry. That there are many honourable exceptions to this rule is certain, but it holds good far too extensively, and would apply with equal strength to the members of any other religion—so educated. Under such circumstances, then, the student is sent from his college to his parish; his profession has placed him in the station of a gentleman, but he is seldom able to advance any other claim to the distinction; and this is too generally considered an insufficient one by his Protestant neighbours, and even by the more aristocratic members of his own flock. No opportunities have been afforded him of cultivating the thoughts and habits essential to obtain a place in general society; his education has added to, rather than lessened, his disqualifica-

tions. It follows, as matter of course, that his sympathies, as well as his interests, are all with the lower classes, and he labours to mould them to his own views and for his own purposes. He is employed, wherever and whenever occasion offers, or is found, in describing the policy of England towards Ireland as cruel, exacting, and oppressive, as being in the nineteenth, precisely the same as it was in the seventeenth, century. The Protestant and the oppressor, the Englishman and the enemy of Ireland are, according to his interpretation, synonymous terms; and thus he succeeds in keeping alive that system of agitation which, like the perpetual motion of a whirlpool, permits nothing to settle within reach of its influence. The assumption of a moderate and generous tone regarding Ireland is treated as a heinous offence, and excites more bitterness and hostility than do the most ultra and intolerant principles; for unless moderation and generosity are made to appear "hypocrisy" the trade of the agitator would fail. The attempt to steer a middle course between parties too frequently engenders hatred, and is met by abuse.

It is at least a question whether the impaired or abrogated power of the priests to survey the habits and direct the opinions and rule the conduct of their flocks is a boon or an evil to the country. For myself, I deem it the latter, as regards men as well as women. The subject is too large to be entered upon here. I was present when a little girl was examined in court by a judge to test whether he might accept the evidence, on

oath, of one so young. "Little girl," he said, "do you know where you'll go to if you tell a lie?" The child hesitated for a moment and then answered, "Troth, yer honour, I'll go to Father Mollowney!" It would not be difficult to fill a score of pages with comments on that text!

THE PENAL LAWS.—In treating of the Irish priesthood, and the hostile attitude the majority of the Roman Catholic clergy have, of late years, assumed, as regards England and British rule, it is a natural sequence to consider the Penal Laws by which they were so long oppressed and so far as possible degraded. I may not have so good an opportunity of doing so as I find presented to me here. My object, however, is to show that not a shred of them remained, as an oppressor, after the middle of the nineteenth century. The Roman Catholic priest is as thoroughly his own master as the clergyman of the Established Church: "Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," are sins that cannot now be forgiven in a minister of Christ.

That it was otherwise in the past will be clear to those who read the chapter thus headed—THE PENAL LAWS, bearing in mind, however, that when the Roman Catholics were the victims of a wicked as well as impolitic system of oppression, so were the Protestant dissenters—notably, so were the Jews. Persecution for righteousness' sake was the universal curse of the ages gone.

To comment on the persecution to which the Scottish Covenanters were subjected—less than two hundred years ago—would be uselessly to quote history.

My purpose is thus to contrast the condition of Ireland in the present with Ireland in the past!

The "past" being now, at its nearest date, fifty-four years removed from us!

Sixty years ago the Roman Catholics had really No PRESS: few of the common people could read; and those who could were rather alarmed by, than inclined to support, that Shibboleth of the Constitution. At the time of the Union—1800—there were seven newspapers published in Dublin, and in the whole Island besides only eighteen. The Press of the whole kingdom was fettered; but the fetters especially "wrung the withers" of those who wished evil to the dominant faith: and could not but think it the highest duty to stand by the oppressed against the oppressor.

Sixty years ago, half-a-dozen newspapers represented the interests of the Roman Catholic part of the population, which, in Ireland, was then seven times greater than the Protestant.

Sixty years ago, there were many living who had been sufferers from the effects of the Penal Laws; and not a few who had been, in 1798, participators in the Rebellion.

The Penal Laws, although some of the worst of the infamous enactments had been abrogated, were still operative against every class and order of the Roman Catholic community. It is requisite that I, to some

extent, review them as reasons for, and certainly causes of, most of the calamities under which Ireland, and consequently England, has long suffered and is still suffering.

My purpose is to show that if then there were excuses to God and to man for disaffection, for hatred of England —in a word for Rebellion—there are no such excuses now.

The "boons" may have been accorded from fear, ungraciously given to be ungratefully received; but the old laws exist only in tradition, in memory, and in the Statute Books of which they had been foul blots for centuries.

I proceed to show how much reason Ireland has, and has long had, to rest and be thankful; to acknowledge that if past laws were iniquitous and unbearable, existing laws are not only tolerant but equitable; and that Justice to Ireland, whether free or forced, has been the policy of repentant England since almost the commencement of the nineteenth century; a brief survey will suffice. I need not go so far back as the time when "intermarriage with the Irish or fostering with the Irish was made treason;" when priests were hanged who were caught teaching the Word of God as their conscience bade them teach it; when no Papist could ride a horse, the worth of which was more than five pounds;* when any Papist might have been deprived of his estate by any one of his sons who became an "apostate;" not even so far back as

* By the 7th William III. Roman Catholics were disabled from having or keeping a horse exceeding five pounds in value. There was and probably is now to be seen in the ruins of Kilcrea Abbey the grave of an O'Leary. He had won in a race a wager of a Mr. Morris, who tendered him that sum on the racecourse with the insulting words, "Papist, five pounds for your horse."

the time when no Papist could command a regiment or a ship, when (I borrow a passage from the Life of Philpot, Bishop of Exeter) "Popish priests who should officiate in Romish churches or chapels were declared guilty of felony, if foreigners, and high treason if natives.* Rewards were payable on discovery of Popish clergy: £50 for discovery of a bishop; £20 for a priest, and £10 for a Popish usher. No Protestant was allowed to marry a Papist. No Papist could purchase land, or take a lease for more than thirty-one years." No Papist could be in a line of entail; but the estate was to pass on to the next Protestant relation. No Papist could hold any office, civil or military, or dwell in certain specified towns, or vote at elections. The story is well known—that of a placard posted on the gates of Bandon containing this distich:

> "Enter here Jew, Turk, or Atheist,
> Anybody but a Papist."

Under which is said to have been written:

> "Whoever wrote this, wrote it well,
> The same is written on the gates of Hell!"

The juries were to be exclusively Protestant. Papists in towns were to provide Protestant watchmen, and

* It was said by one of the speakers at a meeting of the Catholic Temperance League in 1879, that "twenty years ago, the effigy of a cardinal would have been burnt on Tower Hill, where Cardinal Manning had addressed 20,000 Irish Catholics in the open air." He might have added that sixty years ago the Cardinal, if he had appeared there in his robes (which he would not have dared to do), would have risked more than a chance of being burnt—not in effigy, but in the body; at least, an infuriated anti-papist mob would, of a surety, have torn into shreds his red stockings and red hat, and have left their victim to be carried to the nearest hospital. The very young among us can remember how the outer semblance of such a man fed a bonfire on the "glorious" fifth of November, when the word "Remember, remember" was hooted by a mob that construed religion into a mandate to persecute.

were incapacitated from voting at vestries. They were also incapable of being called to the bar; and barristers or solicitors marrying Papists were considered Papists, and were liable to all the consequent penalties. Any priest found guilty of celebrating a marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic was to be hanged.

So late as 1782, Catholics were forbidden to carry arms. The famous volunteers of that remarkable era, numbering 130,000, were exclusively Protestants, or at all events so "in theory," although Catholic money sustained that body and gave it strength; while the officers, including Lord Charlemont, Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Leinster, and Henry Grattan, were, of course, all Protestants, a Bishop (the Bishop of Derry) being among the most prominent of their armed leaders.

Sixty years ago the "disqualifications" were little less numerous and heavy than they had been early in the eighteenth century. The penal laws had been planted deeply in the soil; the roots were not extracted; the fruit they still bore was yet bitter to the taste and poisonous to the mind and soul. To some of such as remained, it will be necessary for my purpose to refer in order that I may describe Ireland as I knew it in 1816, and contrast it with Ireland as it is in 1882.

Sixty years ago, a Roman Catholic could not be an exciseman or a parish constable, or possess any office that inferred responsibility and trust; every avenue to distinction was closed against him; he could practise at the bar (having kept certain terms in England), but he could not be a king's counsel or a serjeant-at-law,

much less sit on the bench as a judge. We have lived to see eight of the twelve judges Roman Catholics, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas, Roman Catholics, and a Roman Catholic the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Nay, a Roman Catholic and an Irishman has been one of the English judges: nay, four other Roman Catholics have had, or have, seats on the English Bench: and one of those who now holds that high office is a nephew of the Rev. Theobald Mathew!

Only so recently as 1778 did the Penal Laws begin to be relaxed; they were modified in 1782 (when the threats of Irish volunteers were heard at St. James's), and still further when in 1793 the tocsin of the French Revolution was heard—terrifying all humanity.

The corporations of Ireland were entirely and exclusively Protestant. Less than fifty years ago there was not a single Roman Catholic in any, or but in *one*, the exception to the rule—Mr. Bryan, of Kilkenny, was a Catholic. Be it for good or evil, it is not for me to say: four-fifths of the corporate bodies are Catholics, while the mayors of the cities and towns are in like proportion.

In Cork there were, on the Grand Parade (the principal street of the city), two club-houses that, on the 1st July, to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne, were illuminated from attic to cellar. Troops of boys were letting off squibs and crackers; and, decked for the nonce with orange flowers and orange ribbons, was a dilapidated equestrian statue, said to be that of King William the Third, of "glorious and immortal memory, who saved us from slavery, popery, and wooden shoes," but really

that of the second Charles, round which was gathered a turbulent assembly, "drunk and disorderly," to remind the nine-tenths of their fellow-citizens that they were slaves. On the evening of that day no respectable Roman Catholic was seen in the street; but on its outskirts threats and curses were very audible.

"A hundred years ago" (I borrow from Lord O'Hagan) "the Irish Catholic was worse than a serf in his own land. In his person all human rights were trampled down, all human feelings outraged. He was denied the common privilege of self-defence: he was incapable of holding property like other men; he was forbidden to instruct his own children; and a wicked and immoral law tempted his brothers to defraud him, and robbed him that it might reward the apostacy of his ungrateful son. Since time began a system more atrocious was never devised to crush the human conscience."

The "system" was characterized by Edmund Burke.

"It was a system of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

It must not be forgotten that Irish Protestants were in the perilous position of a small minority surrounded by a vast majority, hostile by blood, hereditary hatreds, and religion; England regarded Ireland as a conquered country, always in a state of inchoate rebellion, to be governed and kept down by an arm of borrowed strength, that ever carried the sword without the scabbard.*

* "It is conveniently forgotten by Catholic declaimers against the iniquity of the penal laws that in Catholic countries the laws against Protestants were more severe than any code which either England or any other Protestant country has enforced against Catholics. In Spain and Italy there was no liberty of religion; in France it had been withdrawn by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The existence in those countries of Protestant communities was held inconsistent with the safety of the State. Nonconformists were imprisoned, exiled, deprived of their estates, or put to death. Neither schools nor churches were allowed

In fact, to keep in subjection those who were enemies was the universal law of all countries—has been so in all ages. To persecute "for the love of God" was a religion in old times; yet not so long ago, but that men comparatively young can recall the dismal truth. England set the glorious example of toleration: the Catholics were relieved first, the Protestant Dissenters next, the Jews last; the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts quickly followed Roman Catholic emancipation, and while down to a recent period no British-born Jew could hold land or sit in Parliament, nor hold any state or corporate office, we have seen a Jew the Master of the Rolls in England. Not long ago, a Jew was Lord Mayor of London. Many Jews are representatives of the British people in the House of Commons, sharing with the Dissenters and Roman Catholics equal rights with members of the Church as by law established.

I conclude this branch of my subject by quoting a passage from a speech of Sir Robert Peel, addressing the House after the passing of the Relief Bill:

"God grant that the moral storm may be appeased; that the turbid waters of strife may be settled and composed; and that, after having found their just level, they may be mingled with equal flow in one clear and com-

to them to teach their creeds in; not so much as six feet of ground in which their bodies might rest when dead, if they died out of communion with "the Church." Catholic writers express neither regret nor astonishment at these severities, and reserve their outcries for occasions when they are themselves the victims of their own principles. They consider that they are right and that Protestants are wrong; that, in consequence, when Protestants persecute Catholics it is an act of wickedness, when Catholics persecute Protestants it is an act of lawful authority."—FROUDE.

mon stream. But if these expectations were to be disappointed; if unhappily, civil strife and contention shall survive the restoration of political privilege; if there really be something inherent in the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion which disdains equality, and will be contented with nothing but ascendancy; still am I contented to run the hazard of the change. The contest, if it be inevitable, will be fought with other objects and with other arms.

"The struggle will then be, not for the abolition of civil distinctions, but for the predominance of an intolerant religion."

Let me describe the Roman Catholic CHAPELS sixty years ago—Churches they were never called; they had the same title as the houses of the Methodists and other Dissenters; it was another sign of servitude; "mass-houses" they were often termed, in order to make more manifest their degradation. The chapel was usually a long, narrow, whitewashed building, that did little more than afford shelter from the weather; all external signs of grace were illegal, and as it was illegal to ring a bell to call a congregation to prayer, there were, of course, no belfries. The priest wore no ecclesiastical habit; he did not dare to celebrate the rites of burial at the grave of any member of his flock.

There was no way of building or keeping in repair a Roman Catholic chapel except by the free contributions of poor congregations—ninety-nine out of every hundred not having a shilling to give. Consequently a chapel

was rarely finished all at once—it had to be completed bit by bit; and I am within the mark in stating that often the painting and plastering within—such as it was—continued for a quarter of a century in the condition in which it was when the roof was placed over the building, all efforts of the priest to finish it being unavailable, his parish being really unable to do the work.

No Roman Catholic clergyman was officially attached to any gaol; he was not permitted to enter one to teach. Not that only: if he desired to administer the rites of his religion to a dying prisoner, it had to be done in secret and by stealth.*

The interior of the chapel, which resembled a big barn, was as naked as the exterior. The walls were occasionally whitewashed, the flooring was usually of clay, there was rarely a communion service, and the altar was covered with soiled altar-cloths. Often there were broken window panes in the windows, which were seldom or never cleaned; a few chairs and stools were scattered here and there; an atmosphere of gloom and a scent of mildew prevailed invariably.

The priest's house differed little from the cabin, except that it was slated and had two floors.† The priest's "board" was on a par with his lodging; it was always

* So late as 1811 the Commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, issued an order that "no Roman Catholic soldier shall be punished for not attending divine service of the Church of England."

† So it was in Scotland little more than a century ago. Take the evidence of Sir Walter Scott:—"Of the clergyman's house we need only say that it formed no exception to the general rule by which the landed proprietors of Scotland seemed to proceed in lodging the clergy, not only in the cheapest, but in the ugliest and most inconvenient house which the genius of masonry could contrive. . . . . To complete the picture, the clergyman being a bachelor the pigs had unmolested admission to the garden and courtyard."

meagre fare, eked out sometimes by eggs, a spring chicken, or a ham—gifts from some thoughtful farmer. His dues were necessities, exacted often with indecent rigour, and sometimes with threats, not of punishment here (such a threat would have been a mockery), but of condemnation hereafter. In short, his condition was but a remove from sordid poverty, of which he was perpetually reminded by the cozy and comfortable Rectory close at hand, where the clergyman lived in comparative luxury on an income derived from the flock of the priest.*

Payment of tithes, the most intolerable of all burdens, was long ago abolished. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance and value of that relief. Much less than sixty years ago, it seemed to paralyze the whole body politic; it was an unbearable malady, great in reality, but greater as a badge of serfdom. The evils to which it led are sufficiently notorious. Those who are not old can recall them to memory. It will suffice to make a note of this change, as I proceed. Many of my readers will recollect the tithe-proctors, men who, under the sanction of an evil law—foul residue of the Penal Laws—often

* These notes of an address of a priest to his flock after service were taken down by a friend of mine and sent to me. Its "like" is to be found in many Irish writers. "Paddy Mullins, keep out of the way of the broken pane in the window, that you've been promising to mend this year back—the rain will go through ye, and may be reach your heart; and you, Tim Mullowney, a pretty stonemason ye are: take care how you cross the chapel doorstep: you might trip and be—well, I won't say where; but 'twould take a hape of prayers to get ye out. Thank *you*, James Deasy, for the bit you didn't send me of the pig you killed last Wednesday; and you, Molly Devereux—and it's a lone widdy ye are—for the goose egg you didn't bring me. Jerry Mahon, have you threshed the trifle of oats in the two acre? The grey mare of your clergy wants to know particularly."

took from the poor man all he had, to pay a clergyman he contemned, and sustain a Church for which he had hereditary abhorrence. I have seen the whole of a cotter's substance "canted" to pay a "debt" that was originally but a few shillings—swelled by "costs" into pounds. I once paid half-a-crown to redeem the household gods of a family; they consisted of a table, two broken chairs, a "kish," and a mattress: but they were their all. That grievance, in form and in substance, was swept away long ago. [There are many, neither Irish nor Roman Catholic, who thank God that it is so.]

The tithe-proctor was then a member of a "profession"—the perpetual leader of a forlorn hope, always in daily fear of a violent death. Tithes were to the Irish landlord or farmer—such as were Roman Catholics, that is to say—naturally the most obnoxious of all taxes. They took from him, to sustain the dominant and hated Church, and often the over-rich clergyman, the money that, in his view, of right belonged to the poor, ill-clad, and ill-fed priest of his parish, who was to him "all in all" in this world and the next.

If to pay tithes to aid a religion from which there is a conscientious dissent was odious in England, what must it have been in Ireland, where it was a perpetual reminder of a state of bondage, and generally a galling token of oppression—pressure of the chain over the sore it had made. Not unfrequently in a parish there were three Protestants and three hundred Roman Catholics to pay the tax, and often a Living in Ireland meant a large income for doing nothing.

There were abundant cases of levying for tithes in

amount so small as a shilling; there was often nothing to seize in the cabin worth a shilling—except the potatoes in the ground.* The impost was, indeed, regarded universally as a loathsome badge of servitude: and it was actually so. When goods were seized, cattle more especially, no one dared to buy them. Plenty of cases are recorded where, not daring to offer goods, seized in the locality, they were taken forty miles away for sale. Even then there would be no bidders; a sale by public auction was imperative; but woe to the man who bought! A troop of cavalry sometimes protected the auctioneer: they saved him from death, but could not

* I was a witness to the scene pictured in this note—a seizure for tithes: it is, however, thus recorded by Mrs. S. C. Hall, to whom I related it many years after it occurred. But it is by no means to be regarded as fiction. It is as accurately delineated as it could have been if she had actually seen it—as I actually did in 1816.

"The home affections were tugging at the peasant's heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once-comfortable cottage that were dragged out previous to being carried away. He pointed to the potato-kish that was placed upon the table—the indispensable article into which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civilised parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the 'baby.' 'God bless you!' he exclaimed to the man—'God bless you, and don't take that; it's *nothing but a kish;* it's not worth half a farthing to ye; it's falling to pieces; but it's more to me—homeless and houseless as I am—*than thousands. It's nothing but a kish;* but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister *had not gone among the bright stars of heaven*, but were here to watch over him. *It's nothing but a kish;* yet many a time little Kathleen crowed, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy. *It's nothing but a kish;* yet many a day, *in the midst of my slavery*, have I and my wife, and five as beautiful children *as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom*, sat round it and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and whin I had my *six blessings* to look on, it's little I cared for *the slavery a poor Irishman* is born to. *It's nothing but a kish;* but it's been with me full and it's been with me empty, for many a long year. And it's used to me. It knows my throubles; for since the bed was sowld from under us for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the cowld earth? For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man; don't take the last dumb thing he cares for. *Sure it's nothing but a kish.*'"

force bidders. Often it was a mere choice of evils—to send the cow back to "Norah and the childre."

The business of the "process-server" was at all times one of exceeding danger, and those who pursued it were always reckless dare-devils, whose only recommendations were cunning and courage. I had much talk with one of them in Tipperary. He told me (and I believed him) that "he had been five times left for dead, and had had half a score of pistol-bullets taken out of his body." He added, "Even my own mother, on her death-bed, turned her face to the wall when I asked her for her blessing." I could quote numerous instances to show that the class was universally detested. The process-server ranked next to the "approver" in the loathing of the Irish people.

In 1830, before he commenced his mission of temperance, Father Mathew, in consequence of the scandals occurring in the churchyard of the Cork Cathedral, contrived to purchase the "Botanic Garden"—one of the few adornments of that city—and convert it into a Catholic burial-ground.* Thenceforward the dead of the two faiths were kept asunder; the Protestant clergy endured loss of fees, and the Catholic clergy were permitted to read and say what they pleased over a brother or sister departed.

It is needless to add that now, adjacent to every large

* I have myself read these lines on a tombstone in the churchyard of the Cork Cathedral—

"Here lies a branch of Desmond's race,
In Thomas Holland's burial-place."

town in Ireland, there are cemeteries, where the ashes of the two classes—do not mingle. In Dublin there is Harold's Cross Cemetery for the Protestants, and Glasnevin Cemetery for the Roman Catholics.

And now in all the cities and large towns of Ireland there are Roman Catholic cathedrals; the churches built of late years are examples of the best and most classic church architecture. A priest in his vestments is as common a sight as a lawyer in his wig and gown; a bishop is "my lord" on all occasions of public reception, and has not unfrequently been made to take precedence of the prelate of the State Church.

I am not called upon either to approve or condemn these changes; my duty is merely to show the marvellous alteration in the condition of the Catholic clergy and their churches within the last sixty years.

It is absolutely necessary to the due performance of my task that I should describe Ireland as it was when Father Mathew commenced his crusade against the vice that had so long degraded the country.

I have said a little on the subject in recalling "things that have been;" but I must enlarge upon it here.

Intoxication was the curse of all classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest. Whisky was plentiful enough and cheap enough, for there was hardly a townland without an illicit still. I have seen several of such stills in the mountains about Scull and Cape

Clear, and I might give vivid sketches of scenes I witnessed in connection with them.

I once passed the night in a miserable shanty—weather bound; about a score of men and women being there—all wretchedly drunk. I remember well what a pandemonium it was, and I recur to it with repugnance even now, although it is nearly seventy years ago.

I have a vivid recollection of that hovel. It was imperceptible from any distance, the roof being covered with sods of turf and heather, so skilfully arranged that they seemed parts of the mountain, while the smoke was carried through a tunnel that issued a long way off, and was scattered among a picturesque assemblage of rocks. It was well known to many, yet the gauger had no idea of the place, although well assured that a still was at work in the vicinity. I was coursing when I discovered it: the hare suddenly vanished, my greyhound followed it, and I followed the greyhound. The rain came down in torrents: I was loath to face the terrible storm, so I took shelter in the bothy. There was no one to be seen; the fire was out, the still not at work. One person, after awhile, arrived, then another and another. There was nothing for them to do, except to kill and bury me under a heap of mountain sods, or to let me into the secret and confide in my honour. That the distillers did, and with them I stayed all night (as did many other "guests"), until with morning the tempest abated. Of course I partook of the "potteen," which was handed round in egg-shells.

The cost of a private still was not over three pounds. Its seizure, therefore, involved no serious loss; but in

fact, not one in fifty was seized. Before the advent of Father Mathew, when "Parliament whisky" was dear, about a third of the whole of the whisky consumed was "potteen." I have seen a private still at the back of a waterfall, the smoke being carried away amongst the foam; and I once saw a still working in the stable of a gentleman of rank and fortune: he was brewing the hell-broth only for his own use. Frequently the gauger knew the whereabouts of a still, as well as the name of the distiller; there were substantial reasons why he should keep his eyes shut, independent of the danger, and the fact that he occasionally found a full tub at his hall door. It is certain that often a message reached a gang of "the boys" doing their work in the mountain —that they must clear out before daybreak.*

Drunkenness was a vice by no means limited to the humble or the middle classes. It was universal. No man of any grade was ashamed of it; on the contrary, an Irishman drunk was "an Irishman all in his glory." It was considered the rankest breach of hospitality to suffer a guest to leave a house sober; indeed it was a thing never thought of.† There are stories in abundance to

* I need not comment on the continual peril in which the gauger lived. In fact his life was never his own. It is an old story that of the priest who was confessing a dying "penitent." In conclusion the priest said, "Is there no one good thing ye ever did to place against such a heap of accumulated sins?" This was the man's answer, "Well, yer Riverence, I have one; I shot a gauger."

† Force was often applied when persuasion was unsuccessful. It is not a fable, the story that tells us of a "hospitable" host who placed a pistol by the side of his dessert-plate, and swore he would shoot the first of his guests who rose from his seat to seek the door of exit. That actually happened to my father when quartered as a young ensign in Limerick, and dining with a famous gentleman there. He escaped the penalty of drunkenness or death by watching his opportunity and leaping out of the window.

illustrate this miserable phase of character; those who want them may find them "in heaps," in volumes such as "Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs," and "Ireland sixty years ago," a most remarkable book written by my valued friend John Edward Walsh, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. It is published anonymously; a new edition has recently been issued, but deprived of its most important part, the preface.

Of course always at a dinner party, after the ladies left the table the regular drinking began. No lady expected to see her husband until he required help to enable him to ascend or descend the staircase. I once dined at a farmers' club dinner, at Rosscarberry. When the guests made their "tumblers," having put in the usual glass of whisky, the sugar, and the lemon, they proceeded to fill up from the kettle. Finding the mixture somewhat strong, they added more from the kettle; and then, being sure that it was of the proper strength, drank. The kettle contained—not hot water, but semi-boiled whisky. Never shall I forget the scene that followed not long afterwards, when every man of that party (excepting myself) issued forth a drunken beast. Some lay in the hedges and ditches about, to get a little sober; and for others, low-backed cars were improvised. They got home alive—probably to repeat the experiment on the next market-day.

Yes, all classes were drunkards—the high, the middle, and the low, had pride, rather than shame, in the quantity of whisky they could imbibe; and scorned to be able to walk straight, or to count with accuracy the number of decanters or bottles on the table. He was not drunk

who could do that. "Begin early," was the frequent advice of fathers to their boy-sons.

I knew a gentleman of this "good old class" who complained to me, in a tone of protest against Providence, that he could never take more than three bottles (of claret), while some of his neighbour-friends could take four. "But ye see," he added, "they began airly. I didn't come into my property till I was a middle-aged man." That gentleman had been a member of the Hell-fire Club—an infamous society that, late in the last century, inculcated debauchery as a duty, and taught and practised drunkenness as an institution. Yet it included the names of several renowned persons of high grades.

[Things were, perhaps, as bad in England, and certainly so in Scotland. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, told me he once dined on a Wednesday, at a farmers' dinner, in some town, the name of which I forget. There were two market-days, the other being Saturday. He left the party on the Wednesday, and going to market on Saturday, found the drinkers still at table, having, in fact, never left it, or but for a few minutes at a time.]

Wakes and funerals were shocking scenes of drunken debauchery, lasting through three or four nights and days of wasteful and wicked extravagance, out of which came a year's penance of semi-starvation. It was by no means uncommon for the guests to drink from the death-hour to the burial. I have frequently seen a band of

fifty men in a graveyard, every one of whom was more or less drunk; and I have seen a corpse surrounded by the orgies of old superstition, but apparently not more lifeless than the "friends" and "hired weepers" who were lying in all possible attitudes on the floor beside it.*

Perhaps the most fertile sources of the eloquence of Irish pathos are to be found in the "keens" or death-songs—which used in former times to characterize every Irish funeral: they are now far less frequent if not altogether gone; but "the Books" preserve a vast number of compositions—perfectly unstudied—which no educated poet ever surpassed in delicacy and force.

I have heard the keen often, and been strongly touched by it always: heard it upon the slopes of bleak and barren mountains, heard it in the depths of fertile valleys, by the sides of running streams, brawling rivers, and the wild sea-shore; and memories of pathetic death chaunts, although dreary and monotonous in sound,

* I remember this case: I knew it at the time it occurred. Two young officers (*tourists*) were discoursing across a car, and lamenting that they were returning to England, without having seen what they so much wished to see—an Irish wake. The driver listened, turned to his fare, and said, "It will be asy for ye to do that, gintlemen; sure, there's a brother-in-law o' mine lying dead *on the mountain up there*—and *they'll wake him to-night.*" Of course an arrangement was made—to be present at the ceremony. When evening came, their driver conveyed them to the spot, of course with a liberal supply of whisky and tobacco; and they did witness an Irish wake: the body laid out on the bed; many of the neighbours about; the women melodiously chanting the praises of the dead "boy." All was going on right well, until one of the guests thought he saw the muscles of the "deceased" move: he took his lighted cigar between his fingers, and thrust it up the nostril of the corpse. There was an awful screech; up sprang the corpse in the death clothes, and rushed through the throng of mourners, followed by the officers with their drawn swords—indignant at the fraud. There was a general helter-skelter: when they returned to the cabin they found it empty, and had a midnight walk to their hotel.

and in a language I did not understand, are among those that have left the strongest impressions upon my mind in association with my remembrances of Ireland.

It was not among the upper and middle classes that Father Mathew did his work. Reform gradually spread *upwards:* the example of the humble guided the proud, and it is among the most marvellous of modern miracles that the wine and whisky drinkers of the "better" classes were led to reason and reflect, and ultimately were converted, by what they saw as the effects of Total Abstinence among their poorer neighbours and dependants. Let there be no mistake in this: I know it is so. No doubt other influences were at work, and very largely contributed to induce temperance among those who were out of Father Mathew's reach; but it was not till 1840 that temperance was considered respectable and drunkenness degrading; and that was after the good priest had carried conviction to the lower classes.

With the upper class the reformation has endured; a gentleman is now never seen intoxicated in a drawing-room. If he were so, so far from his host exulting in his degradation, he would never be a guest in that house again. I of course allude to society of which ladies form a part; for probably excess is by no means a stranger at clubs and what are called "gentlemen's parties."

And I maintain—speaking from actual knowledge and experience—that the change which a very short space of time wrought in the habits of the upper orders was as

surely the effect of Father Mathew's teaching and preaching, as it is certain that he converted millions of the lower classes from drunkenness to sobriety.

It is needless to say aught as regards the immorality of which drink was the direct and indirect promoter. Those who are aged can remember something of the after-dinner toasts and talk that garnished the "bottle" —when the ladies had left the table. It was but one of the outer signs of the depravity that was barely considered evil; the so-called "*social vice*" had its sustainer in the social glass, and usually the provocatives to the one were furnished by the other. As far as Ireland was concerned, that bane was limited to the upper classes, at least to a very large extent. I have borne some testimony, and rejoice at an occasion to do so again, to the purity of Irish peasant women. No doubt, some of it must be attributed to the dread of the priest who, in confession, must know all; but there is inherent, I will say instinctive, virtue in the class.

Among the most accursed of all the miseries thus induced were the Faction Fights. Few of my readers can have seen one. I have seen many: one where there was a death, and more than one where several of the "fighters" had broken heads and limbs. Indeed, it was common enough to witness what were facetiously called "wigs on the green"—the field covered with

men not able to move from the spots on which they had fallen. I have seen that of which many have read: a stout fellow, more than half drunk, rushing about a fair, beseeching some one "for God's sake" to tread upon the tail of the coat he was trailing behind him. In these fights women often took part, sometimes by carrying stones in a stocking, with which they belaboured the craniums of the foe—an O'Kelly or an O'Leary, as it might be.

I was visiting a magistrate in Kerry County when a stalwart fellow was brought in a prisoner, charged with nearly killing an old bald-headed man, whose head was a bloody mass. Being asked to swear information against the accused who had wounded him, the injured man was silent, and on being pressed absolutely refused. "What was it this fellow did to you?" asked the magistrate. "Nothing," was the answer. The magistrate turned to the culprit—"Are you not ashamed," he said, "to have half killed this old man, who will not even give information against you? Had you any ill-will to him?" "Oh! none at all, yer honour; I never saw him before to-day." "Then what made you do it?" "Well, I'll tell yer honour God's truth. Ye see, I came late into the fair; luck was agin me, for all the fighting was over; so, as I was strutting about, looking for some boy to cross a stick wid, I saw this poor man's bald head poked out of a slit of the tent that he might cool it; and it looked so inviting that, for the sowl o' me, I couldn't help hitting the blow."*

* A magistrate (Grogan Morgan) in Wexford County gave me a stick that had killed three men at a faction fight. Such sticks (usually blackthorn) were generally hardened in the chimney, being frequently larded with butter.

If whisky was always the foundation of faction fights, public-houses were the dens at which councils of war were held. Faction fights ceased soon after the mission of Father Mathew commenced; they died out into traditions. As one of the converts said, "At the last fair in Tralee there wasn't a stick lifted; but the Lawlers and the Cooleens met for the first time in the memory of man widout laving a dead boy to be carried home to the widdy's cabin."

It has been rightly said that of all the races that have ever existed, the Irish is the one that ought most carefully to avoid heating with stimulants an already too-mercurial temperament. To the Irish at home drink is a curse; to the Irish abroad drink is absolute ruin. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, the sober Irishman is sure of prosperity, while the drunken Irishman is always degraded; his lightness of heart, his natural and inherited vigour of constitution, his capacity for hard labour, all succumb before the pernicious wear and tear resulting from accursed alcohol; and he becomes an absolute fiend, ready to work any evil, with the miserable apology, "'Twas the drink that did it!"

Thus, at the time of which I write, drunkenness was the bane, and yet, in a measure, the boast of the Irishman. The gentry gave examples to the peasant, and the practice, if not sanctioned, was certainly not condemned, by the priests, who were the religious and, to a large extent, the

moral and social, guides of the people. When writers described and artists painted an Irishman, he was generally represented as the "better" for liquor; and when an Irishman was exhibited on the stage, it was considered indispensable that he should be more or less drunk. Poets aided to keep up the hideous delusion; the greatest of them all, who certainly was himself no drunkard, in some of the finest of the "Melodies," inculcates the duty of filling and emptying glasses, "wreathing the bowl with flowers of soul!" I remember a popular song that blessed the Pope and the Council of Trent, who

> "Laid fast upon mate and not upon drink."

Whisky was "mate, drink, and clothing," "my outside coat, I have no other," "mavourneen," "my joy and my jewel," "a cordial for all eyes that ache,"—in short, whisky was the panacea that cured all the evils flesh is heir to, and raised the soul from earth to heaven. The humbler "poets" were content to laud the "whisky that makes men frisky;" while the poets who ministered to the vice in the upper classes told us, in mellifluous verse, that

> "Wine, wine is the steed of Parnassus,
> That hurries a bard to the skies."

Yes, every offence was traceable to drink: secret societies in which murders were organised had their head-quarters in public-houses; those who were to do deeds of blood were so plied with whisky that they had just reason enough left to draw a trigger. In short, then—as, alas! now and always—drink was answerable

for nine-tenths of the crime that was perpetrated, while the public-house was—then as now—its prompter, upholder, and propagator: the den from which demons issued to do their wicked work.

In spite of the direct encouragements to drink, and the absence of efforts to promote abstinence, the terrible consequences of intoxication were often too obvious to escape notice, and efforts were occasionally made to diminish or suppress the evil. They were weak and ineffective. Sometimes good and holy workers in the cause would teach, as well as preach, temperance, and obtain promises of sobriety: remembered—for a season. Nay, it was no uncommon thing for a peasant to take an oath against whisky—which he presently broke; deluding himself, the while, with the idea that he kept it. Thus, I remember a man who swore he would only take one glass in a day, but he procured a glass that contained a pint. Another, who swore he would not drink a drop inside the house or outside of it, strode across the threshold, one leg in, the other out, and so drank himself drunk. While a third, who was pledged not to drink a drop while he stood on earth, climbed a tree with a full bottle in his breast pocket and brought it down empty.* As with the common class, so it was with the upper orders. I knew a gentleman who daily

* One of the funniest of Carleton's stories concerns Peter Connell, who set up a shebeen-house, and painted over the door—

"No credit given—barrin' a trifle to Pether's friends."

Friends he soon had galore. He soon found it wouldn't do. So he placed over his door another placard, intimating that—"divil a morsel o' credit would be given at all at all, barrin' them that axes it has the ready money."

consumed twenty tumblers of whisky-punch, and another who boasted that in a long life he had drunk whisky-punch sufficient to float a seventy-four gun ship. There was a somewhat remarkable trial in Dublin. An Insurance Company refused to pay the insurance on a life—the ground of refusal being that the life had been wilfully sacrificed to drink. The legatee put in the witness-box an old man, who swore that it had been his daily custom for many years to drink twenty-five tumblers of whisky-punch — and more! Being questioned as to how many more, he answered, "By the virtue of my oath, I never could count after five-and-twenty."

Ingenious devices were invented for compelling intoxication. I have seen some glasses (at one time in frequent use) made without a stem or base (like modern soda-water bottles), so that the drinker could not place such a goblet on the table, but was obliged to empty it before he laid it down; and I have been told that there were decanters constructed on the same principle—there being a hole at one end of the table in which the decanter was placed when it had to be filled. That was "circulating the wine freely."

I am drawing near the memorable 10th of April, 1838, when the Rev. Theobald Mathew commenced his crusade against whisky. The good priest was not young: his years approached fifty; and he might have been justified in lessening, rather than augmenting, the labour of his life. His reputation was high in the city

where he worked; his eloquence had found its way to the hearts of many of his hearers; his disposition led him to give all he had or could have; his order bound him to poverty. Benevolence was a part of his nature; he could not help loving those whose souls God had committed to his care. He was remarkably active and energetic, rising early and working no matter how long or late. His personal appearance was greatly in his favour: rather above than under the middle size, not stout, but not thin, the expression of his countenance indescribably sweet and winning; the features sharply cut and prominent (with the characteristics that are usually assumed to accompany good descent, "good blood," for his progenitors were of the aristocracy). He might have been called handsome; he had the beauty of person that can never exist without beauty of soul; the mind spoke in the face, and the language was that of gentleness, patience, endurance, tenderness, loving-kindness, and hopeful affection, such as I have never seen more forcibly marked in any one of the thousands of distinguished and good men on whom I have looked. There was in his manner no affectation of humility, yet there was true humility in the absence of all assumption and pretence.

This is my portrait of him in 1840: "No one can hesitate to believe he has been stimulated by pure benevolence to the work he has undertaken. The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious, his manner is most persuasive, simple, and easy without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical—"such as moves men." A man better fitted to obtain

influence over a people easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections, I have never known. No man has borne his honours more meekly, encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance, or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian."

I never saw any one of God's missionaries to mankind who seemed so eminently fitted for the work God gave him to do. And such by all accounts he was when, on that spring morning, the 10th of April, 1838, the good priest received a visit from a simple Quaker, a tradesman of the city, named William Martin.

The "Friend" had been for some time labouring to form a band of pledged Temperance members, and to expose the evils of the vice and the wisdom of its opposite. But to Cork does not belong the honour of originating the Temperance movement in Ireland: that must be accorded to the comparatively small town of New Ross in the county of Wexford; and the "Baptist" of the reformation was the Reverend George Carr, a clergyman of the Established Church—I may add, with justifiable gratification, a relative of Mrs. S. C. Hall. I remember conversing with him on the subject long before I had witnessed the work of Father Mathew; long, indeed, before the good priest began his labours; but I was then a sceptic as to the probability of any significant change, and, perhaps, rather a patron than an opponent of the "social glass." Mr. Carr's operations were very limited: he could not reach the great masses of the people who were of the opposite creed; although he did something, it was but a

little. William Martin was probably similarly circumstanced, when Providence suggested to him the wisdom of seeking an ally, or rather a leader, in the Franciscan friar, Theobald Mathew.*

The idea of total abstinence was at that time regarded as neither more nor less than a jest, and a social gathering without whisky as a chimera. William Martin, the good Quaker; Nicholas Dunscombe, a clergyman of the Established Church; and Richard Dowden, a Unitarian, appealed to Father Mathew! I knew in my youth these three good men; Dowden was, indeed, one of my most esteemed and valued friends. Hearty and zealous workers they were—notwithstanding their conviction that the result of their labours would be total failure instead of total abstinence. They had only the power that Hope brings; three Protestants—what could they have done?

["Father Mathew approached the table, and taking the pen, said, heard by all and remembered by many,

* Very early, a Temperance society had been formed at New Ross—in 1829. George Carr borrowed the idea from the United States; he had read in some American papers details of what had been accomplished there, and thought he might "do likewise." The society adopted a pledge "to use no alcoholic drinks except as medicine; not to allow the use of them in their families nor provide them for the entertainment of their friends, and in all suitable ways to discountenance the use of them in the community at large."

But he who commenced the Temperance Movement in Ireland was the Rev. John Edgar, a Presbyterian clergyman of Belfast, whom I had the honour to know. It was at his table I first saw a dinner without wine. In August, 1829, he received a visit from Dr. Penny, of America, who informed him concerning the then infant movement in the United States. Dr. Edgar, who had previously made some effort for the cause, at once proceeded to form societies. On the 14th August, 1829, his first address was issued, and within a year 100,000 small works on Temperance were issued from Belfast. Honoured be the memory of the great and good pioneer of the Temperance Reform!

'Here goes, in the name of God!' and signed 'Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C., No. 1, Cove Street.'"]

In June or July, 1840, we (Mrs. Hall and I) were in Cork—a city with which I was well acquainted some twenty years earlier; where, indeed, I had been a resident, from boyhood up to the dawn of manhood, and where my mind, though not my body, had birth.

It was part of my duty to describe this Temperance movement, then comparatively new, of which only vague and contradictory rumours had reached England. I confess I was sceptical on the subject; my prejudice was against rather than in favour of the Roman Catholic priest, and I doubted the extent of the work he was said to be doing. I sought no introduction to him, called upon him without any, and if I did not immediately become a convert to his principles, I was at once convinced of his earnestness, truth, and loving nature,—that he was discharging his duty as the friend of man as well as the chosen apostle of his Lord and Master.

How greatly the faculty of love for humankind inspired and directed his work it is needless for me to say. The eloquence of his manner was irresistible. The first interview with him induced a conviction which reflection confirmed, that he was a true disciple of Christ, working in accordance with His precepts, and imitating, as far as humanity can, His example. I have intimated that his worth was by no means unknown when the little group

of Protestants appealed to the Roman Catholic priest. He had been one of the hard-working servants of God, in many ways, during many years—a man good, gentle, generous, sympathising, just; always caring more for others than for himself; cheerful, hopeful, truthful, faithful; so they write of him who knew him as child and youth. In his prime he was busy—always busy—doing God's work for the good of man, but with the loving tenderness of John rather than the fiery zeal of Peter. One of his frequent sayings was, "A pint of oil is better than a hogshead of vinegar;" another, "Preach to the poor and your preaching will always serve for the rich." He had been sorely tried during the awful cholera visitation of 1832. In 1830 he had purchased the Cork Botanic Garden and converted it into a cemetery, long before such "God's acres" became the fashion—stimulated to *that* work by a wretched relic of the Penal Laws, that forbade a Roman Catholic priest to pray over the mortal remains of a Roman Catholic layman, in the very graveyard, perhaps, where lay the bones of scores of his far-off ancestors.

His eloquence, too, was largely appreciated. It was known that the higher orders respected and esteemed him, and that the lower classes honoured and loved him. A wiser choice than that of the Quaker and his friends could not have been made. Besides all this, he was no political agitator. He soon foresaw that to mix up "Repeal" with temperance advocacy would be to ruin the cause, and resisted steadfastly the blandishments of its partisans. He had no thought of proselytising—he only sought to win converts to temperance. Once when

he was administering the pledge, a recipient, after he had taken it, murmured, "But, sir, I am an Orangeman!" "I wouldn't care if you were a lemon man," said the priest, and passed on.

The pledge was simply this: "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance." The reverend priest then made a sign of the cross on the forehead of the neophyte and said, "God give you strength to keep your resolution."

Sometimes a man would come to take the pledge in a state of intoxication: he had resolved to have a "deoch-an-durrass,"—a parting glass. Father Mathew did not refuse to enrol him,—and he was right. Many such thus took "the drop" for the last time. Occasionally, converts would deliberately resolve to get rid of the pledge and return to the drink. It was not a very uncommon thing for a man to put his head in at the door, and blare out some such expression as "There it is!" throw in the medal, and run away as fast as his legs could carry him, sometimes pursued by Father Mathew's attendants in the vain hope of bringing him back. Nay, more than once it happened that the duty of giving chase fell to the good priest himself. At other times, men would try to strike a bargain with the priest, to have "lave" for *one* a day; a petition always declined—it was the teetotal pledge or nothing.

I once saw him administer the pledge to some thousands; it was, I think, at Buttevant. I was driving

through the town on one of Bianconi's cars, and easily persuaded the driver to allow me time to witness the scene. I can never forget it. All the men and women were kneeling on a green sward, or on the road that skirted it. Often there was a burst of weeping from some barefooted wife, and now and then a wretched child clung to the ragged coat of its father. The repenting sinners were old and young, of both sexes, and among them prevailed a terrible aspect of poverty with not a few indications of the vice. Half of them were hungry, and had no prospect of food—they were pushing away from them what was, after all, their only luxury; some no doubt prompted by reason and reflection, some by superstition, some in accordance with an almost instinctive rule, by which numbers will follow where a few lead. There were audible sobbings in the crowd—comments and blessings. I saw some skulking behind, and believed they were those who had taken the pledge and broken it, and came to take it again. It was never refused. And I saw more than one stalwart fellow whose wife was half coaxing him, half forcing him, to "kneel at the priest's knee." Boys and girls came up by scores; such pledge-takers were the best rewards of the good priest's labours; and here and there a well-dressed man, obviously of a grade much removed from the cottier, was waiting for his turn. I could not remain to hear the brass band that escorted "the Apostle" to his lodging, but such scenes had generally such aids. I had but a brief time to stay—sufficiently long, however, to strengthen my impression into entire conviction—that the work was of God.

Some months after my visit to Father Mathew, I was enabled to test the force of the pledge. Travelling through Wicklow, *en route* to wild Glendalough, I had stopped at Roundtown to find a guide. A young man was pointed out to me leaning against the door of his cabin. I at once engaged him, and in my impatience bade him get up on the car, rejecting his appeal for permission to go in and put on a more respectable dress. The afternoon, of early autumn, was raw and cold, and I drew up on the summit of a mountain to take some refreshment. Of course I offered the guide his share. The sandwiches he took readily, but much to my surprise declined the proffered flask. I urged him, unfairly, —to test his resolution : after trying persuasion, I laid a crown piece on the seat and said, "Now, my lad, you shall have that if you will take a sup of this whisky."

"No," he said; "not for ten thousand times the crown piece, nor for all the lands of Lord Powerscourt if they were yours to give them, would I touch a single drop. Your honour must hear me. There wasn't in the county of Wicklow a greater blackguard than I was —fighting and drinking I was all day and all night; the rags I had on were not worth a traneen; and often the praties I ate I begged from a poor neighbour. The old granny, that lived with me, starved and prayed. There was no house but one, in the place or near it, would open the door to me: that one was the public-house, where I spent all the little I earned. That was the way of it, yer honour. How is it now? It isn't this coat I'd have worn if you'd given me time to change it, for I have a better, and a top-coat besides. If you'd gone

into my cabin, you'd say you'd seldom seen one more comfortable; and you'd have noticed the old grandmother sitting on her hunkers, knitting, by the side of a turf fire. There isn't a neighbour, boy or girl, that wouldn't say to me, "God save ye kindly;" and I have five pounds in the savings bank; and when I make it ten there's one I'll ask to share the cabin with the old woman and me. Now that I've told yer honour what I have to tell, and how all that is the work of the pledge I took—will yer honour ask me to break it and take the poison-drop from your hand?" It is needless to say I was greatly touched. My answer was instant. "Indeed, my lad," I said, "I will not; but I will at least pay you this compliment," and I flung the flask over the cliff, far into the lake beneath. The guide literally danced with joy. I think I never saw happiness expressed so strongly.*

Within two years after the memorable 10th of April, 1838, Father Mathew had travelled through every district of Ireland, had held meetings in all the towns and in many of the villages, and the pledge had been taken by upwards of two millions and a half of the population. That was not all. He visited England and Scotland, and spent two years working in the United States of America. His labour was superhuman: the good he did incalculable.

An estimate may be formed of it, though but a rough

* I have enlarged this anecdote into a tract. It has been published at a nominal price by, I think, three of the Temperance publishers, and many thousands of them have been circulated.

one, by certain "returns" furnished to Government. The visible signs were recognised. It was easy to calculate the immense saving to the State as a consequence of the paucity of crime by the absence of its provocatives. Compare 1837 with 1841. In the one year there were 247 homicides, in the other 105; robberies dwindled from 725 to 257; robberies of arms, from 246 to 111. In 1839, the number of "committals" was 12,000; in 1845, the number barely passed 7,000. In 1839, 66 persons were sentenced to death; in 1842, the number was 25; and in 1846, 14. In 1839, 916 persons were sentenced to transportation; in 1846, 504.

With regard to the duty on spirits, the "loss" to the Revenue was large. In 1839, duty was paid on more than twelve millions of gallons of whisky, to say nothing of that which *paid no duty*. In 1843 and 1844 the amount was much less than half. Naturally and necessarily, the State gained more than it lost—indirectly and directly. The material prosperity of Ireland was augmented in a hundred ways; and the money saved, when not laid by, was expended on such manufactured luxuries as warm clothing, feather beds, "stocks of furniture," tea and coffee, and sugar. No doubt, vested interests were terribly interfered with; distillers were ruined, among others the brother of Theobald Mathew, who followed that accursed calling. "Change your trade," wrote the priest to the distiller, "and turn your premises into factories for flour." Landlords who had let their houses to publicans had to lower their rents or do without any; the doctors had little employment, and the lawyers less; faction fights became rarities; fairs

and "patterns" were made "lonesome;" denounced emissaries from secret societies were in despair—Father Mathew "proclaimed" them as "full of danger, of vice, of iniquity," as "originating the crimes that brought a curse on the land." * The hospitals as well as the jails were empty. Surgeon Carmichael, writing in 1843, said, comparing the past with the present of Richmond Surgical Hospital, "Since Father Mathew made us a sober people, we do not find a single instance of wounds, burns, or scalds attributed to drunkenness." †

It is on record that he administered the pledge at

* "I have always, earnestly, perseveringly, emphatically, cautioned the people against those secret societies, because they are filled with danger, with vice, with iniquity—because they cut at the roots of social order—because they are the blight and bane of social happiness."—*Speech at Tipperary.*

"The perpetrators of these red-handed murders cannot escape the just anger of God. Though the brand of Cain on their brow may not be apparent to the eyes of mortals, to the eye of the Eternal it is as plain as the sun at noon is to us."—*Speech at Kilfeacle.*

† I do not think it requisite to copy much from the abundant testimonies to the influence and effects of Father Mathew's work: they might fill a volume. There are two, however, I desire to quote: the first is from Lord Morpeth, then the Irish Secretary, the other is from Maria Edgeworth.

"I will ask, considering this pure and lofty renovation of a nation's virtue, is there anything which seems too large to hope for, or too bright to realise? This change which has passed over the people seems to have been anticipated by the poet of a former day, who is never so much at home as when he celebrates heroic or holy actions:—

'The wretch who once sang wildly, danced and laughed,
And sucked in dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood—reversed his ways—
Is sober, meek, benevolent—and prays.'

"They have become able and willing to work, and to take care of their farms and business—are decently clothed, and healthy and happy, and now make their wives and children happy, instead of, as before their reformation, miserable and half heart-broken. I have heard some of the strong expressions of delight of some of the wives of the reformed drunkards. . . . I consider Father Mathew as the greatest benefactor to his country—the most true friend to Irishmen and to Ireland."

Glasgow to 10,000 people in one day. The crowd was so dense, that those who took it, kneeling, "never saw his face," so rapidly was each person removed to make way for another. Then, and on other occasions, he was standing administering the pledge from ten until six o'clock.

At length the physical strength of Father Mathew gave way. "The brain o'erwrought," the continued toil, travelling by night and day, the want of rest, and, deadliest of all, the perpetual anxiety—which those only who have restricted means and great needs can rightly estimate—told terribly on his constitution. There had been no self-indulgence to weaken, no luxurious ease to create rust; his was that precious gift—a healthy mind in a healthy body, and so he was enabled to do the work, not of two, but of ten. He said he would "die in harness," and he did. Even after a paralytic seizure he gave the pledge to thousands; and when he had succumbed to an attack of apoplexy and lay on his deathbed, he could hear the words and, with his crippled hands, make the sign of the cross.

Who is it that says of saints appointed to do God's work on earth, "There will be time enough for rest in Heaven"? Theobald Mathew seems never to have wearied; once when reasoned with as to his early rising, he pointed to a busy cooper and said, "He is up before me; shall I grudge to do for my Master what that man does for his?"

In 1843, a testimonial was presented to Father Mathew on account of his services to Ireland. The requisition for a meeting was signed by two dukes, four marquises, nineteen earls, ten viscounts, forty baronets, with "an immense number of clergymen and gentlemen of all denominations." From the beginning, Protestants were hardly less enthusiastic than Roman Catholics in lauding the humble priest. The very highest in the realm, in England as well as in Ireland, bore testimony that "his labours entitled him to the immeasurable gratitude and ardent admiration of all ranks and persuasions throughout the British Empire."

During his visit to England in 1844, Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, hailed his presence at Norwich in these words: "It will be my duty to pay every respect to an individual to whose zealous exertions in recovering so large a portion of the community from the degrading and ruinous effects of intemperance men of all religious persuasions owe a debt of gratitude." The venerable and estimable Protestant prelate was not solitary in thus greeting the Franciscan friar of Cork.

It was at a later period—in 1845—that efforts were made in England, with what results at that time I cannot say, to aid the work of the good priest by subscriptions raised in this country. At one of the meetings of members of the Temperance Society of Marylebone and Paddington I was in the chair, when an address written by me was agreed to.

I have preserved a copy of it, and think I cannot do better than print one or two passages from it:—

"The results of your hard and incessant toil are well known to

all of us. You have not only rescued millions from the evils incident to a debasing habit; displaced perilous and momentary pleasures by substituting permanent comforts and substantial luxuries; converted hundreds of thousands of useless or pernicious men and women into industrious and serviceable members of society; and rendered revolting and disgusting in universal estimation the vice most pregnant with mischief to every class of the community; but among the minor benefits produced by that reform, which God has made you his chief instrument for bringing about, we may not forget the absolute *saving* effected by your means—by preventing an expenditure, not only needless, but injurious and pernicious.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—It is among the leading sources of our happiness to know that task has been performed with so much meekness and humility, as to disarm all opponents—that we recognise in you the unassuming and unaffected minister of Christ—still lowly in heart and mind as the humblest of your followers, although your name is honoured in every portion of the civilized globe, not only as the great benefactor, the true patriot, but as the founder of a Society more numerous than any that has existed in modern times."

From several causes, Father Mathew, towards the close of 1846 and the beginning of 1847, became seriously embarrassed by want of money to meet the necessary expenses for carrying on his mighty work of mercy. Some of his friends in England and Ireland conceived the idea of a public appeal for aid. A Major Russell was introduced to me, and brought me a letter from Mr. Mathew.* I was expected to take an active part in pro-

* It was in April, 1846, that Major Russell brought me from Mr. Mathew the following letter, which I have fortunately kept:—

"Cork, *March 30th*, 1846.

"My Dear Mr. Russell,—

"As you are perfectly aware of the sincerity of the respect and gratitude I cherish for Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, it was unnecessary for you to wait for a letter from me. You could from yourself say to these accomplished and benevolent persons, from whom I have received such favours, all that a knowledge of my sentiments warranted you to express."

I should greatly like to know what became of the papers and documents

moting the scheme: and I did so. There was little or no difficulty in the way of a great success. It was a primary object, after relieving Mr. Mathew of immediate and pressing needs, to raise a fund by which an annuity might be secured to him for his life. It was calculated that about £7,000 would yield an available annual income of £500, and that such a sum would suffice. I undertook the duty of honorary secretary, and the work was begun by inviting certain noblemen, clergymen, and gentlemen of various countries and creeds to become members of a committee. There was not a single negative to the applications. The Earl of Arundel undertook the post of president, and the list contained the honoured names of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, and many others of high social rank, of both religions, and of various shades in politics.

These distinguished persons, and many others, sent their subscriptions, and I have no doubt the desired amount would have been raised; for the project was warmly advocated by the press, and evidence of enormous good effects was not far to seek; when the awful famine that almost decimated unhappy Ireland in 1847 arrested operations. Father Mathew sent to me an emphatic protest against any further effort to obtain money for *him* while masses of men, women, and children were perishing all about him. Proceedings were stayed or rather suspended; to be resumed, it was hoped,

produced by this movement. I have none of any kind: they were no doubt given by me to Major Russell, and must be in existence somewhere. Mr. Maguire seems but insufficiently informed on the subject. I have preserved but two or three of Mr. Mathew's letters: one of them to Major Russell, dated March 31st, 1846, contains this gratifying passage, "I blush when I reflect upon Mr. Hall's exertions in my behalf. He is more a brother to me than a friend."

under more auspicious circumstances. But just then a grant of £300 a year was conferred on Father Mathew —one of the Civil List Pensions—and the project was abandoned, after sending to the good priest the sum in hand—if I recollect rightly, about £700. Lord John Russell informed Father Mathew that the pension was granted to him by the Queen "as a mark of her approbation of your meritorious exertions in combating the intemperance which in so many instances obscured and rendered fruitless the virtues of your countrymen."

Very little practical benefit, therefore, arose from the appointment of the Committee. The grant made to him by Government barely sufficed to pay the insurances on his life, the sole securities of his creditors for debts contracted—how, wherefore, for whom?*

There was scarcely a town in Ireland that he had not visited—hardly one in which he had not done some portion of God's work. He was free of the coaches and

* The sum was pitiful considered with reference to the good he had done, the wealth he had diverted from an evil into a healthy channel, and the needs he had incurred in carrying on his work; without making note of the enormous saving effected for the country, in the reduced expenditure for the conduct of public prosecutions, the maintenance of jails, and so forth. But small as it was, it would seem to have been at first much smaller—an annual grant of only £100. In a letter addressed to me by Major Russell, dated September 1st, 1846, I find this passage: "You will be surprised, no doubt, when I inform you that the Government grant to Father Mathew is to be only £100 instead of £300. I received a letter yesterday from Lord Lansdowne, a copy of which I annex: 'Lord Lansdowne informs Major Russell that he fears he committed a mistake in the mention to him of a grant to Father Mathew; he believes he stated it to be £300, when it should be £100. The arrangement of the grant being with the First Lord of the Treasury, Lord John Russell, and not with him.'"

Major Russell adds: "I received a letter at the moment Lord Lansdowne's came to hand, from Father Mathew, stating he had received a note from Lord John Russell offering him £100 a year, but, thank Heaven, he spurned it, and refused the mean, paltry dole." It was subsequently made £300.

"Bianconi's cars" certainly; but even to him travel was costly. As a priest pledged to poverty, needing only the barest necessaries of life, constitutionally as well as by demands of his holy calling, ignoring luxuries—a very small sum indeed would have sufficed to supply all his own wants; but there were a hundred ways in which money was needed, and certainly spent—"monster tea parties," processions, brass bands, missionary aids—printers' bills, reading-rooms, and so forth. The medals he distributed were supposed to be a source of wealth, but they were in reality a cause of expense. Three out of every four were never paid for at all; probably not one in fifty came to take the pledge with a shilling in his pocket to pay for the medal he received. [Father Mathew was arrested in Dublin for a debt incurred by reason of these medals.*] A score of other modes of expenditure crowded on him, to say nothing of the miseries he lessened, the wants he relieved, the money he gave when—hungry, and weary, and footsore—postulants came to him from long distances. Could he have sent them hungry and weary away? As soon would he have bidden them depart without the pledge. "If I have any money," he said, when thrust into a corner, "I give it to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

"Tim" was not the only recipient of the pledge who

* The rumour that every person who took the pledge also purchased a medal is thus disposed of in Father Mathew's words, spoken in Dublin in June, 1842, and frequently repeated in subsequent years:—

"I deny, in the strongest terms, that I am, as it is alleged by certain parties, making money off cards and medals, and I declare that I am a poorer man this day than the first day I gave the pledge; for *out of several thousands who take the pledge, not as many hundreds take a card or medal*, so that the allegation is totally false. This is a fact well known in Cork and elsewhere; for, if I have any money, I give it to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

spoke to something like the following effect at a public meeting: "'Twas the crown-piece dat yer Reverence slipped into my fist dat set me up agin in de world." The truth is, Theobald Mathew was always giving—giving at least as fast as he got. They must have a very weak insight into his character who imagine he could have kept a shilling in his pocket when he was daily moving among scenes of misery and want. He would have been poor if the coffers of the Bank of England had been at his command.

The efforts of the Committee and the zeal of the Honorary Secretary, therefore, did little to help the work; the sum granted by Government fell far short of the sum needed. As I have said, Father Mathew stopped the movement set on foot with a view to a general subscription, and it was not resumed.*

* This letter may be printed here as evidence of the resolve of Father Mathew to stop collecting money for him:—

"CORK, *3rd January*, 1847.

"DEAR MRS. HALL,—

"By, I ardently hope, a happy coincidence, at the moment your honoured letter reached me, I was writing a copy of an advertisement for a meeting of ladies, to make arrangements for what you suggest—a bazaar for the relief of the famishing people of Ireland.

"The awful calamity with which the Lord in His inscrutable wisdom has visited this stricken land, is decimating the Irish population. This has been a sorrowful Christmas to all here, who have bodies to suffer or hearts to sympathize. Government is exerting all its powers to meet the dreadful crisis: but in vain. The greatest resources of the wisest administration cannot secure from starvation the people of Ireland, collectively taken. Providence has ordained that the relief of the poor must depend upon the charity of the opulent. Yes, to private benevolence, the Lord has left this delightful task. By our faithful discharge of this indispensable obligation, the ways of Divine Providence are gloriously justified from the reproach of an unequal distribution of its gifts. The evils under which we suffer are grievously aggravated by the high price of breadstuffs. No wages a poor operative can earn are sufficient to purchase an adequate supply of food for his generally large family. They barely suffice to

Connected with this attempt to obtain a fund to provide for Father Mathew and assist him in his work, there are one or two interesting circumstances, and one that may seem melodramatic, as I have to tell it.

I called a meeting of the Committee at my chambers in the Inner Temple; it was in May, 1846. I had, of course, prepared a series of resolutions to be moved and seconded: but when the hour for the meeting arrived no one came to it, except Lord Arundel. He and I were alone; for my colleague (Major Russell) was in Ireland. After waiting a reasonable time—there was no other way

afford food of the cheapest kind for himself, leaving his wretched wife, children, and aged parents to fill their stomachs with the offal of the vegetable gardens.

"O, great Father of all, what spectacles do we daily behold in all parts of this wretched country, moving skeletons whom despair has quickened and hunger has forced from their dismal habitations!

"From my knowledge of the humanity of the ladies of England, I feel confident they will respond to your call and generously contribute to the bazaar for the purchase of food for their famishing fellow-creatures. I leave this work of mercy in your charitable hands. You know how to convey our cries to the ears of your sympathizing country-women, and once heard, they will munificently respond, for they have tender hearts; but even if they had hearts of adamant they could not resist the lamentations of their brethren, perishing from extreme want, wrung by the tormenting pangs of famine. Praying that the Lord may bless you and all who care for the suffering members of Jesus Christ,

"I am, with high respect, dear Mrs. Hall,

"Your grateful and attached friend,

"THEOBALD MATHEW." *

* Yet it is notorious that during the whole of the famine there was hardly an instance of theft. When the awful visitation was but commencing, I visited the Island of Achill, in Connemara. The people were literally dying of hunger: I trust I may never again have to endure the agony I endured that day—seeing men, women, and children, perishing all about me without the possibility of giving relief. All the food of every kind in the island had been consumed: it was at a period of the year when the potatoes were so small that an acre of them could hardly make a meal, yet there were frequent patches from which they had been taken up. In more than one instance I *saw* a family feeding on boiled nettles. The next day I was dining with a gentleman—"a farmer of wealth and position"—on the mainland. Talking over the misery I had witnessed, he said, "And yet I cannot say I have lost a single sheep on the mountain." My observation was prompt: "Lucky for you I am not one of your tenants: if I had been you would have lost many."

—I moved that the Right Honourable the Earl of Arundel do take the chair. His lordship did so, and matters proceeded to the close, when I moved a vote of thanks, which "passed unanimously;" there was no seconder present, but that did not matter. The next morning there appeared in the *Times* a series of RESOLUTIONS—put and carried in the usual terms and in the usual way, at that meeting of the solitary *two!*

I hope I may not be considered as guilty of deception; my own conscience did not then, and does not now, reproach me. It was the busy month in London. I foresaw it was improbable that the noblemen and gentlemen I desired to associate with the movement could attend a meeting; and I took the precaution to write to each to this effect: "If you are unable to be present, will you give me written authority to move or second in your name a resolution of which I enclose a copy?" It is needless to add that in every case I did receive such written authority; and I astonished Lord Arundel not a little when I rose and said, "My Lord, in the name of ——, I move this resolution, and I hand to your lordship his written authority to do so."

I believe the bare fact was known only to Lord Arundel and myself, and certainly in Ireland the naked report made a strong impression, producing exactly the effect I desired to produce, for I had adroitly mingled Protestant and Roman Catholic—Irishmen and Englishmen, and Whig with Tory. Among the "movers" and "seconders" were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War!"

Had the good priest led an army to the slaughter, and soddened the earth with soldier-blood, his reward for victory would have been thousands instead of hundreds, thanks voted by "both Houses," and a title, to hand down to an effete, or, at best, an unearning posterity. For labours that saved to the nation millions in wealth and in lives, the recompense was small on earth. Adequate payment was postponed until the resurrection of the just.

If Father Mathew had declined the Government £300 per annum—a course to which I, whether wisely or unwisely, counselled him—I am very sure a sum would have been collected from the British, Scotch, and Irish public, aided by Canada, Australia, the East Indies, and the other dependencies of the Crown, that—mightily swelled as it would have been by the United States of America—would have sufficed to purchase four such "annuities" as the trifling dole accorded to him.

In 1849 he left Ireland for the United States. It is needless to say an ovation awaited him there, proceeding not only from his own countrymen, but from all American citizens, who, without exception, honoured and loved him for the work he was doing and had done. Previous to this visit he had been attacked by paralysis. In 1852 he was prostrated by a fit of apoplexy; in 1854 he sought health at Madeira; and on the 8th of December, 1856, "he fell asleep." In a sense, it was literally "falling asleep:" the soul was withdrawn from

the body without a struggle. The Apostle had become the Martyr of Temperance. He died "on the field of his glory," at Queenstown, anciently the Cove of Cork.

A statue to his memory, executed by his countryman, the great Irish sculptor Foley, graces the city in which he did most of his work. His "remains" are dust in the cemetery where flourishes the foliage of many lands—the former Botanic Garden of Cork.

A generation has passed away since Father Mathew's work was done; yet there are some, still on earth, who remember him, render homage to his memory, and testify to the blessings of which he was the bearer to the country of his birth, and to all mankind.

However much they may differ from the priest as to dogmas of creed, those of whom I speak would ask no better usher to the presence of the Master after life is done; and for myself, if, when called by death from earth, I were empowered to select from the many good men I have known the one who, above all others, I should prefer to lead me to the steps of "the great white throne," and show me how and where to kneel in grateful adoration, though I am not of his faith—but think it is my duty to oppose it, and all approaches to it—I should choose the humble Franciscan friar of Cork.

If there was mourning on earth there was joy in Heaven when the Roman Catholic priest heard the words

"good and faithful servant." He heard them on the 8th of December, 1856, in the sixty-sixth year of his age and "the forty-second of his ministry."

Alas! the blessing of Temperance in Ireland is but a memory; the people of Ireland have forgotten its apostle and martyr, and the curse is almost as foul and fatal to-day as it was before that memorable morning of April, 1838. NOT QUITE: it never can be so; for drunkenness instead of being a glory has become a reproach. That is, at all events, the bequest of Father Mathew to his country and to mankind, the value of which time cannot lessen. The drunkard now, instead of brawling in triumph all the way from the public-house to his home, skulks through by-ways, and prefers that his neighbours do not see him. A gentleman drunk is now as rare a sight in Ireland as it is in England. NOT QUITE: a ban has been put upon the Vice; authors do not describe it as venial, or jovial, or "glorious;" artists no longer class it with the picturesque; the pulpit and the platform assail it with the language of abhorrence; it is execrated as the mighty impediment to social and moral progress; while the religious "of all denominations" beat it down as the barrier that outrages nature, leads from God, and infers a social hell here and the hell of remorse hereafter. NOT QUITE: legislation has aided public opinion to brand as well as to condemn the Vice. NOT QUITE: if there is much yet to do, much has been done; chiefly perceptible perhaps to the old, who can review the past. NOT QUITE: a thousand societies of

all "sorts and sizes," from the village few to the city throngs, combine to exhibit the height, and depth, and breadth of the misery thus engendered; and a hundred publications prosper by exposing and decrying the misery thus induced—"fruits of the traffic."

In addition: they may be rude and rough tools—some of them—that are working to-day under names that all of us may not like: but "Salvation Armies," and "Blue Ribbon Armies," and a score of bands under like titles, all war with sin, and misery, and degradation, and enlist recruits—every one of whom will be an aid to the State, and many of them disciples of true and pure religion. It is only by the unreflecting or the vicious that such soldiers will be sought to be disbanded.

In short, it is easy to sum up and deliver to a jury consisting of all manhood, and womanhood, a charge against the tempter, the betrayer, the home-curse, the disease-producer, the soul-destroyer, blighting, mildewing, ruining, wherever it obtains power; the fiend that negatives all efforts to advance social progress and secure material prosperity, that baulks the teachings of virtue, the guidance of religion—the revealed, and natural, faith in Hereafter.

The curse of drunkenness is the overwhelming curse of our country—of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It fills our poor-houses, insane asylums, and jails. It is the fertile source of crime; almost the only source. There is not a judge, a coroner, a magistrate, who will not tell us it gives him nine-tenths of the

work he has to do. There is not a physician who has not testified to the misery it induces, and for which he has no cure. It is the existing, but it is also the hereditary curse. The children of the drunkard are recognised by emaciated forms, diseased constitutions, and predisposition to crime!

I fancy I hear the great yet humble Franciscan friar say again the words I have heard him say more than once, "Glory be to God!" when a Temperance band, headed by a cardinal in his robes, parades through the streets of London and another cardinal leads those who traverse the Quays of Dublin: Glory be to God! not only because they are continuing the earth work Father Mathew did, but for other, and perhaps holier, evidence they supply to all humankind, that persecutions for faith have ended: cardinals in their robes marching at the head of bands of Soldiers of the Cross—pledged abstainers; cardinals in their robes, which—forty years ago—they would no more have dared to wear than the crown and sceptre they might have stolen from the regalia in the Tower!

END OF VOL. I.

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